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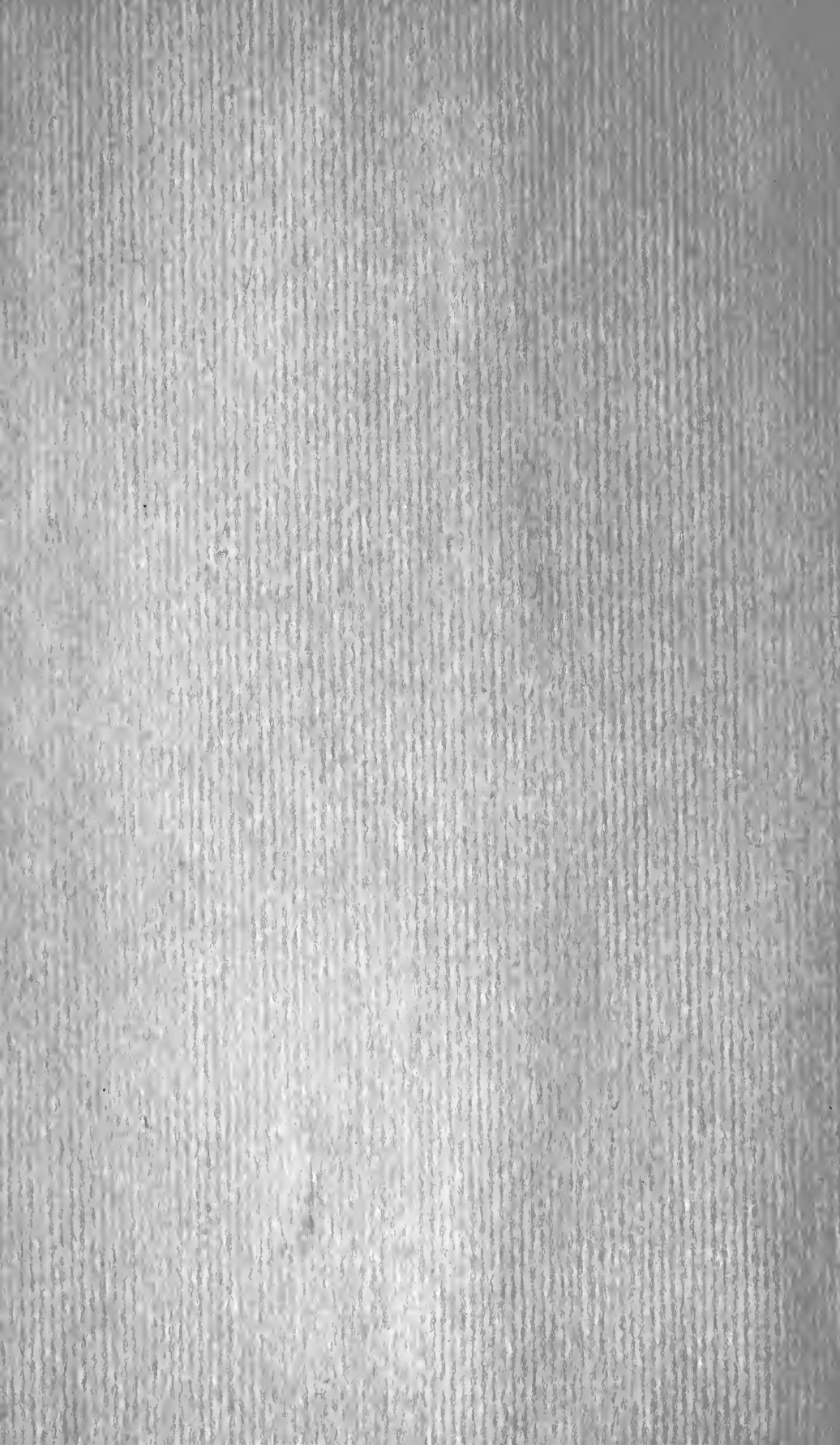
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THE
POETICAL REGISTER:
OR, THE
Lives and Characters
OF ALL THE
ENGLISH POETS.

With an Account of their
WRITINGS.

Adorned with curious Sculptures engraven by the best MASTERS.

*Poets have an undoubted Right to claim,
If not the greatest, the most lasting Name.*
Congreve.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and Sold by *A. Bettesworth, W. Taylor,*
and *J. Batley,* in *Paternoster-Row*; *J. Wyat*
and *C. Rivington,* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*;
E. Bell and *W. Meadows,* in *Cornhill,* and
J. Pemberton and *J. Hooke* in *Fleetstreet.* 1723.

x^y

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01



T O

His GRACE

J O H N

Duke of *Buckingham-*
shire, Marquifs of *Normanby*,
Earl of *Mulgrave*, &c. and
Knight of the most Noble
Order of the Garter.

M Y L O R D,



T is an equal Honour
and Pleasure to me,
that I have this Op-
portunity of Presenting to
Your GRACE, the Lives of our

A 2

most

iv *The Dedication.*

most considerable *English* Poets. As the first Volume of this Work is dedicated to my Lord *Lansdown*, the only Nobleman now living, who has written in the Dramatick way; so this Performance has a sort of Right to be Protected by Your Grace, the Nobleman now living who has most Excell'd in the other Parts of Poetry. I except the two excellent Tragedies of *Cæsar* and *Brutus*, as to the Dramatick, because Your Grace has not been pleas'd to publish them.

To

The Dedication. V

To this I may add further, that if all the Poets, whose Writings I have enumerated, many whereof have long since separately implor'd Your Protection, were yet living, they would approve my Choice in Addressing to Your Grace, as to the most proper Patron for a Work of this Nature: They would all jointly and unanimously trust the Decision of their Fame to Your Grace's Judgment; and *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, and *Milton* would stand by the Determination of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

vi *The Dedication.*

You have Flourish'd, my Lord, in the Court of our *English Augustus*, and, in the Progress of Poetry, come nearest to a *Horace* and a *Virgil* of any of your Time: A masterly Genius and great Excellency are unquestionably Your Grace's Talents. As a Poet and Critick, whoever has a true Taste of polite Literature, must own You have always Excell'd: This is universally allow'd by Persons of very different Principles, from the Great Earl of *Roscommon*, to the lowest Judge: And as Your Grace's Issue, the
Noble

The Dedication. vii

Noble Marquiss of *Norman-*
by, bless'd with Life, will
transmit Your Virtues to Po-
sterity, so will Your Works,
the Offspring of Your Mind
make Your Memory Immor-
tal.

As to the other Great Qua-
lities and Endowments of
Your Grace's Mind, our
Highest Court of Judicature
receives Honour from Your
being a Member of it: How
often has Your Grace's Elo-
quence prevail'd in that Au-
gust Assembly, and Your sin-
gle

viii *The Dedication.*

gle Oration influenc'd, in an *English* as CICERO in a *Romish* Senate? And Your Grace has not only Adorn'd the important Station of President of the Council, at an extraordinary Juncture more than usually Honourable, but also very much supported the Dignity of the Great Offices of Lord Steward and Chamberlain of the Household; and by Your Government in the latter, the *English* Theatre truly Flourish'd.

Hap-

The Dedication. ix

Happily have you shin'd in
the Court and in the Camp;
Your Grace's excellent Beha-
viour, True Magnanimity,
Princely Presence, magnificent
Oeconomy, and uncommon
Judgment of Men and Things,
have gain'd You the greatest
Reputation in both: The me-
morable Engagement at *Sold-
bay*, during our Wars with
Holland, has recorded Your
Grace's Valour; the Politest
Court that *England* has known
hath paid You the greatest
Respect as a Man of Gallan-
try

x *The Dedication.*

try : In the late Reigns none was more justly acknowledg'd to be a foremost Statesman, and equal to the sublimest Employments, than His Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM; and in the present times You are deservedly admir'd as a most accomplish'd Courtier.

These Great Virtues and Excellencies eminently belonging to Your Grace, difficult is the Task in an Address of this kind, and as They have long since been better describ'd by the Pens of those Gentlemen
of

The Dedication. xi

of whose Lives and Writings
this Work is compos'd, I hum-
bly hope You will pardon the
Defects, and Receive the wil-
ling Endeavours of him who
is,

MY LORD,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most Obedient, and

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

G. F.



P R E F A C E.



Have little more to observe, by way of Preface to this Second Volume of The Lives and Characters of the English Poets, than to inform the Reader, that as it has been a Work of greater Labour and Difficulty than the First, so greater Assurances have been given with relation to the Living Authors.

By the Encouragement of several very eminent Personages, particularly of a Nobleman of the first Rank, and the celebrated Mr. Prior, I have done my utmost for the Honour of our English Poets: And as a Demonstration of Impartiality in my Characters of their Talents, in many Places I have inserted Specimens of their Works,
that

xiv P R E F A C E.

that the Reader may himself judge of the Abilities of the several Authors, by Proofs from what themselves have Written. Besides, by this means the Publick will have an agreeable Entertainment, and the Satisfaction of observing the Progress and Improvement of our English Poetry.

As a faithful Register of Facts, I have every where adventur'd to tell Truth, in the most favourable Sense, as well of the Authors, as of their Writings; tho' probably I may have mentioned some Pieces, not worthy a particular Notice, and I may have omitted others which deserve Place in a Treatise of this Nature; but I hope all Objections of this kind will vanish, when the infinite Number of Poems extant is well consider'd; so that the best Care and greatest Diligence may look over some Things, tho' not very material to the Subject.

If one considerable Character happens to resemble another in the following Work, where there are so many, 'tis no more than what is natural to expect; and it would be

as injudicious to pretend to make that a Fault, as in a flourishing Garden, where all sorts of Fruits are brought to Maturity, it would be ridiculous to call a Peach by any other Name, on account of the Quantity of that kind of Fruit; 'twould be highly absurd to wrong it with the Name of an Apple or Crab, or, on the contrary, to give a Crab the Denomination of a Peach or a Nectarine.

This Work has been delay'd some time for Memoirs from Persons at a Distance, and who could not be immediately advis'd of the Undertaking; but I hope the Advantage my Performance has by this means receiv'd, will atone for the Delay in its Publication; and as some Gentlemen were late in communicating their Accounts, so that the Press had gone thro' that Part of the first Alphabet which should have related to them, I hope if they find themselves in the second Alphabet at the end of the Book, they will at least be pleas'd with their Company.

The following *Introductory Essay* is chiefly taken from *Rapin*, and the *Writings* of *Mr. Dryden*, the *Duke of Buckingham*, *Sir William Temple*, and others, whose *Judgments* may be looked upon as *Authentick*. There are some *Observations* of my own, with several *Allusions* and *Similes*; and, I presume, tho' many *ingenious Gentlemen* may be acquainted with the greatest part of what I have mention'd therein, yet, by the *Method* I have pursued, in reducing the whole to so small an *Extent*, it will be of use to those very *Persons*, and, in general, acceptable to the *Publick*.





A N

Introductory ESSAY,

O N

The RISE, PROGRESS,
BEAUTY, &c. of all Sorts
of POETRY.

AS to the Rise and Antiquity of Poetry, we, in many Places, read that *Orpheus* and *Eumolpus* were famous for their Poems before the *Trojan War*; and those who date Poetry only from that time, are so far from being in the right, that the best Opinions make it as old as the World it self.

It is generally affirm'd, that Poesy was the most antient of all artificial Literature, especially amongst the *Grecians*: *Pherecides* was the first who writ Prose in the *Greek Language*, and he liv'd about the time of *Cyrus*, which was some Hundreds of Years after *Homer* and *Hesiod*; and *Strabo* undertakes to prove, that Prose is only an Imitation of Poesy.

The first Specimen of Poetry was shewn in Hymns and Prayers to the Deity, and began in

xviii *An Introductory Essay, &c.*

Wild Notes, before the Invention of Feet and Measures: That Poesy is still most sublime and lasting, where the Subjects and Ideas are Religious, without which the Dignity Essential cannot be supported. And if we consider Poetry in her first Institution, e'er she became a Prostitute to Lust, Flattery, and Ambition, we shall find her giving Laws to Religion, Politicks, and Manners.

In her Custody was that Fountain, whence all the profitable Rules for the Oeconomy of Life were to be drawn: The greatest Princes form'd their Courts to hers; nor was the Divine Mistress less courteously receiv'd in the Camp. Hence Mighty Generals had the best Instructions both for their Conduct and Valour, and were encourag'd by the Records of Antiquity, faithfully preserv'd by some Poet's Hand, to signalize themselves in such famous Acts, as should render them worthy the like Praise of Posterity.

From this it is that *Alexander, Scipio, Julius Caesar, Augustus*, and other great Personages, in the earliest of Times, have been affected therewith: And by this the Heroes of all Ages have been immortaliz'd; whereas without it perhaps we should hardly have known there had been any such Men, at least very obscurely: And indeed Poetry of all Arts is the most perfect; for the Perfection of other Arts is limited, but this of Poesy has no Bounds: So that 'tis no wonder that many Persons should find such charming Emotions, upon reading *Virgil*, and the rest of the antient Poets; and that the Passions should be extremely touch'd at the Tragedies of *Shakespear*, and some other of our Dramatick Poets, both Antient and Modern.

The Power of Poetry is universally known and acknowledged, and sufficiently justifies the Foundation of those Opinions of old, which deriv'd it
from

from Divine Inspiration. And, according to *Oldham*, in his *Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry*:

Hence Poets have been held a sacred Name————

And in another Place :

*Verse was the Language of the Gods of old,
In which their sacred Oracles were told.*

But of late, I think, it has been most commonly quite another sort of Language.

The great Heights and Excellency both of Poetry and Musick, in the Opinion of some of our best Authors, fell with the *Roman* Learning and Empire, and have never since recover'd the Admiration and Applauses that before attended them : This is most certainly true in general ; but as we have had some Musicians of great Eminence since that time, so have we likewise produc'd some few Poets which have preserv'd the Dignity of Poesy, and amongst these *Spenser* and *Milton* are the chief and deservedly esteem'd.

This Divine Art of Poetry has lately so much suffer'd in its Reputation, by the Performances of some who have thought themselves inspir'd, and whose Readers too have many of them thought the same, that the best Judges come strongly prejudic'd against any thing of this kind, as generally expecting nothing but Froth and Emptiness : And as the Poets, and their Productions, now are vastly more numerous than they were in former Ages, it is not to be admir'd that they are less regarded ; for Poems, like beautiful Women, are undoubtedly most valu'd, where there is the greatest Scarcity.

Tho' one thing may be allow'd with a great deal of Justice, as an Excuse for some of our mo-

dern Performances in Poetry, (*viz.*) the Misfortunes of many of our Authors for want of the Encouragement of some Noble *Mecenas*; a detestable Fate generally attends this Divine Gift; and there is nothing that requires so much Serenity and Cheerfulness of Spirit as Poetry. The Mind must not be overcast with the Clouds of Melancholy and Sorrow; it must be fill'd with bright and delightful Ideas, when it undertakes to communicate Delight to others. And the Dejection of Spirit of *Ovid* is easily seen thro' the Stile of his *De Tristibus*, which he wrote in his Banishment; there being very little remains of that Genius,

Quem nec Jovis Ira, nec Ignes, &c.——

Art and Nature mutually assist each other in the Composition of a Poet; tho' Art, I take it, less contributes to his Perfection than Nature. One may be an Orator, says *Rapin*, without the natural Gift of Eloquence, because Art may supply that Defect; but no Man can be a Poet without a Genius; the want of which no Art or Industry is capable to repair. And this Genius is that Celestial Fire, intended by the Fable, which enlarges and heightens the Soul, and makes it express Things in the most lofty Stile, and with the greatest Elevation.

This Expression or Language in Poetry ought to have five Qualities; to be apt, clear, natural, splendid, and numerous: It must be apt, so as to have nothing that is impure or barbarous; it must be clear, that it may be intelligible; it is to be natural, according to the Rules of Decorum and good Sense; for all strain'd and extraordinary Expressions are insupportable to true Poesy; it must be lofty and splendid, for the common and ordinary Terms are not proper for a Poet. And the

Lan-

Language is to be numerous to uphold that Greatness and Majesty, which ought to reign throughout in Poesy.

These are the Qualities necessary in Poetical Language, and which make Poetry truly harmonious; and when these are observ'd, a Poetick Licence is, in other respects, very allowable. It is, as *Dryden* observes, that Birthright which is deriv'd to Poets from their Great Forefathers, even from *Homer* down to *Ben.* The boldest Strokes of Poetry, when they are manag'd artfully, are those which most delight the Reader: There is something in the Genius of Poetry, too Libertine to be confin'd to many Rules; and whoever goes about to subject it to such Constraints, oftentimes loses both its Spirit and Grace.

But however the Poet's Fancy and Wit should be kept within due Bounds; and there is not a greater Hinderance to the Epick or Heroick Poem, than a Wit too vast; for such will make nothing exact in these kind of Works, whose chief Perfection is the Justness. The greater the Wit is, and the more Strength and Vigour that the Imagination has to form Ideas in Poetry, the more Discretion and Judgment is requisite to moderate that Heat, and govern its natural Fury: Like luxuriant Plants, it requires a great deal of Pruning. And in Poetry it is equally happy to forbear speaking all one thinks, and to leave something for others to employ their Thoughts upon; as in Prospects those are best and most pleasing, which leave us room to guess more than the Eye can discover.

For an Author to leave a thing when it is well, to stop regularly where he ought to stop, shews an accomplish'd Genius; but very few besides *Homer* and *Virgil* have been Masters of this Discretion. For want of this Judgment, in our amorous Poems.

Obscenity has oftentimes prevail'd : Tho' it is not in this Sense that Poetry is always said to be a kind of Painting ; it is not the Picture of the Poet, but of Things and Persons imagin'd by him. He may be in his own Practice and Disposition a Philosopher, says *Cowley*, and yet speak sometimes with the Softness of an amorous *Sappho*.

This, I think, is generally allow'd ; and as a Painter draws Faces by their Features, so the Poet represents the Minds of Men by their Manners, the most Sovereign Rule for treating of which, is to copy them after Nature ; to exhibit every Person in his proper Character. And the Passions give no less Grace to Poetry, than the Manners, for they are, as it were, the Soul and Life of it, when the Poet has found the Art to make them move by their natural Springs ; but both these are extremely difficult to be describ'd.

Of all sorts of Poetry, the *Epick Poem* is the most noble ; it is the greatest Work that human Wit is capable of, and proper only for the sublimest Subjects : It requires a vast Capacity, all the Elevation of the most exalted Genius, a great Fancy, Heat of Imagination, and Sobriety of Reason : A Judgment solid, and Discernment exquisite. The Images must be strong and lively, and the Frame or Fabrick ought to have something both sublime and just, amazing and agreeable. There must be a great Agitation of Mind to invent, a great Calm to judge and correct ; and to work up this Metal into an excellent Figure, there should be employ'd the Fire, the Hammer, the Chissel, and the File.

Next to the *Epick Poem*, is the *Pindarick Ode*, which ought likewise to have much Nobleness of Thought, Elevation, and Transport : And it requires, to sustain all the Majesty of its Character, an exalted Wit,

Wit, a daring Fancy, and an Expression noble and sparkling, yet pure and correct. It allows, (in the *English* Language,) more Latitude than any other Poem; but the Ear must preside and direct the Judgment to the Choice of Numbers; Without the Nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verse can never be compleat; the Cadency of one Line ought to be a Rule for that of the next; and the Sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one Extreme into another. This Poem has been introduc'd into our Language by the happy Genius of Mr. *Cowley*, and is fit for great and noble Subjects, such as are boundless as its own Numbers.

Satire is very different from either of the Poems aforementioned, the chief Design of it being to find fault: And this is the easiest kind of Wit. A little Wit, and a great deal of Ill-Nature, will qualify a Man for a Satirist; but the greatest Instance of Wit and Judgment is to Commend well. The Sharpness of *Satire* oftentimes proceeds not so much from Wit as from Choler; and human Frailty must be nicely unfolded, to distinguish a Satirist from a Scold. *Rapin* remarks, that the principal end of *Satire*, is to instruct the People by discrediting Vice, and making it ridiculous; and the sporting of Wit has frequently a greater Effect than the strongest Reasoning and most sententious Discourses: But it is very often like a Sword in the Hands of a Madman, who runs a-tilt at all manner of Persons: And that sort of *Satire* which we call Lampoon, wherein the weaker Sex is the most ordinary Theme, is a very dangerous and unlawful Weapon. Amongst the Antients, *Horace*, exercis'd his Censure in Jest and Merriment; and *Juvenale* wrote his *Satire* in a more serious Strain.

xxiv *An Introductory Essay, &c.*

The *Elegy* (says *Rapin*) by the quality of its Nature, is destin'd to Tears and Complaints; and therefore ought to be of a doleful Character, which it always bore in its first Institution. But afterwards it was used in Subjects of Tenderness, as in Love-Matters, and the like. The *Latins* have been more successful in this Poem than the *Greeks*; and, amongst them those who have writ *Elegy* best, are *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*. This Poem should not only have every Couplet fill'd with Fancy, but have an exact Coherence, and rise Step by Step to the most elevated height of Poetry, otherwise 'tis only *Epigram*.

Epigram is the least considerable of all the Works in Verse that Antiquity hath produc'd; and yet it has its Beauty, which consists either in a delicate Turn upon some sharp Hit of Fancy or Wit, or upon some lucky word. The *Greek* *Epigram* runs upon the Turn of a Thought that is natural, but fine and subtle. And the *Latin* *Epigram* endeavours to surprize the Mind by some nipping word, which is call'd a Point; but this latter is esteem'd a false Taste: And *Catullus's* closing a natural Thought within a delicate Turn of Words, and the Simplicity of a very soft Expression, is by most Persons judg'd preferable to *Martial*. This sort of Poetry does not generally reach above the Stature of two, four, or six Lines, tho' some of *Martial's* best Pieces are longer; and an *Epigram*, unless it be admirable, is little worth.

After *Epigram*, I am to examine into the Nature of *Pastoral* and Songs. *Pastoral* was the most antient kind of Poetry; and first began among Shepherds as they fed their Flocks. It being an Image of the Life of Shepherds, the matter is low: Its Business is to describe the Loves, the Sports, the Disputes, the Intrigues, the Passions, the Adventures,

tures, and all the little Affairs of Shepherds; so that its Character ought to be simple, the Wit easy, and the Expression common. The Manners are to be innocent, the Language pure, the Verse flowing, and it must have nothing exquisite, unless it be in Pastoral Elegy. The Models to be propos'd to write well in this sort of Poetry, are *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

Songs, and all small Works of Poetry, require that they be natural and delicate. A word may be delicate several ways; either by a subtle Equivocation, which contains in it a Mystery; or by a hidden Meaning, which speaks all out, while it pretends to say nothing; or by some fierce and bold Stroke under modest Terms; or by something brisk and pleasant under a serious Air; or by some fine Thoughts, under a simple and homely Expression. In this Poem the Thoughts are to be easy, the Fancy high, and the Words, tho' hard wrought, should seem to fall by Chance, which is a Beauty in all Poetry.

I shall finish my short Essay with Burlesque Poetry, Translations, and Criticism. As to *Burlesque Poetry*, the Grace and Beauties of it chiefly consist in a Disproportion between the Stile in which we speak of a thing, and its true Idea; but good Sense and Manners ought to be preserv'd, or it sinks to Buffoonry. What has corrupted our modern Poesy is that Ridicule which we find in this sort of Writing, as if nothing pleas'd but what provokes our Laughter. This Custom of Raillery and Ridiculing is very pernicious, not only to all Poetry, but indeed to all Virtue; and 'tis a very poor, tho' common Pretence to Merit, to make it appear by the Errors of others.

A *Translator* of Poetry, ought to be a nice Critick in his Mother-Tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient

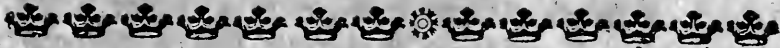
cient that he be able to judge of Words and Stile ; but he must be a Master of them too and Poetical Numbers : He must perfectly understand his Author's Tongue, and absolutely command his own. He is to keep still a foot and entire the Author's true genuine Sense, with the main Design he drives at, and to maintain the Character of his Author ; but it is not a Translator's Business alone to translate Language into Language, but Poesy into Poesy ; and there are certain Graces and Happineses peculiar to every Language, that give Life and Energy to the words, without which there will remain nothing but a *Caput Mortuum*.

In respect to *Criticism*, the Office of a Critick, in former times, consisted in a Defence of Poetry ; it was the Business of Criticks to illustrate obscure Beauties ; to place some Passages in a better Light, to redeem others from malicious Interpretations : To help out an Author's Modesty, and shield him from the Ill-Nature of those Persons who unjustly set up for Censors ; but in this Age they, for the most part, think it their principal Business to find fault. Criticism, as 'twas first instituted by *Aristotle*, was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefeft part of which is to observe those Excellencies, which should delight a reasonable Reader. If the Design, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expressions of a Poem, be generally such as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry ; the Critick ought to pass his Judgment in favour of the Author. 'Tis malicious to cavil at small Failings, from which the Greatest stand not exempted. And *Horace* gives it as a Rule,

— *Non ubi plura nitent in Carmina, paucis
Offendi Maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cævit Natura.* —



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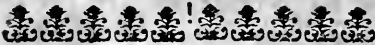
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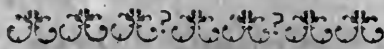
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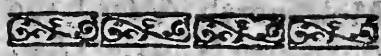


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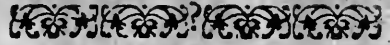


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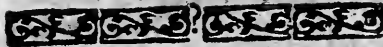
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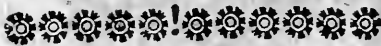
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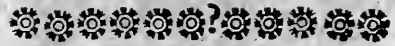
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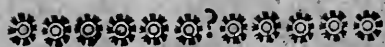


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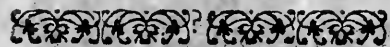
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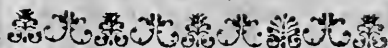


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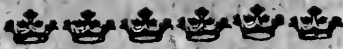


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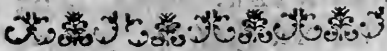
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE 10



THE
LIVES
AND
CHARACTERS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.



A.

Mr. CHARLES ALEYN.



Poet, who flourish'd in the Reign of the Glorious Queen *Elizabeth*, and of her Successor King *James I.* He had a great Genius for Poetry, having writ two Pieces very much applauded in those Days.

I. *The Life of King Henry the Seventh, with the Battel of Bosworth*; in Heroick Verse.

II. *The Battle of Cressly and Poitiers.*

That he was Master of good Thoughts in his Writings, appears by the following Couplet from his Life of *King Henry*:

B

Mm

*Man and Money, a mutual Falshood show,
Man makes false Money, Money makes Man so.*

And in his *Battle of Cressy*, are these Lines :

*They swell with Love who are with Valour fill'd,
And Venus' Doves may in a Head-piece build.*



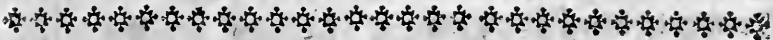
FRANCIS ATTERBURY D. D. Dean of
Westminster and Bishop of *Rocheſter*.

THIS excellent Prelate, is the Son of the Reverend Dr. ATTERBURY, late Rector of *Milton*, near *Newport-Pagnel* in *Buckinghamshire*. He was bred at *Westminster-School*, and from thence elected (with the fairest Promises of the Great Man he has since made) to *Christ-Church* College in *Oxford*, where he accomplish'd himself in the most Polite Literature, and gain'd the greatest Reputation as an Orator and Divine. He was very much Courted and Admir'd by the politest Persons of the University on Account of his uncommon Abilities. His first Preferments were those of Lecturer of *St. Brides*, and Preacher of *Bridewell, London*. Afterwards he was Chaplain to the *Rolls*; then Canon Residentiary of *Exeter*, and Arch-Deacon of *Totness*: After this he was Dean of *Carlisle*, and prefer'd to the Deanery of *Christ-Church*, in *Oxford*; and in the Year 1713. he was made Dean of *Westminster*, and Bishop of *Rocheſter*. In his younger Years, before he had any Dignity confer'd on him in the Church, he wrote
several

several fine Pieces of Latin Poetry, amongst which, his elegant Translation of Mr. DRYDEN'S *Absalom* and *Achitophel* is deservedly celebrated.

Among his English Performances, the following Epigram on a Lady's Fan, is worthy of the highest esteem.

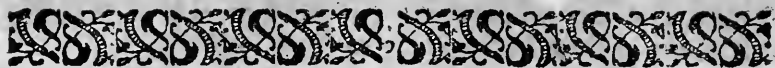
*Flavia the least and lightest Toy
Can with resistless Art employ:
This Fan, in meaner Hands would prove
An Engine of small Force in Love;
Yet she with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton Motion so,
That it Wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
Gives Coolness to the Matchless Dame,
To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.*



Captain JOHN AYLOFFE.

THIS Gentleman was Educated at *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge*. He was a Man of Wit and Humour, which carried his Inclinations to *Poetry*. He has publish'd several valuable small Pieces in the *Miscellanies*, among which, one intitl'd, *MARVEL'S Ghost*, is very much admir'd.





B.

Mr. ROBERT BASTON.

THIS Poet was born at, or near, the Town of *Nottingham*. He was bred a *Carmelite* Friar, at *Scarborough* in *Yorkshire*; and so great was his Fame in Poetry, that King *Edward* the Second, in his *Scotish Expedition*, thought him worthy to immortalize his Heroick Actions; But the Chance of War at length giving the Advantage to *Robert Bruce*, who then laid claim to the Crown of *Scotland*, he was oblig'd by Torments to Change his Note. He wrote one Poem, *viz.*

De Bello Strivilenfi, which was publish'd in a Volume of other Poems on various Subjects.

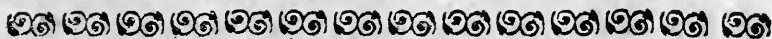


Sir JOHN BEAUMONT, *Baronet*.

AN excellent Poet, who liv'd in the Reign of King *Richard* the Third; when, (such is the Catastrophe of some of our *English* Monarchs) two hopeful Princes were inhumanly murder'd by the Usurper *Richard*; but the Tragedy of his Reign was compleated in his own ignominious Death, at the Battle of *Bosworth*. Sir *John* was justly stil'd one of the Chief of the great Souls of Poetical Numbers; He was fill'd with *Phæbean* Fire; and he wrote, besides

sides several other Pieces, *A Poem on Bosworth Field*, which the following Lines demonstrate to be an admirable Performance.

*Here valiant Oxford, and fierce Norfolk meet ;
 And with their Spears each other rudely greet :
 About the Air the shining Pieces play,
 Then on their Swords their Noble Hands they lay.
 And Norfolk first a Blow directly guides,
 To Oxford's Head, which from his Helmet slides
 Upon his Arm, and biting through the Steel,
 Inflicts a Wound, which Vere disdain's to feel.
 But lifts his Faulcheon with a threat'ning Grace,
 And hews the Beaver off from Howard's Face ;
 This being done, he with compassion charm'd
 Retires, asham'd to strike a Man disarm'd.
 But strait a deadly Shaft sent from a Bow,
 Whose Master, tho' far off, the Duke could know :
 Untimely brought this Combat to an end,
 And pierc'd the Brains of Richard's constant Friend.
 When Oxford saw him sink, his noble Soul,
 Was full of Grief, which made him thus condole.
 Farewel, true Knight, to whom no costly Grave
 Can give due Honour, would my Tears might save
 Those Streams of Blood, deserving to be spilt
 In better Service, had not Richard's Guilt
 Such heavy Weight upon his Fortune laid,
 Thy Glorious Vertues had his Sins outweigh'd.*



FRANCIS BEAUMONT, *Gent.*

THE Volume of Poems, Printed in the Year, 1653. written by this Great young Man, are for Performances of that time very entertaining, and carry with them a Strength of

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Judgment as well as Wit: I must confess I was well pleas'd in perusing them very lately, and I doubt not but a particular Account of them will be acceptable to the publick. They are as follow,

I. *SALMACIS and HERMAPHRODITUS: Or, the Hermaphrodite.* This is taken from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, our Author thus Describes the Nymph.

*So fair she was, of such a pleasing Grace,
So strait a Body, and so sweet a Face;
So soft a Hand, so white a lovely Breast,
So fair a Check, so well in all the rest;
That Jupiter would Revel in her Bower,
Were he to cast again, his Golden shower.*

II. *The Remedy of Love.*

III. *Elegies on the Lady Markham, &c.*

IV. *The Charm.*

V. *The Glance.*

VI. *The Indifferent.*

VII. *The Examination of his Mistress.*

VIII. *To the Mutable Fair.*

IX. *Of Loving at First Sight.*

X. *Eternity of Love.* Some of these small Pieces, are Sonnets, in one of which, is this Stanza.

Like a Ring without a Finger

Or a Bell without a Ringer;

Like a Ship which ne'er is Rig'd

Or a Mine that's never Digg'd;

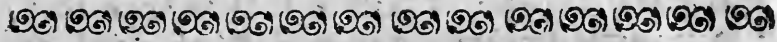
Like a Wound without a Tent,

Or Civet Box which has no Scent;

Just such as these may she be said

That Lives, ne'er Loves, but dies a Maid.

Mr. *Beaumont* likewise writ a Poem call'd the *Honest Man's Fortune*. A Letter to BEN. JOHNSON. and, *The Good Fellow*; *A Song on Ale*.



The Reverend Dr. JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

THIS Learned Person was King's Professor of Divinity, and Master of *St. Peter's College* in *Cambridge*. He has given the Publick an invaluable Work, intituled, *PSYCHE* or *Loves Mystery*, in Twenty Four Cantos: Displaying the *Intercourse* betwixt *Christ* and the *Soul*. Folio.

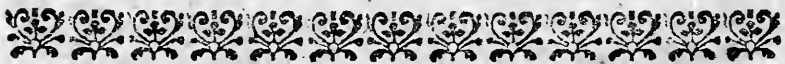
The Occasion and Design of this celebrated Piece, the Author thus recites in his Preface, "The Turbulence of these Times * having deprived me of my wonted Accommodations of Study, I deliberated, for the avoiding of meer Idleness, what Task I might safest presume upon, without the Society of Books: and concluded upon Composing this Poem. In which I endeavour to represent a Soul led by Divine Grace, and her Guardian Angel, (in fervent Devotion,) through the difficult Temptations and Assaults of Lust, of Pride, of Heresy, of Persecution, and of Spiritual Dereliction, to a holy and happy Departure from Temporal Life, to Heavenly Felicity: Displaying by the way, the *Magnalia Christi*, his Incarnation and Nativity, his Flight into *Agypt*, his Fasting and Temptation, his chief Miracles, his being Sold and Betrayed, his Institution of the Holy Eucharist, his Passion, his Resurrection and Ascension; which were his mighty Testimonies of his Love to the Soul. My desire is, That this Book may prompt better Wits to believe, that a Divine Theme is as capable and happy a Subject

* The Grand Rebellion.

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“ of *Poetical Ornament*, as any *Pagan* or *Human De-*
 “ *vice* whatsoever. Which if I can obtain, and (in-
 “ to the Bargain,) Charm my Readers into any *true*
 “ *Degree of Devotion*, I shall be bold to hope that I
 “ have partly reached my *proposed Mark*, and not
 “ continued *meerly Idle*.

A Second Edition of this *Poem*, carefully Corre-
 cted throughout, by the Author, with the Addi-
 tion of Four new Cantos never before Printed, was
 Publish'd at *Cambridge*, in the Year 1702. by his Son
Charles Beaumont, M. A. Fellow of *St. Peter's*
 College, to which Society, he informs us; “ his *Father*
 “ left by Will, all his *Latin Works*, both *Critical*
 “ and *Polemical*, which not having sufficient leisure,
 “ nor Health of Body, to revise and examine, ac-
 “ cording to his wonted Modesty, strictly forbid
 “ the Printing any of them. To this Edition, the
 “ Reverend Dr. *Samuel Woodford*, has prefixed a
 “ long and Ingenious Copy of Verses made in Me-
 “ mory of the Deceas'd Author.



Sir JOHN BERKENHEAD.

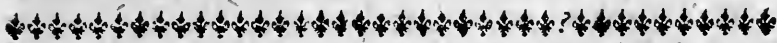
THE stedfast Adherence of this Gentleman to
 the *Royal Cause*, procur'd him the Title of
 the *Loyal Poet*. And tho' the Reward of his Loyalty
 was the most severe Imprisonment, yet his Princi-
 ples were immoveable, in all Changes of Fortune.

Among his other Pieces, the Poem Intituled *MER-*
CURIUS AULICUS, will do him Immortal Ho-
 nour, which a Writer of that time thus justly cele-
 brates,

Whilst

*Whilst Lawrel Sprigs, another's Head shall Crown,
Thou, the whole Grove, may'st challenge as thy own.*

This worthy Patriot liv'd to see the RESTAURATION, and had not only that Happiness, but likewise, to be a Spectator of the deserv'd Execution of some of those Rebels who had so basely conspir'd to take away his Life, and whom he had so truly delineated in his admirable Poem above-mention'd.



Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, *Knt. M.D.*

THIS Gentleman, now Living, is Descended from a good Family in *Dorsetshire*, but was born at *Corsham* in *Wiltshire*. He is the Son of Mr. *Robert Blackmore*, an Attorney at Law, who Educated him first at a Country School; from whence in the Thirteenth Year of his Age, he was remov'd to *Westminster*, and in a short time after sent to the University of *Oxford*, and enter'd a Commoner of *St. Edmond's Hall*; where he continu'd upwards of thirteen Years. He then Travell'd into *Italy*, and at the University of *Padua* took his Doctor's Degree in Physick; and having seen a great part of *France*, *Germany* and the *Low Countries*, after he had been abroad two years and a half, he return'd to *England*. Coming to *London*, he enter'd upon the practice of Physick, and not long after, he was chosen Fellow of the Royal College of *Physicians* by the Charter of King *James* the second. He was sworn *Physician* in Ordinary to King *William*, in 1697. was honour'd
by

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by that Prince with a Gold Medal and Chain, and was likewise Knighted by him. Upon Queen *Anne's* Accession to the Throne, he was appointed one of her *Physician's*, and continued so for some time. Sir *Richard* is an Excellent *Physician*, and a good *Poet*: A Man of great Learning, good Manners, and extensive Humanity, he has oblig'd the World with the following Pieces.

I. *Prince ARTHUR.* *An Heroick Poem*, in Ten Books. *Folio*, printed first 1695. afterwards in *Duodecimo*, 1715.

II. *King ARTHUR.* *An Heroick Poem*, in Twelve Books. *Fol.* Printed 1697. This *Poem* is Corrected and Revised for another Impression.

III. *A Paraphrase on JOB*, and the *Songs of MOSES*, *DEBORAH*, &c. *Fol.* first printed 1700. afterwards in *Duodecimo*, 1716.

IV. *A Satire upon Wit.* *Folio*, 1700. This Piece made a great noise, and rouz'd the spleen of the Modern Writers.

V. *A Hymn to the Light of the World*, with the *CARTONS* of *RAPHAEL URBIN.* *Fol.* Printed in the Year 1703.

VI. *ELIZA.* *An Heroick Poem*, in Ten Books. *Folio*, 1705. This Piece is likewise Corrected and Revis'd for another Impression.

VII. *Advice to the Poets.* A Poem on the Duke of *Marlborough's* Victories. *Fol.* 1706.

VIII. *The Kit-Cats,* A Poem. *Fol.* 1708.

IX. *Instructions to VANDERBANK.* A Sequel to the *Advice to the Poets.* *Fol.* 1709.

X. *The Nature of Man.* A Poem, in Three Books. 8vo, 1711.

XI. *C R E*

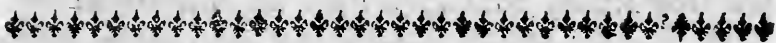
XI. CREATION, *A Philosophical Poem.* Demonstrating the Existence and Providence of a God, in Seven Books, 8vo. First printed 1712. and printed twice since in *Duodecimo*.

Mr. Dennis speaking of this Piece, * says, " We have lately been Entertain'd and Instructed by an " Admirable Philosophical Poem, which has e- " quall'd that of *Lucretius*, in the Beauty of it's Ver- " sification, and infinitely surpass'd it, in the Solidi- dity and Strength of it's Reasoning.

XII. *Essays upon severat Subjects.* in Two Volumes, 8vo. Printed in 1716 and 1717. In the Year 1718 was printed, *A Collection of Poems on various Subjects.* Con- taining all the small Pieces above-mention'd, with fe- veral never before Publish'd, viz. 1. CREMES. *A Satire*, written in the late Reign. 2. *The Story of Don CARLOS Prince of Spain.* 3. *An Ode to the Creator.* 4. *A Hymn to the sacred Spirit.* 5. *On Repentance.* 6. *On Retirement,* &c. Sir Richard has now by him in Manuscript, ready for the Press.

I. ÆLFRED. An Heroick Poem in Twelve Books.

II. *A New Version of the P S A L M S.*



Mr. MICHAEL BLAUNPAIN.

A Gentleman born in *Cornwal*, who for the Defence of his Native Country was Styl'd the *Cornish Poet*. He was some time at *Oxford*, but going into *France*, he Completed his Studies at *Paris*. *Camden* often quotes him in his *Remains*, which shews he was a Person of no inconsiderable Fame;

* See, his Remarks upon Mr. Pope's HOMER.

and

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and when *Cornwal* was traduc'd by *Henry of Normandy*, chief *Poet* to King *Henry the Third*, as a contemptable and unprofitable Country, he answer'd him in a *Latin Poem* wherein are these Lines, which I give you as a Specimen of his Works.

*Non opus est ut opus numere quibus est opulenta,
Et per quas inopes sustentat non ope lenta,
Piscibus & Stanno nusquam tam fertilis ora.*

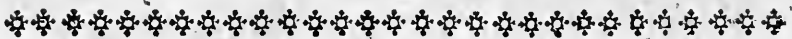
And he Concludes with this Exhortation to his Countrymen.

*Quid nos deterret? Si firmiter in pede stemus,
Fraus in nos superat, nihil est quod non superemus.*

All of them thus Translated.

*We need not number up her wealthy store,
Wherewith this helpful Land relieves her poor,
No Sea so full of Fish, of Tin, no shore.*

*What should us fright, if firmly we do stand?
Bar Fraud, and then no Force can us command.*



Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES.

THIS Gentleman was Fellow of *King's College*, in *Cambridge*, where he wrote the following *Poems* and *Translations*.

I. *A Poem on the Death of King CHARLES the Second.*

II. *Phar-*

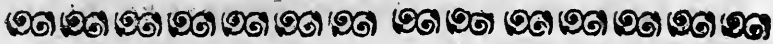
II. PHARMACEUTRIA, or the *Inchantress*. From *Theocritus*.

III. *The Reapers*. The Tenth *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*.

IV. *The Complaint of ARIADNE*. Out of *Catullus*.

V. PROTEUS, being the fourth *Eclogue* of *Sannazarius*.

VI. SAPPHO'S *Ode*, from *Longinus*.



Mr. HENRY BRADSHAW.

THIS Poet Mr. *Winstanly* tells us, flourish'd according to some Accounts, about the Year 1346. And by others, not 'till above a Century after. He was born in the City of *Chester*, and bred a *Benedictine Monk*, in the Monastery of *St. Werburg*. *Bale* gives him great Commendation, and speaking of that Age, says, He was the *Diamond in the Ring*. He wrote a *Poem* call'd,

The Life of St. Werburg; esteem'd an Excellent Chronicle, tho' he follow'd therein those Authors who think it the greatest Glory of a Nation to fetch their Original from Times out of Mind.



Mr. NICHOLAS BRETON.

A Writer of Pastoral-Sonnets, and Madrigals, in which kind of Poësie we may easily conclude he excell'd; his Works being collected with those of several other Contemporary Emulators of
Spenser

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Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney, in a Volume of Odes of the chief Sonneteers of that Age. He wrote also the two following Poems.

I. *Wits private Wealth.*

II. *The Courtier and the Countryman.* In this last, speaking of Vertue, he has these Lines :

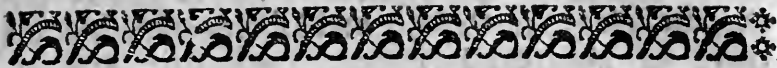
*There is a secret few do know,
And doth in special places grow,
A rich Man's Praise, a poor Man's Wealth,
A weak Man's Strength, a sick Man's Health,
A Lady's Beauty, a Lord's Bliss,
A matchless Jewel where it is ;
And makes, where it is truly seen,
A Gracious King, and Glorious Queen.*



Mr. ALEXANDER BROOME.

AUTHOR of most of the *Songs* which on the side of the Royalists, came forth during the time of the Rump, and *Oliver's Usurpation*. He wrote in a Jovial Strain, and his performances were often Sung by the Sons of *Mirth and Bacchus*. One of his *Songs* begins thus :

*Come, come, let us Drink,
'Tis in vain for to Think,
Like Fools on Grief or Sadness ;
Let our Money now fly,
And our Sorrows shall die,
All Worldly Care is Madness.*



The Reverend Mr. JOHN BROOME.

A Young Gentleman now living, Educated at St. John's College in Cambridge, Author of several good Copies of Verses in *Miscellanies*, viz.

- I. *Courage in Love.*
- II. *Poverty and Poetry.*
- III. *The Speech of the Goddess Philosophy.* From *Boetius.*
- IV. *ORPHEUS.* From *Boetius.*
- V. *A Paraphrase on part of the 68th Psalm.*
- VI. *ASTROPHEL and DAPHNIS.* A Pastoral.
- VII. *The Coy.* A Sonnet.



Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

THIS Poet, for Humour excell'd all of his Time, and many of his Writings, particularly his Dialogues, are Originals, which few Persons can Copy. He was the Son of a considerable Farmer of *Shifuel* in *Shropshire*; and Educated at *Newport School*, in that County, under the Reverend and Learned Dr *Edwards*, a Gentleman who has Qualified a great many Personages of Distinction for the University, particularly the Lord Chancellor *Parker*, the Lord *Gore* and others. Here he attain'd a perfect knowledge in the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and his Exercises were generally so Excellently perform'd, that his Master was surpriz'd and fill'd with Admiration,

ration. From *Newport School* he remov'd to *Christ-Church College*, in *Oxford*, and Distinguish'd himself there for his great Learning, ready Wit, and uncommon Genius: But the Disadvantages of a narrow Fortune, and some little Irregularities would not suffer him to continue long at the University. Upon his coming to *London*, he soon became acquainted with the Wits of the Town; for he was a Facetious and Excellent Companion, tho' withal sometimes very Satirical, and what is too common with Great Wits, his best Friends could not escape his Lampoons. Towards the latter part of his Life, I am inform'd he was in favour with the Earl of *Dorset*, who invited him to Dinner on a *Christmas-Day*, with Mr. *Dryden* and some other Gentlemen famous for Learning and Ingenuity (according to his Lordship's usual Custom) when Mr *Brown*, to his agreeable surprize found a Bank Note of 50*l.* under his Plate, and Mr. *Dryden* at the same time was presented with another of an 100*l.* Actions of this Nature, were very common and peculiar to this Great and Generous Spirited Nobleman. Mr. *Brown* wrote a great many pieces in Verse and Prose, but the latter are most Numerous and indeed the best part of his Works. The first piece which made him known to the Town, was an Account of the Conversion of Mr. *Bayes*, in a Dialogue, which met with very great Applause. The chief Beauty of his Writings is *Humorous Satire*, with an agreeable mixture of Wit and Learning; but he has not always the greatest Delicacy. The most considerable of his Poems are.

I. *The BEAUTIES. To ARMIDA.*

II. *A Satire against Woman.* To a Lady who let a fine Gentlemen die for Love of her.

III. *A Satire upon Marriage.*

IV. *A Satire upon the French King*, on the Peace of *Reswick*. Being committed to Prison for this Piece, he wrote a famous Petition to the Lords of the Council, which procured his Enlargement.

V. *A Satire upon an Ignorant Quack*.

VI. *The Temperate Epicure*, written in French by *Monsieur De la Fontaine*, imitated in English.

VII. *The Highlander*. A Satire, which ends with this judicious and severe Simile,

*So Rogues mistaking Scandal to be Fame,
Deem that their Honour others think their Shame.*

VIII. *A Cure for Cuckoldom*. A Tale from *Boccace*.

IX. *An Elegy in Memory of the Gallant Lord Viscount DUNDEE*.

X. *The Mourning Poet in Confinement*. Calculated for the Meridian of the King's-Bench, Marshalsea, and the Fleet.

XI. *A Match for the Devil*.

XII. *The Libertine*.

XIII. *Friendship*. A Poem.

XIV. *On Flowers in a Ladies Bosom*. Wherein are the following Lines.

*Behold the Promis'd Land where Pleasures flow !
See how the Milk-white Hills do gently rise,
And beat the Silken Skies ;
Behold the Valley spread with Flow'rs below !
Other Discoveries Fate let me not share ;
As I find out may I Inhabit there.
Tell, tell me why, thou fruitful Virgin Breast,
Why should so good a soil lie unpossesst ?*

*Surely some Champion in the Cause of Love,
Has Languish'd here-----more weary of the fight,
Than Vanquish'd quite ;
While the soft God took pity from above,
And thinking to Reward his service well,
Bid him grow there, where he so nobly fell.*

There are several other small Pieces of Poetry among his Works ; viz. Translations from *Ovid*, *Horace*, *Martial's* Epigrams, Fables, &c. *Soteria Ormondiana* ; an admirable *Latin* Poem, upon *The Recovery of the Duke of Ormond* : Some Satirical pieces on *Sir Richard Blackmore*, and others ; wherein he has carried his Reflections to a very great height. His whole Works, consisting of Dialogues, Essays, Declamations, Satires, Letters from *The Dead to the Living*, Translations, Amusements, &c. Are printed in Four Volumes, 12mo.

He died in the Year 1704. And lies Interred in the Cloyster of *Westminster-Abbey*, near the Remains of *Mrs. Behn*, with whom he was very intimate in his Life time : And *Dr. Drake* wrote the following Inscription for a Monument which was intended to have been Erected to his Memory.

*Juxta deposita sunt Reliquia
THOMÆ BROWN,
Poeta inter celeberrimos non postremi,
Quorum plerisque Ingenio, cum non cederet
Varia Eruditione longe, prestitit.
Viventi Natura multum indulisit,
Fortuna parum.
Livore & Injuriis Malevolorum, quos Vivens expertus est,
Ipsa nec mors eripuit.
Luxuriantis reus Ingenii,
Scurrorum Juridice penas dedit,*

Non

Non quod Merito, sed quod impune.

Dialogorum Conditor miras,

Lepidissimos complures reliquit salibus, facetiisque refertos.

Quin & Poemata & Epistolas;

Leviuscula quidem, sed quæ Indolem Authoris redoleant.

Pari Musarum Indulgentia

Tam Latiis, quam Britannis familiaris :

Hunc fructum retulit unicum

Cultor sororum egregius ;

Quod ob earum fautoribus honeste repositus

Inter Concelebres requiescat.

Agro Staffordiensi oriundus, obiit. 16 Die Junii An. 1704.

Abi Lector, Ingenio assequere, Fortuna anteverte.



Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

AUTHOR of the Inimitable *Hudibras*, was born at *Strensham* in *Worcestershire*, in the Year 1612. His Father was a Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor. He Educated his Son at the Free School of *Worcester*, where he became an Excellent Scholar, and afterwards was some little time at the University of *Cambridge*; but was never Matriculated into that University, his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to bear the charge of an Academical Education; so that our Author returned soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. *Jeffreys* of *Earl's-Croom*, an Eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he lived some Years in an easy and no contemptible Service. He was after this, Recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, *Eli-*

zabeth Countess of *Kent*, where he had not only the opportunity of Consulting the most valuable Books, but Conversing also with the great Mr. *Selden*. But his *Loyal Poem*, he Compos'd in the Service of Sir *Samuel Luke*, of *Bedfordshire*, a Commander under *Oliver Cromwell*, where he had an opportunity of knowing those Living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense and Hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work. Upon the Restauration of King *Charles* the Second, tho' his Poem did the greatest Service to the Royal Cause, and Intituled him to the best Preferment, yet he was neglected, and the more so on Account of his great Modesty: but at length *Richard* Earl of *Carbury*, Lord President of the Principality of *Wales*, made him his Secretary, and also Steward of *Ludlow-Castle*. About this time he Married one Mrs. *Herbert*, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, who had a plentiful Fortune, but being put out on ill Securities, most of it was unfortunately lost. He is reported to have been Secretary to the Duke of *Buckingham*, when he was Chancellor of *Cambridge*, but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor. But no Man was a more Generous Friend to him than that *Mecenas*, the late Earl of *Dorset*. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and easiness of his Conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided Multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such only, whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish, (as Mr. *Cowley* excellently expresseth it)

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

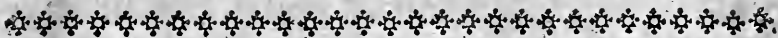
And having thus lived to a good Old Age, admired by all, tho' Personally known to few, he departed this Life, in the Year 1680. And was Buried at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. *Longville*, at the
West

West End of the Church-Yard of *St. Paul's Covent-Garden*, where he lies without any Memorial, and it is a National Scandal upon us that (as *Sir Samuel Garth* has remarked upon another occasion *)

“ There now wants a poor Square Foot of Stone,
 “ to show where the Ashes of one of the greatest
 “ Poets that ever was upon Earth, are deposited.

For as *Mr. Dennis* † has judiciously observed,
 “ *Mr. Butler* was a whole Species of Poets in One,
 “ admirable in a Manner in which no one else has
 “ been tolerable: A Manner which began and en-
 “ ded in him; in which he knew no Guide, and
 “ has found no Followers.

In Justice to the Publick, it is thought proper in this Place to declare, that all the Manuscripts *Mr. Butler* left behind him are now in the Custody of *Mr. Longville*, (among which, the most Considerable, is one intituled, *The History of Learning* Written after the Manner of *Hudibras*) and that not one Line of those Poems lately published under his Name is Genuine.



BAINBRIGG BUCKERIDGE, *Esq;*

A Gentleman now living, bred at *Oxford*, and designed for the Study of *Physick*: but his Genius leading him to *Drawing* and *Painting*, he Travelled in his Younger Years; and in *Holland*, and other foreign Parts, made some Progress in that curious Art, which has been his chief Amusement in a Country Retirement; and next to that, his Inclinations have led him to Poetry. In the late Reign, he had some Employments under his Grace the Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, with whom he has al-

* Preface to *Ovid's Metamorph.*

† See, his Remarks upon *Mr. Pope's Homer*, p. 6.

ways been in favour. He has writ the following Poems

I. A Letter to *Signior Verrio*, at *Hampton-Court*, upon a Sketch drawn by him of the Battle of *Blenheim*, designed to have been Painted at the Duke of *Marlborough's* House in *Woodstock-Park*.

II. To *Sir Godfrey Kneller* upon the Death of *Mr. Dryden*, Printed among others, upon that Occasion.

III. To the Duke of *Buckingham*, upon his House and Collection of Pictures in *St. James's Park*, wherein he pays this just Compliment to his Grace.

*Under this Roof Parnassus' Sons shall meet,
And ev'ry Science all her Sisters greet.*

IV. To a Lady of Quality upon her intended Voyage into *Turkey*: falsely attributed to *Sir William Trumbal*.

This Gentleman has also writ several of the Lives in the English-School of Painters: Annexed to *Mr. Savage's* Translation of *Du Pile's* History of Painting: And Translated a Novel from the Spanish of the famous *Cervantes*.



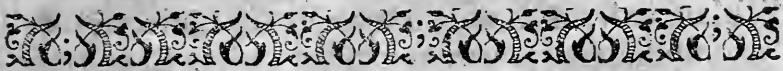
C.

THOMAS CAREW, *Esquire*.

THIS Gentleman was the Author of several *Love Poems* which met with Approbation, but he is very Wanton in some of them, and has carried his Flights to an Extravagancy. The Chief of his Poems, are,

I. *The*

- I. *The Cruel Mistress.*
- II. *Ingrateful Beauty.* An excellent Piece.
- III. *Boldness in Love.*
- IV. *The Rapture.* This is a very airy Piece, but exceedingly well wrote.



The Right Noble WILLIAM CAVENDISH,
Duke of Devonshire.

THIS Nobleman was descended from a very ancient Family, that first settled at *Cavendish* in *Suffolk*. *John de Cavendish* was one of the Justices of the *King's Bench* Anno. 39 *Edward* the Third. And of this Family was that glorious Seaman Captain *Thomas Cavendish*, who finished his Expedition, round the World, in the Year 1588. *Sir William Cavendish* of *Chatsworth* in the County of *Derby*, was Treasurer of the Chamber, and One of the Privy Council to King *Henry* the Eighth. And his Son made Earl of *Devonshire* by King *James* the First. *William*, the Third Earl of *Devonshire* (to whom *Mr. Hobbes* was Tutor) Married *Elizabeth* Daughter of *William Cecil*, Earl of *Salisbury*, by whom he had Issue *William Cavendish*, late Duke of *Devonshire*, and Colonel *Charles Cavendish*, a Man of great Valour, and Loyalty to King *Charles* the First, in whose Service he was Slain. His Grace had conferred on him the Title of Duke by King *William* the Third, on Account of his early Zeal in concerting Measures for effecting the Revolution, 1688. He was Lord Steward of the Household to that Prince, and Queen *Mary*, and Lord High Steward of *England* at their Coronation; which Honour he

likewise had on the Coronation of her late Majesty Queen *Anne*. **“*In every Publick Station, the Duke
*“*at all times was firm to the True Interests of
*“*the Crown, the legal Establishment of the Church,
*“*the antient Privileges of the Peers, the Funda-
*“*mental Rights of the Commons, the equal Ba-
*“*lance of *Europe*, and the Original Liberties of
*“*Mankind. He was a Person of Universal Ac-
*“*complishments; He had great Skill in Languages,
*“*was an excellent Historian and an Admirable
*“*Poet; he had a fine hand in Musick, and an Ele-
*“*gant Taste in Painting, and all the Polite Arts.
*“*He Travelled abroad in his Younger Years, under
*“*the care of Dr. *Killigrew*, who gave him a just
*“*and true Relish in all the Refinements of sense and
*“*Wit. He was a Poet, not by Genius only, but by Lear-
*“*ning and Judgment. The Lord *Roscomon* made
*“*him a constant Reviser of his Immortal Lines †
*“*His Lordship's Pieces, are the following *viz.*

I. *Poema est Pictura Loquens*. An Ode on the Death of Queen *Mary*. This Piece Mr. *Dryden* is said to have preferred above all that was written on that occasion. It begins thus,

Long our divided state,
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,
When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dispell'd,
And all the Griefs of Albion heal'd:
Her the United Land obey'd,
No more to Jealousie inclin'd,
Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd;
She knew her Task, and nicely understood
To what Intention Kings are made;
Not for their Own, but for their People's Good.
'Twas that prevailing Argument alone
Determin'd her to fill the vacant Throne:

* See, Bp. *Kennet's Memoirs*, p. 171, 186. † Funeral Sermon, p. 172.

And yet with sadness she beheld
 A Crown devolving on her Head,
 By the Excesses of a Prince misled;
 When by her Royal Birth compell'd,
 To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,
 Tho' by a servile Faction blam'd,
 How graceful were the Tears she shed!

And concludes with these Lines,

Oh had she longer staid,
 Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd!
 For her the Harps of Albion had been Strung,
 The tuneful Nine could never have aspir'd
 To a more lofty and Immortal Song.

II. An Allusion to the Bishop of Cambray's Supplement to Homer. This excellent Poem begins with these Lines,

Cambray you set, when Heavenly Love you write,
 The noblest Image in the clearest Light!
 A Love, by no self Interest debas'd,
 But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd!
 A Love, in which true Piety consists,
 That Soars to Heav'n without the help of Priests!

And afterwards speaking of Virtue,

There is in Virtue sure a hidden Charm,
 To force Esteem, and Envy to Disarm.

He concludes with the Character of her late Majesty,

Here Anna reigns, a Queen by Heaven bestow'd,
 To right the Injur'd and subdue the Proud.

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As Rome of old gave Liberty to Greece

Anna th' invaded sinking Empire frees.

Th' Allies Her Faith, Her Power the French proclaim,

Her Piety th' Oppress'd, the World her Fame.

After a severe Indisposition, this great Person died on the 18th of *August* 1707. in *Devonshire-House, Pickadille* in the Sixty Seventh Year of his Age: And as it was his greatest Ambition to Love and serve good Princes, he himself ordered the following short Inscription for his Monument.

WILLIELMUS DUX DEVON.
BONORUM PRINCIPUM FIDELIS SUBDITUS,
INIMICUS ET INVISUS TYRANNIS.

William Duke of Devonshire,
A faithful Subject of Good Princes,
A Hater of Tyrants, and hated by them.



Sir GEOFFRY CHAUCER.

THE Father of the English Poets, and HOMER of our Nation, has the honour to have Three Places contend for his Birth: *Leland* is of Opinion he was born in *Berkshire*; *Mr. Camden* affirms, *Dunington-Castle*, near *Newbury*, to be his ancient Inheritance; and another Writer is positive that he was born at *Woodstock* in *Oxfordshire*, and that his Father, who was a Knight, lived in that County. But the Author of his Life, printed in the Year 1602, supposes him to be born in *London*, by his own Words in *The Testament of Love*, where he says, *The City of London is very dear to him in which he was forth grown,* &c. His Education, he owed to both the Universities,

ties, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*; where he became an able Logician, a great Philosopher, a good Divine, a skilful Mathematician, and an excellent Poet; the College of *Merton* in *Oxford*, is supposed to be his favourite College, at which he longest resided. But his Learning received Perfection, by his Travels into *France* and *Flanders*, where he employed much of his Time in his younger Years. About the latter end of the Reign of King *Richard* the Second, he flourished in *France*, and by his diligent Exercises in Literature, was there held in great Esteem. After his return to *England*, he frequented the Court, and applied himself for some time to the study of the Law, whereby he became acquainted with Mr. *John Gower*, his learned Contemporary, and Friend. His liberal Education at the Universities, and his Improvements in foreign Countries, rendered him both fit for the Court at home, and also for the greatest Employments abroad; but it does not appear that he had any other Preferment than that of Poet Laureat in the Reigns of *Henry* the Fourth, and *Henry* the Fifth. This he obtained by the Interest of *John* of *Gaunt*, the great Earl of *Lancaster*, (to whom he was allied by Marriage) and Knighted upon that occasion. He wore the Bays with the greatest Honour, and brought his Post into Reputation; which, 'tis to be regretted, can be said but by few of his Successors.

Some Authors, for the sweetness of his Poetry, compare him to *Stesichorus*; and as *Cethegus* was called, *Suada Medulla*, so *Chaucer* may be esteemed the Sinews of Eloquence, and the very Life of all Mirth and Pleasantry in Writing. He had one Excellency above all other Poets, and wherein, none, since his time, but the famous *Shakespear*, has come near him, viz. Such a lively Description of Persons and Things, that it seems to surpass Imagination, and you

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you see every thing before your Eyes, which you only Read : And herein his *Canterbury Tales* are most valued and esteemed.

Sir *Henry Savile*, says that *Chaucer* was the Chief of our English Poets, and that he had a sharp Judgment, and a pleasant Wit.

Mr. *Spenser* in his *Fairy Queen* calls him the most Renowned Poet, and his Writings the Works of Heavenly Wit.

Sir *Philip Sidney* in his *Defence of Poesie*, gives him this Character; *Chaucer undoubtedly did excellently in his Troilus and Crescid, of whom truly I know not whether to Marvel more, either that He in that misty time could see so clearly, or We in this clear Age walk so stumblingly after him*

Agreeable to this are the following Verses, written by Sir *John Denham* :

*Old Chaucer, like the Morning Star,
To us discovers Day from far ;
His Light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd ;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the Age invades.*

He was the *Cicero* of the Age ; and his Authority held in as great Estimation, by many Writers, as those celebrated *Grecians*, *Sophocles* or *Euripides* ; and Sir *Richard Baker* in the Reign of *Edward* the Third ; speaking of the place of *Chaucer's* Nativity ; says, “ That, he found a Muse in the Groves of “ *Woodstock*, equally sweet to that of the Ancients “ upon the Banks of *Helicon*. *Camden* likewise taking notice of the Birth place of *Chaucer*, concludes thus ; of whom, in my opinion may be truly said, that which an Italian Poet once apply'd to *Homer*.

-----*Hic ille est, cujus de gurgite sacro
Combibit arcanos vaturn omnis turba furores.*

Chaucer was one of the first Refiners of the *English* Language, which in his time was very rude and barren: And till the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth, there was scarce any Man regarded our Language but *Chaucer*, but by some of his Poetry it began then to raise it self, and to sound tolerably well: In the refining of our Tongue, he followed the Example of *Dantes* and *Petrarch*, who had done the same to the *Italian* Language, *Alanus* from the *French*, and *Johannes Mea* for the *Spanish*: Neither was *Chaucer* inferior to any of them in his Performance, and *England* is obliged to him, as *Leland* observes in these Lines:

*Anglia Chaucerum veneratur nostra Poetam;
Cui veneris debet Patria Lingua suas.*

He died in the Year 1400 after he had lived above Seventy two Years; and lies buried in *Westminster-Abby*, with the following Inscription:

*Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim,
Galfridus Chaucer, conditur hoc Tumulo.
Annum si queras Domini, si tempora Mortis,
Ecce nota subsunt, quæ tibi cuncta notant;
25 Octobris, 1400.
Ærumnarum requies Mors.*

Nicolaus Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine sumptus.

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On the Ledge of the Tomb were these Verses ;

*Si rogitas quis eram, forsan Te Fama docebit,
Quod si Fama negat, Mundi quia Gloria transit,
Hæc Monumenta lege.*

The Epitaph first designed for his Grave-stone was,

*Galfridus Chaucer, Vates & Fama Poesis,
Materna hac Sacra sum Tumulatus humo.*

The Works of this celebrated Poet, were first printed in the Reign of King *Henry* the Sixth, and published by Mr. *William Caxton*, an ingenious Person, (a Mercer) who first brought the art of Printing into *England*. They were afterwards Printed with Additions in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth, by *William Thinne*, Esq; In Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, they were again Reprinted, with Corrections by Mr. *John Stow* ; and there is lately published a very beautiful Edition of all *Chaucer*'s Works, adorned with fine Sculptures, printed in a large Volume in *Folio*, with many Additions from Original Manuscripts, left ready for the Press by the late ingenious Mr. *John Urry*, Student of *Christ-Church College* in *Oxford*.



THOMAS CHEEK, *Esquire*.

THIS Gentleman was descended from a very ancient Family, one of his Ancestors, being Tutor to King *Edward* the Sixth. He was educated at *Queen's-College* in *Cambridge*, and was a Person of a great deal of ready Wit, and an excellent

cellent Companion. He is mentioned here, on account of his assisting Dr. *Garth* in his *Dispensary*, and some small Pieces of Poetry, which he published in *Miscellanies*.



KNIGHTLY CHETWOOD. D. D.

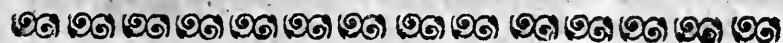
THIS Gentleman was bred at *Eton School*, from whence he removed to *King's College*, in *Cambridge*, for the Compleating his Education. He is Dean of *Glocester*, and was nominated to the Bishoprick of *Bristol*, by King *James*, but that Prince quitted the Kingdom before his Election passed the Seals: and he lays Claim to an Antient Barony and Seat in the House of Lords by Birth. He has wrote the following Poems.

I. *On the Marriage of the Lady MARY with the Prince of Orange.*

II. *An Ode in Imitation of PINDAR. On the Death of the Right Honourable Thomas Earl of Ossory.*

III. *On the Death of his Grace, the late Duke of Ormond. Anno 1687.*

IV. *The parting of HECTOR, with his Princess ANDROMACHE. When he went upon his last Expedition, in which he was Slain by Achilles. Done from the Greek of Homer, Iliad 6. &c.*



Mr. THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

A Poet who lived in the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. He was born in the Town of *Shrewsbury*, and Descended from Wealthy Parents. He was equally addicted to Arts and Arms, having

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having served under that Renown'd Captain Sir *William Drury*, in *Scotland*, and several other Commanders beyond Sea, as appears by his own Lines in his Tragical Piece, called the *Unhappy Man's Life*.

*Full Thirty Years, both Court and Wars I tryde,
And still I sought acquaintance with the best,
And serv'd the State, and did such hap abide
As might befall, and Fortune sent the rest.*

But it seems he got little by the Camp, or the Court, as he Declares afterwards,

*For tho' I did my Credit still increase
I got no Wealth by Wars, ne yet by Peace.*

He not only lived, but died Poor; (*Ann. 1570.*) the Common Fate of a Poetical Genius. His Works were esteemed well done for that Age, they are as follow,

I. *The Siege of Leith.*

II. *A Farewel to the World.*

III. *A feigned Fancy of the Spider and the Gout.*

IV. *A Doleful Discourse of a Lady, and a Knight.*

V. *The In-rod into Scotland.* By Sir *William Drury*.

VI. *Sir SIMON BURLEIGH's Tragedy.*

VII. *A Tragical Discourse of the Unhappy Man's Life.*

VIII. *A Discourse of Vertue.*

IX. *CHURCHYARD's Dream.*

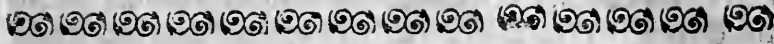
X. *A Tale of a Fryar, and a Shoemaker's Wife.*

XI. *The Siege of Edinborough Castle.*

XII. *Queen ELIZABETH's Reception into Bristol.*

These Twelve Pieces were called *Churchyard's Chips*; and Dedicated to Sir *Christopher Hatton*. He also writ the *Falls of Jane Shore*, and *Cardinal Wolfsey*. In *Camden's Remains*. He has this Epitaph,

*Come Alecto, lend me thy Torch,
To find a Churchyard in a Church-Porch;
Poverty and Poetry his Tomb doth inclose,
Wherefore good Neighbours be merry in Prose.* Mr.



Mr. JOHN CLEVELAND.

AN Eminent Poet, the Son of a Reverend and Learned Clergyman; his Father being Rector of *Hinckley*, in *Leicestershire*, where he was Born, and Educated under Mr. *Richard Vines*, a School-Master of great Reputation, who perfected him in the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages. From a tender Father, and a Learned School-Master, he was removed to *Christ's College* in *Cambridge*, and Distinguishing himself by his Excellent Oratory, he was preferred to a Fellowship in *St. John's College*, where he continued above the space of Nine Years, the Delight and Ornament of that Society. Afterwards he was made Rhetorick-Reader, and performed this Office with such extraordinary Applause, that on his Pronouncing an Oration, Addressed to the Pious King *Charles the First*, His Majesty sent for him, gave him his Hand to Kiss, and (with great Expressions of Kindness) Ordered a Copy to be Transmitted to him. Dr. *Fuller* gives him the Character of "a general Artist, pure *Latinist*, Exquisite Orator, and Excellent Poet. His Stile was Masculine, his Epistles Pregnant with Metaphors; his lofty Fancy seemed to stride from the top of one Mountain to another, thereby making to it self a constant level of continued Elevation. All his Poems are incomparable, so that to praise one, were to Detract from the rest. His Poetry in the time of the Civil Wars, began first to be Esteemed, both for its Admirable Wit, and the very great Zeal he expressed for the King's Cause, in which he appeared the great Champion against the *Presbyterians*. He shined with equal Light and

and Influence, until the Grand Rebellion began to Unvizard it self; of which no Man had more Sagacious Prognosticks, for when *Oliver Cromwell* was Elected Member of Parliament for *Cambridge*, he said with much Passionate Zeal, *That single Vote which carried his Election, ruined both Church and Kingdom*: And no sooner did this *Harpey* (as *Mr. Winstanley* calls him) appear in the University, but he made good what was Predicted of him, and turned out *Mr. Cleveland* with several others for their Loyalty. Being now expelled the College, he attended the Camp at *Oxford*, and gave the same Lustre to that University during his stay there, as he had done at *Cambridge*. Here he wrote several Poems in Commendation of Loyalty, and exerted the Satyrift on the Rebels. From *Oxford* his next Stage was to the Garrison of *Newark*, where he was Judge Advocate, until the Surrender of that place by the King's Command. Here he likewise Predicted his Sovereign's Fate before his Surrendering himself into the Hands of the *Scots*, and foresaw the *Pieces of Silver* paying upon the Banks of *Twede*, to be the price of his Royal Master's Blood. Thence he followed Distressed Loyalty, which terminated in a long Imprisonment at *Yarmouth*, but at last on sending an Address to *Oliver Cromwell*, by the Excellency of his Reasoning, without Injuring his Conscience, or betraying his Cause, he obtained his Liberty; and afterwards settled at *Grays-Inn*, but he had not been there long, before he was seized with a Fever, which deprived the World of one of the Greatest Men of the Age. He died the 29th of *April*, 1658. and was Buried at *College-Hill Church*, his Dear Friend *Dr. John Pearson* (afterwards Lord Bishop of *Chester*) Preached his Funeral Sermon.

The most remarkable Pieces wrote by this Celebrated Gentleman, were the following, (*viz.*)

I. SMECTYMNUS. Or, *The Club-Divines.*
 II. RUPERTISMUS. In Praise of Prince *Rupert.*
 III. *Elegy on Dr. Laud Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.*
 In these two last, he shewed his Excellency at *Panegyrick.*

IV. *The mixt Assembly.*

V. *The London Diurnal.*

VI. *The Committee Man.*

VII. *The Rebel Scot.*

VIII. *The Scots Apostacy.* In these Five Poems, he described Rebellion in such lively Colours, that Mr. *Winstanley* tells us, he struck each Traytor to a Paleness, beyond that of any Loyal Corps that had bled by them.

IX. *The King's Disguise*; A Prophetical Poem on the Sufferings of the Royal Martyr.

X. *The Hermaphrodite.* An Excellent Poem, inserted by mistake among Mr. *Randolph's* Works.

In a Copy of Verses Printed before Mr. *Cleveland's* Poems, there are these Lines in his Praise.

*Cleveland again his sacred Head does raise,
 Even in the Dust Crown'd with Immortal Bays,
 Again with Verses Arm'd that once did fright
 Lycambe's Daughters from the hated Light;
 Sets his bold Foot on Reformation's Neck,
 And Triumphs o'er the vanquish'd Monster Smec:
 That Hydra whose proud Heads did so increase,
 That it deserv'd no less an Hercules.
 This, this is he, who in Poetick Rage,
 With Scorpions lash'd the Madness of the Age.*

And his severe Distich upon the *Scotch*, will never be forgotten,

*Had Cain been Scot, God had revers'd his Doom,
 Not sent him wand'ring, but confin'd him Home.*



Mr. SAMUEL COBB.

A Ssistant-Master of the Grammar-School of *Christ's Hospital*, where he was himself Educated, and from whence he was Elected to *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*, and took the Degree of Master of Arts there. He was a Man of sound Learning, ready Wit, and good Humour, and his *Observations upon Virgil*, shew that he was well acquainted with that Poet. He died at *London*, in the Year 1713. And lies Interred in the Cloyster of *Christ's Hospital*. Besides a Collection of Poems, Published by himself, in *Octavo*, 1700. He has writ the following Pieces.

I. *The Female Reign*. An Ode, Alluding to the Fourteenth Ode of the Fourth Book of *Horace*. This piece sets forth the Happiness of *England* in the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Anne*, and comes closer to the finest Transitions and Returns of *Pindar* to the Subject, than any Poem I have seen in our Language.

II. *The Millers-Tale*, from *Chaucer*; Inscribed to *Nicholas Rowe*, Esq;

III. *The Mouse-Trap*. A Poem, made *English* from *Mr. Holdsworth's Latin* Original.

IV. *The Oak and the Briar*. A Tale.

He likewise joined with *Mr. Rowe* in the Translation of *Quillet's Callipedia*; and assisted *Mr. Ozell* in the Translation of *Boileau's Lutrin*, &c.



Mr. RICHARD CRASHAW.

A Divine Poet of the last Age. He was Educated at *Cambridge*, and was first Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*, in that University, and afterwards of *St. Peter's College*. He delighted in Religious Solitude, and was a Lover of a Recluse Life, which occasioned him to employ much of his Time, and to Lodge many Nights under *Tertullian's* Roof of Angels, in *St. Mary's Church* in *Cambridge*. At length he turned *Roman Catholick*, and Travelled into *Italy*, where at the so Zealously frequented Place, the Chappel of our Lady of *Lorretto*, he spent the remainder of his Life in Divine Contemplation. His Poems consist of Three Parts.

I. *Steps to the Temple*, being for the most part Epigrams upon several Passages of the New Testament.

II. *The Delights of the Muses*, or Poems upon several Occasions, both *English* and *Latin*, which shew the Author to be of a very pregnant Fancy.

III. *Carmen de nostro*, being Hymns and other Sacred Poems, Dedicated to the Countess of *Denbeigh*.



Mr. THOMAS CREECH.

THIS Learned Clergyman was born near *Shirburn* in *Dorsetshire*, and bred up at the Free School in that Town under Mr. *Curganven*, a Man of

of Eminent Character, to whom in Gratitude he In-
 scribes one of the *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*, that he
 Translated: But his Parents Circumstances not be-
 ing sufficient to support him in a Liberal Education,
 his Disposition and Capacity for Learning, raised
 him a Patron in Colonel *Strangeways*, whose Genero-
 sity supplied that Defect. This Gentleman sent
 him to *Wadham* College in *Oxford*, where he was
 admitted a Scholar on the Foundation, and Pub-
 lishing his Translation of *Lucretius*, when very
 Young, the great Reputation he gained by that Per-
 formance, Recommended him to *All-Souls* College,
 where he was Elected Fellow. He was a Man of
 Excellent Parts, sound Judgment, and perfectly
 Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages; but na-
 turally of a Morose Temper, and too apt to despise
 the Understandings and Performances of others.
 This made him less esteemed than his great Merit
 deserved: And his Resentments on this Account,
 frequently engaged him in those Heats and Disputes
 which in the end proved fatal to him. He was pre-
 sented by the College to the Living of *Welling* in
Hertfordshire, but before he left *Oxford*, (the Cause
 unknown) he unfortunately made away himself in
 the Year 1701.

Besides his Translations of *Lucretius*, *Theocritus*
 and *Horace*, he has done some of *Virgil's* Eclogues,
 and *Juvenal's* Satires.



Mr. HUGH CROMPTON.

A Gentleman well Educated, tho' but of a small
 Fortune; in the Reign of King *Charles* the
 First. His Necessities obliged him to Commence
 Author, by which he subsisted very well for a time;

but at length he Experienced that *Pegassus* was a Jade. In the latter part of his Life, he went over into *Ireland*, where he continued for some time, but before he left *England*, he Published a Volume of Poems Intituled,

PIERIDS, or *The Muses Mount*. In these Poems, Mr. *Winstanley* tells us, there appears great Briskness, and a good turn of Thought.



The Reverend Mr. CROXALL.

A Young Gentleman now living, whose Father was Minister of *Hampton* upon *Thames*, where he was born. He was Educated at *Eton*, and from thence Elected to the University of *Cambridge*, and is now House Chaplain of the Royal Palace of *Hampton-Court*. The first Poetical Pieces he Published, were under a fictitious Character, viz.

I. *Two Original CANTOS of Spenser*; Being Satires on the Earl of *Oxford's* Administration.

II. *An ODE* humbly Inscribed to the King, occasion'd by his Majesty's most Auspicious Succession and Arrival. Written in the Stanza and Measure of *Spenser*.

III. *The VISION*. A Poem.

IV. *Translations from OVID's Metamorphoses*, viz. The VI. Book, The Story of *Nisus* and *Scylla*, The *Labyrinth*, and *Daedalus* and *Icarus*, from the VIII. Book, part of the Fable of *Cyparissus*, from the X. Book, most part of the XI. Book, and the Funeral of *Memnon* from the XIII. Book.



D.

Sir JOHN DAVIS.

ATTORNEY General to Queen *Elizabeth*, with whom he was in great Favour, and also her Successor King *James* the First. In his Younger Years, he applied himself to the Study of Poetry, 'till he found his Interest point him another way, and then he took up with the Laborious Studies of the Law. He wrote an Excellent Poem Intituled,

The Original Nature, and Immortality of the Soul. It is written in Alternate Rhime, was first Published in 1592. and some Years ago Revived by Mr. *Tate*, at the desire of the late Earl of *Dorset*, to whom he Dedicated it. A Third Edition of it was Printed, 1715.

Mr. *Winstanley* ascribes to this Gentleman several other Poems, (*viz.*) *A Metaphrase on several of David's Psalms*; *Nosce Te ipsum*; *Ochestra*, &c.



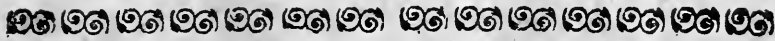
Sir WILLIAM DAWES, *Bart.* Arch-Bishop of *York*.

THIS Reverend Prelate is Descended from an Ancient and Honourable Family in the County of *Essex*. He was Educated at Merchant *Taylor's* School, *London*; and from thence Elected to *St. John's* College in *Oxford*; of which he was afterwards

wards Fellow. He was the Youngest of Four Brothers, all which dying Young, (two of them being lost in a Sea Engagement) the Title and Estate of the Family fell to him; so that as soon as he had taken his First Degree in Arts, he Resigned his Fellowship, and left *Oxford*, but some time afterwards he entered into Holy Orders. As he is Descended from a Great and Ancient Family, so he is the greatest Ornament of it. The Divine, the Gentleman, and the Christian, are happily Centered in his Lordship, and shine with equal Lustre. He is a very Popular and Excellent Preacher; his Piety is Great and Conspicuous; his Charity and Benevolence equalled by few, and his good Nature and Humanity the most extensive. These great Qualities have deservedly gained him the highest Reputation: and before his Promotion to the Mitre, he was Master of *Katharine-Hall* in *Cambridge*, Chaplain to the late Queen, and Dean of *Bocking*. In the Year 1708. he was Consecrated Bishop of *Chester*, and in 1713. Translated to the Arch-Bishoprick of *York*. While he was at the University, before he went into Orders, he wrote, *The Anatomy of Atheism*. A POEM, Dedicated to the Honourable Sir *George Darcy*, Bart. Printed in the Year 1701. 8vo. The Design of this Excellent Piece his Lordship declares in the Preface, is to expose the Folly of those *Men who are arrived to that Pitch of Impudence and Profaneness, that they think it a Piece of Wit to deny the Being of a God, and to laugh at that which they cannot argue against*. Such Persons being well described in the following Lines.

*See then our Atheist all the World oppose,
And like Drawcanfir make all Men his Foes.
See with what saucy Pride he does pretend,
His wiser Father's Notions to amend,*

Huffs Plutarch, Plato, Pliny, Seneca,
 And bids ev'n Cicero himself give way,
 Tells all the World they follow a false Light,
 And he alone of all Mankind is right.
 Thus, like a Madman, who when all alone,
 Thinks himself King, and ev'ry Chair a Throne,
 Drunk with Conceit and Foolish Impudence,
 He prides himself in his abounding Sense.



The Reverend Mr. JOHN DIAPER.

THIS Gentleman joined with Mr. Rowe, in the Translation of *Quillet's Callipadia*. He was bred at *Baliol College, Oxford*, and had a fine Poetical Genius. About the Year 1715. he entered into holy Orders, and Died in a Country Curacy, Anno 1717. in the 29th Year of his Age.

Besides the above-mentioned Translation, he has Published the following Poems.

I. NEREIDES: Or, *Sea Eclogues*, 8vo.

II. DRYADES: Or, *The Nymph's Prophecy*. Fol.

He left behind him in Manuscript, *OPPIAN'S Halieutics*. The Three first Books, Translated from the *Greek*.



WENTWORTH DILLON, *Earl of Roscomon*.

THIS Noble Lord was Descended from a very Ancient Family, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*. He was Son of *James Dillon*, Earl of *Roscomon*, who was reclaimed from the Superstition of the *Romish* Church, by the Learned and Pious Archbishop *Usher*. His Education extended to all kinds of polite Literature

44 *The Lives and Characters of the*

ture. He was some time at *Oxford*, took the Degrees in Arts, and was nominated to be created Doctor of Law, in the Year 1683. His rare Accomplishments and genteel Behaviour, brought him into the greatest Reputation in the Reign of King *Charles the Second*, an Age distinguished for Gallantry and Politeness. He was a Nobleman of uncommon Wit, and what is very much to be admired, but seldom met with, his Wit did not exceed his good Nature. To speak of him as a Gentleman and a Poet, would be to enumerate all the good Qualities which the best of either, ever enjoyed. In these States, tho' he never courted, yet he had the Applause of all the knowing and Judicious Men of his Time. He well merited the Commendations of *Mr. Waller*, *Mr. Dryden*, and other famous Wits, which were oftentimes inferior to his Desert. He was Captain of the Band of Pensioners to King *Charles the Second*, and on the Marriage of *James Duke of York*, with *Josepha Maria*, the Princess of *Modena*, he was made Master of the Horse to that Princess; in both which Places he continued to the time of his Death. He died at his House near *St. James's Palace*, in the Year 1684. and was interred in *Westminster Abbey*. His Lordship's Genuine Works are as follow,

I. *An Essay on Translated Verse*. This excellent Piece is introduced with several Copies of Verses by *Mr. Dryden*, *Dean Chetwood*, and others. My Lord seems to have taken the hint of this Poem, from the Duke of *Buckingham's* Essay on Poetry. His Lordship Concludes with these Lines,

*O may I live to Hail the Glorious Day,
And sing loud Pæans through the crowded Way,*

*When in Triumphant State, the British Muse,
True to her self, shall barb'rous Aid refuse,
And in the Roman Majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.*

II. *A Paraphrase on the 148th Psalm.*

III. SILENUS. Being *Virgil's Sixth Eclogue*,
Translated.

IV. ODE upon Solitude.

V. *The 22d ODE of the First Book, and the 6th ODE
of the Third Book of Horace.*

VI. *On Mr. DRYDEN's Religio Laici.*

VII. *The Dream.*

VIII. *The Grove.* Being a Translation of Part of
the 5th Scene, of the 2d Act in *Guarini's Pa-
stor Fido.*

IX. *The Ghost of the Old House of Commons, to the
New One, appointed to meet at Oxford.*

X. *On the Death of a Lady's Dog.*

XI. *A Prologue spoken to the Duke of York, at Edin-
burgh. Also, A Prologue and Epilogue to Two of
Mrs. Philips's Plays.*

XII. *On the Day of Judgment.*

XIII. *Ross's Ghost.*

XIV. *HORACE's Art of Poetry. Translated.* I can-
not omit in this Place, my Lord's excellent Version
of these Lines, *Ut Pictura, Poesis, &c.*

*Poems, like Pictures, are of different Sorts,
Some better at a Distance, others Near,
Some love the Dark, some chuse the clearest Light,
And boldly Challenge the most piercing Eye,
Some Please for Once, some will for Ever Please.*

Mr.

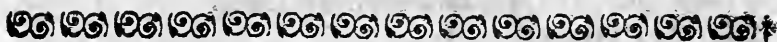
46 *The Lives and Characters of the*

Mr. *Dryden* in his Commendatory Copy of Verses has these Lines,

*The Muses Empire is restor'd again,
In Charles's Reign, and by Roscommon's Pen.*

And Mr. *Pope* in his *Essay upon Criticism*, declares, that,

*To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry Author's Merit but his own.*



JOHN DONNE, D. D.

THIS learned Divine, admired for his Great Wit, was born in *London*, in the Year 1573. He was descended from a very good Family in *Wales*, and had Parents capable of giving him the best Education, which they did; for at Nine Years of Age he was sent to *Hart-Hall* in *Oxford*, having attained besides the *Latin* and *Greek*, a knowledge in the *French* Tongue. Here he became acquainted with that great Master of Language and Art, Sir *Henry Wotton*, with whom he contracted a lasting Friendship. From *Oxford* he was Transplanted to the University of *Cambridge*, where he made great Improvements in his Literature. Coming from thence to *London*, he was entered of the Society of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and applied himself to the study of the Law, but even here, he chiefly employed his time in accomplishing himself with the politer kinds of Learning. He soon Enjoyed the best Conversation in Town, to whom the acuteness of his
his

his Wit, and the natural gaiety of his Temper, soon rendered him highly acceptable: In which state of Life, he composed most of his *Love-Poems*. His Father Dying and leaving him a pretty handsome Fortune, he Travelled into *Italy, Spain* and other Foreign Countries, where he acquired a perfection in those Languages, and returned Home with many useful Observations. Being now qualified for the greatest Employments, he was made Secretary to the Lord *Elsmere*, Keeper of the Great Seal; in whose Service he became enamoured with the Lady *Elsmere's* Niece, Daughter to Sir *George Moor*, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the *Tower*, who greatly opposed this Match; Yet notwithstanding they were privately Married: Which exasperated Sir *George* to such a degree, that he prevailed on the Lord *Elsmere* to Discharge him from his Service, and soon after cast him into Prison. But Mr. *Donne* had not been long confined before he found means, by the assistance of his Kinsman Sir *Francis Woolley*, to facilitate his Enlargement, and a Reconciliation between him and Sir *George Moor*, Ensuing, he was restored to his former Post. Now he was sought after by Men of the best Learning more than ever, and his Company very much desired by the Nobility and Foreign Embassadors, who were extremely fond of his Acquaintance. At last, at King *James's* Request, he applied himself to the study of Divinity, and Entered into Holy Orders: Whereupon, his Majesty first made him Preacher of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and he was afterwards advanced to the Deanery of *St. Paul's*; thus from an Eminent Poet he became a much more Eminent Divine. He Died the 31st of *March* 1631. and was buried in *St. Paul's* Church with great Solemnity, attended by many Persons of Quality.

Dr. King Bishop of Chichester, who was his Executor, Erected a Monument to his Memory, with this Inscription.

JOHANNES DONNE, S. T. P.
 Post varia Studia, quibus ab Annis tenerrimis fideliter,
 Nec infeliciter, incubuit.
 Instinctu & impulsu Spiritus sancti, monitu & hortatu
 Regis Jacobi Ordines Sacros Amplexus
 Anno sui Jesu 1614. & sue Aetatis 42.
 Decanatu hujus Ecclesie, indutus 27. Novembris 1621.
 Exutus morte ultimo die Martij 1631.
 Hic, licet in Occiduo Cinere, aspiciet Eum,
 Cujus Nomen est Oriens.

A New Edition of his *Poems* was printed in the Year 1719. With several *Elegies* upon his Death, one of which Copies, signed H. K. has this Admirable Conclusion.

*I do not like the Office---Nor is't fit
 Thou, who didst lend our Age such Sums of Wit,
 Shouldst now re-borrow from her Bankrupt Mine
 That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine,
 Rather still leave us in thy Debt; and know
 Exalted Soul, more Glory'tis to Owe
 Unto thy Hearse, what we can never Pay,
 Than with Embased Coin those Rites defray.
 Commit we then, Thee to thy self: Nor blame
 Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own Fame
 Leave thee Executor: since, but thy own,
 No Pen could do thee Justice, nor Bays Crown
 Thy vast Desert: Save that, we nothing can
 Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian.
 So Jewellers no Art or Metal trust
 To form the Diamond, but the Diamond's Dust.*

Mr.



Mr MICHAEL DRAITON.

A Poet, Mr. *Winstanley* tells us, who had Drank as deep of *Helicon*, as any of his time. He was born at *Athelston* in *Warwickshire*; and was a Person of a Pious temper, his Conscience having always the Command of his Fancy, which is no small Commendation to one of a Poetical Genius. He likewise lived very temperate and regular, (which is no less to be admired) and his Conversation was the most inoffensive. He had the Reputation of being little inferior, if not in some Instances equal to *Spenser*, or Sir *Philip Sidney*. His Works are the following:

I. POLY-OLBION, Being a Description of *England*.

II. *The History of the Barons Wars*.

III. *England's Heroical Epistles*. These were so well received, that they Entitled him to the appellation of the *English-Ovid*.

IV. *Legends of ROBERT Duke of Normandy*.

V. MATILDA.

VI. PIERCE GAVESTON.

VII. *The Idea*.

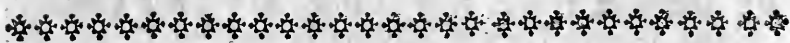
VIII. *The Nymphs and Shepherds*.

IX. *The Court of Fayries*

He lies interred in *Westminster-Abbey*, near the South Door, by those two Eminent Poets *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, with this Inscription.

MICHAEL DRAITON, *Esquire*, a Memorable Poet of his Age, Exchanged his Laurel for a Crown of Glory. 1631.

Do, pious Marble, let thy Reader know
 What they and what their Children owe
 To Draiton's Name, whose Sacred Dust
 We recommend unto thy Trust.
 Protect his Memory, and preserve his Story,
 Remain a lasting Monument of his Glory.
 And when thy Ruins shall disclaim
 To be the Treasurer of his Name,
 His Name, that cannot fade, shall be
 An everlasting Monument to Thee.

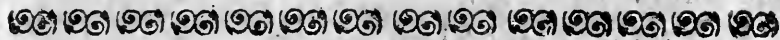


The Reverend Mr. RICHARD DUKE.

THIS Gentleman, the Son of an Eminent Ci-
 tizen of London, was Educated at *Westminster*
 School, and from thence Elected to *Trinity College*
 in *Cambridge*. He was some time Tutor to the Duke
 of *Richmond*. Her late Majesty Queen *Anne* no-
 minated him one of her Chaplains, and in the year
 1713 preferred him to the Living of *Witney* in *Oxford-*
shire, worth above 500 l. per Annum, which he did
 not long enjoy, Dying about two Years after.

His Poetical Works were Collected together (and
 Published with the Earl of *Roscomon's*) in the Year
 1717. 8vo, Consisting of Translations from *Theocri-*
tus, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Ovid*, and *Virgil*. With Co-
 pies of Verses to his Friends, Mr. *Dryden*, Mr.
Waller, Mr. *Creech*, Mr. *Otway*, &c. Also some Oc-
 casional Poems on State Affairs, one of which In-
 titled the REVIEW, The Editor informs us,
 " He wrote a little after the Publishing Mr. *Dry-*
 " *den's* ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL; he was
 " perswaded to undertake it by Mr. *Sheridan*, then
 " Secre-

“ Secretary to the Duke of York; but Mr. Duke
 “ finding that Gentleman designed to make use of his
 “ Pen to vent his Spleen against several Persons at
 “ Court, that were of another Party, than that he
 “ was engaged in, broke off proceeding in it, and
 “ left it (imperfect) as it is now Printed.



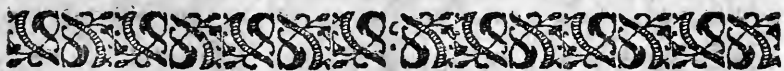
E.

Mr. ALEXANDER ESSEBIE.

THIS Poet flourished in the Reign of King
Henry the Third. 1220. The place of his
 Nativity is uncertain; some Writers say, he was
 born in *Staffordshire*, others tell us *Somersetshire*
 gave him Birth. He was esteemed one of the chief
 of the *English* Poets and Orators of his Time; and
 for his great Learning, was made Prior of *Esseby*
 Castle, belonging to the *Augustines*. His Works
 are,

I. *Christian Festivals.* Written in Imitation of
Ovid de Fastis; setting a Copy therein to *Baptista*
Mantuan.

II. *The History of the Bible.* An Heroick Poem.
 Written in Imitation of the Stile of *Virgil*.



Mr. EUSDEN, Poet Laureat.

THIS Gentleman succeeded the late Ingeni-
 ous Mr. *Rowe*. He is Descended from a
 good Family in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, but
 was Educated at *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*. He

was Honoured with the Encouragement of that great Patron and Poet, the late Earl of *Halifax*; to whom in one of his Pieces, he tells us, he paid the first Products of his Muse. His present Patron is the Duke of *New-Castle*, who preferred him to the Bays. The chief of his Poetical Writings are the following, (*viz.*)

I. *To the Lord HALIFAX.* Occasioned by Translating into *Latin*, His Lordship's Poem on the Battle of the *Boyne*.

II. *On the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's Victory at Audenard.*

III. *On the King's Accession to the Throne.*

IV. *To the Reverend Dr. BENTLEY, on the opening of Trinity College Chappel Cambridge.*

V. *On a Lady who is the most Beautiful and Witty when she is Angry.* This Poem begins with these Lines,

*Long had I known the soft, enchanting Wiles,
Which Cupid Practised in Aurelia's Smiles.
Till by Degrees, like the famed Asian taught,
Safely I drank the sweet, tho' Poys'nous Draught.
Love vexed to see his Favours vainly shown,
The peevish Urchin Murthered with a Frown.*

VI. *The Court of VENUS.* From *Claudian*.

VII. *The Speech of PLUTO to PROSERPINE.*

VIII. *HERO and LEANDER.* Translated from the *Greek* of *MUSÆUS*. This piece is well done. It begins thus,

*Sing, Muse, the conscious Torch, whose Nightly Flame,
(The shining Signal of a brighter Dame)
Thro' trackless Waves the bold Leander led,
To taste the Dangerous Joys of Hero's Bed:
Sing the stol'n Bliss in gloomy Shades concealed,
And never to the blushing Morn revealed.*

IX. *On*

IX. *On the Marriage of the Duke of New-Castle with the Lady GODOLPHIN.* This Poem procured him the Place of Laureat.

X. *The Lord ROSCOMON'S ESSAY on Translated Verse.* Done into *Latin.*



JOSEPH of EXETER.

AN Antient Poet, so called, from the Place of his Nativity. He was Stiled the *Golden Poet* of a *Leaden Age*. He flourished in the Reign of King *Richard* the First, and Accompanied that Prince in his Expedition to the *Holy Land*, celebrating his Warlike Actions in a Poem entituled, *ANTIOCHEA*. He was by King *John*, preferred for his great Deserts, to be Archbishop of *Bourdeaux*, about the Year 1210. He also wrote,

De Bello Trojano; An Heroick Poem, in Six Books. Mr. *Camden* tells us, this piece was only the Version of *Dares Phrygius*, Translated into *Latin Verse*; but it was so well received abroad, that in *Holland* it was printed under the Name of *Cornelius Nepos*, to the great injustice of our famous Country Man.



F.

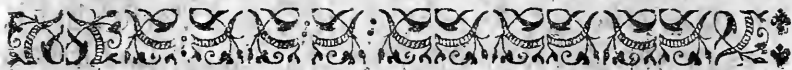
Mr. ROBERT FABIAN.

THIS Gentleman was born and bred in the City of *London*, and at length made Sheriff thereof; to which Office he was Elected. Anno 1493,

and lastly chosen Alderman, He was a Person of a Volatile temper, and very facetious in Conversation, entertaining his Guests more agreeably with his turns of Wit, than his Eatables, tho' his Feasts were remarkably Sumptuous. He bent his Mind much to the Study of Poetry, and History, Composing two large Chronicles in Verse, the one from *Brute* to the Death of King *Henry* the Second, the other from the First of King *Richard*, to the Death of *Henry* the Seventh. Of his Poetry, his Verses made for the Honour of the City, were mostly esteemed. He died at *London*, Anno 1511, and was buried at *St. Michael's Church* in *Cornehill*.

Sir *John Suckling*, in the Contest between the Poets for the Bays, makes *Apollo* merrily adjudge it to an Alderman of *London*. Thus,

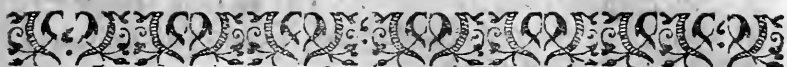
*He Openly declared, that the best Sign
Of good Store of Wit's to have good store of Coin,
And without a Syllable more or less said,
The Laurel He put on the Alderman's Head.*



Mr. EDMUND FAIRFAX.

AN Elegant Poet, in the Reign of King *Charles* the First, who besides several Productions of his own Genius, which have passed in the World with a general Applause, has given us an Excellent Translation of,

GODFREY of *Bolagne*, an Heroick Poem, from *Torquato Tasso*, Stiled the Prince of *Italian* Poets.



Mr. FENTON.

A Gentleman now living, born at *Shelton* near *New-Castle*, Under *Line*, in *Staffordshire*. He was Educated at *Jesus College* in *Cambridge*, and is at present Secretary to the Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Orrery*. He has lately obliged the World with a Volume of Excellent Poems, Dedicated to his Lordship. The chief whereof are,

- I. *An ODE* to the *SUN*.
- II. *Part of the 14th Chapter of ISAIAH*, *Paraphrased*.
- III. *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERN*. Containing Characters of our *English Poets*.
- IV. *The XIth Book of HOMER's Odyssees*, *Translated*.
- V. *A Pastoral on the Death of the late Marquis of BLANDFORD*.
- VI. *An Epistle to THOMAS LAMBEARD, Esq*,
- VII. *The fair NUN*, A Tale. This piece has a great deal of Humour in it.
- VIII. *The Widows WILE*, A Tale.
- IX. *A Tale in the manner of CHAUCER*. This Poem is very Entertaining.
- X. *CUPID and HYMEN*. *Sappho to Phaon*, and several other Translations.



The Honourable Mrs. FINCH.

A Lady of the Noble Family of the Earl of *Nottingham*, who has writ several small Pieces of Poetry, which are deservedly admired,

viz.

E 4

I. *An*

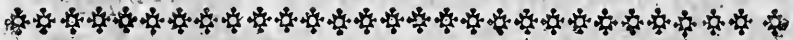
- I. *An Epistle to the Honourable Mrs. THYNNE.*
- II. *An Invocation to the Southern Winds.* Inscribed to the Earl of Winchelsea.
- III *The Fall of CÆSAR.*



THOMAS FLATMAN Esq;

A Barister at Law, of the Middle-Temple ; He was a Gentleman of Eminence in his Profession, and likewise equally ingenious in the Two Noble Arts of Painting and Poetry : which he made use of only for his own private Entertainment.

The Excellent Collection of Poems written by him, consist chiefly of Pindaric Odes, Songs, and Sonnets. The 3d Edit. 8vo. Printed in the Year 1682.



Mr. PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE Divine Spirit of Poesie seems to be Hereditary in his Family, for this Gentleman, was not only the Son of a Poet, but Brother to Two eminent Poets, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* ; His Father *Giles Fletcher*, Esq; was Doctor of Laws and sent Ambassador to *Muscovy*; our Author was Educated at *King's-College* in *Cambridge*, where he became Fellow, and acquired a very great Reputation. His Poetical Performances are intituled, *Piscatory Eclogues*, but the chief Piece written by him, was *The Purple Island*, a Poem, very much esteemed, and Scarce, wherein are the following Lines :

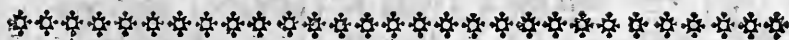
Thrice

*Thrice happy was the Worlds first Infancy,
Nor knowing yet, nor curious ill to know:
Joy without Grief, Love without Jealousy;
None felt hard labour, or the sweating Plough:
The willing Earth brought Tribute to her King---*

And in another place, speaking of Covetousness.

*Vain Men, too fondly wise, who plough the Seas,
With Dangerous Pains another Earth to find:
Adding new Worlds to th' old, and Scorning ease,
The Earth's vast Limits daily more Unbind!
The Aged World tho' now it falling shows,
And hastes to set, yet still in Dying grows,
Whole Lives are spent to Win what one Death's hour
[must lose]*

His Brother *Giles Fletcher*, wrote a Poem called *Christ's Victory*; when he was only Bachelor of Arts: And his other Brother *George Fletcher*, was Author of a Poem entitled, *Christ's Victory and Triumph over; And after Death*: both of them very much Commended.



Mr. ABRAHAM FRAUNCE.

THIS Poet imitated *Latin Measure in English* verse, but 'tis no wonder he is followed by so few, since it by no means becomes either the *English*, or any other Modern Language. He wrote a Pastoral intitled, *The Countess of Pembroke's IVY CHURCH.*

CHURCH. Also the Countess of Pembroke's EMANUEL; A Poem on *The Nativity, Passion, Burial, and Resurrection of CHRIST*. With certain *Psalms of DAVID*, all in *English Hexameters*; and likewise began a Translation of HELIODO- RUS'S ETHIOPICK History, in the same kind of Verse. He died about the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*.



G.

Sir SAMUEL GARTH, Knt. M. D.

THIS Gentleman was descended of a very good Family in *Yorkshire*. After he had finished his School Education, he removed to *St. Peter's College* in the University of *Cambridge*, where he completed his Studies in the Art of Physick. He has justly merited the Reputation of one of the best Poets of his Time, by his admirable Poem, *The DISPENSARY*. A Judicious writer * observes, that this Work hath lost and gained in every Edition. *Almost every thing (says he) that Sir Samuel left out was a Robbery from the Publick: Every thing he added hath been an Embellishment to his Poem.* He was an Excellent Physician, Affable and Courteous in his Behaviour, and never better pleased than in doing good Offices, either to Friends or Strangers, who required his Assistance.

* See Major *Pack's* Miscellanies, 2d Edition. 8vo, pag. 102.

Besides.

Besides his *Dispensary*, he has published the following Pieces,

I. CLAREMONT. A Poem Inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle.

II. *To the Lady Berkeley*, with OVID's Epistles.

III. *To the Earl of Burlington*, with OVID's Art of Love.

IV. *The Fourteenth Book of OVID's Metamorphoses Translated.*

V. *Three Prologues.* 1. Designed for Mr. Rowe's TAMERLANE. 2. *At the opening of the Theatre in the Hay-Market.* 3. *At a Musick-Meeting.* Also, *An Epilogue to Mr. Addison's CATO.*

VI. *Verses to the Earl of Godolphin.*

VII. *Two Orations spoken at the College of Physicians.*

1. *On the Faculty.* 2. *On the Death of Mr. Dryden.*

He died Jan. 18th 1718--19. and was Buried on the 22d of the same Month, in the Church of *Harrow on the Hill*, in the Vault there built by him for the Interment of his Family.

These Lines in the *Dispensary*, on Death, are Inimitable.

'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harsh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To Die, is landing on some silent Shore,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar;
E'er well we feel the Friendly stroke, 'tis o're.
The Wise thro' Thought, th' Insults of Death despise;
The Fools, Thro' bless'd Insensibility.

'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;
Sought by the Wretch, and Vanquish'd by the Brave.
It eases Lovers, sets the Captive free;
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

Mr.



Mr. JOHN GAY.

TO this Gentleman we are obliged for the following Poems, *viz.*

I. *The Shepherd's WEEK*, in six Pastorals. 1. *The Squabble*; 2. *The Ditty*; 3. *The Dumps*; 4. *The Spell*; 5. *The Dirge*; 6. *The Flights*.

II. *The Fan*. A Poem, in Three Books.

III. *PANTHEA*. A Poem.

IV. *ARAMINTA*. A Town Eclogue.

V. *Rural Sports*. A Poem inscribed to Mr. Pope.

VI. *A Journey to Exeter*.

VII. *A Letter to a Lady*, on the Arrival of the Prince of *Wales*.

VIII. *TRIVIA*; Or, *The Art of walking the Streets of London*. The Episode of the Invention of *Pattens*, which concludes the first Book of this Poem, is very Entertaining, *viz.*

*Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil;
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.*

*Whilst on her Father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.*

Soon as the blushing morning warms the skies,
 And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
 Her cleanly pail the pretty huswife bears,
 And singing to the distant field repairs :
 And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
 The milky burthen smoaks upon her head.
 Deep, thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,
 Above her ankle rose the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
 He saw, he lov'd ; for yet he ne'er had known
 Sweet innocence and beauty met in one.
 Ah Mulciber ! recal thy nuptial vows,
 Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse,
 Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
 And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms ?

The Lemnian pow'r forsakes the realms above,
 His bosom glowing with terrestrial love.
 Far in the lane, a lonely hut he found,
 No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholsome ground.
 Here smoaks his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
 And early strokes the sounding anvil warm ;
 Around his shop the steely sparkles flew.
 As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
 His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
 To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays ;
 What Woman can resist the force of praise ?

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,
 And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood :
 With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
 To save her steps from rains and piercing dews ;

She

62 *The Lives and Characters of the*

*She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents more,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.*

*This Vulcan saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bare her safely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the Patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his suit, though flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The Patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.*

Besides these Poems, Mr. Gay has given us a Celebrated Ballad called *Sweet WILLIAM'S Farewel to Black-ey'd Susan*, and likewise Translated the Story of *Arachne*, &c. from *OVID'S Metamorphoses*. For his Dramatick pieces, See the Poetical Register, pag. 114.



R O B E R T of Gloucester.

A Monk of that City, and the most Ancient Poet I find in the Records of our *English* History; he flourished in the Reign of King *Henry* the Second. Mr. *Camden* had a great esteem for him, and quotes divers of his old *English* Rhimes in Praise of his Native Country; but Mr. *Selden* and other Antiquaries valued him more for his History

story than his Poetry, for a Specimen of the latter, take the following Lines,

*A Kynge there was in Brutayne DONWALLO was his
Staleworth and hardy, a Man of grete Fam: [Nam
He ordeyned furst yat Theeves yat to Temple flouen wer,
No Men wer so hardy to do hem despit ther ;
That hath he moche such yhold, as hit begonne tho,
Hely Chyrch it holdeth yut, and wole ever mo.*

He lived to a good old Age, and died about the beginning of the Reign of King *John*.



The Right Honourable SIDNEY Earl of
GODOLPHIN.

THIS Excellent Nobleman, was descended of an Ancient Family of that Name, in the County of *Cornwal*, feated there long before the Conquest. He was Grandson to Sir *William Godolphin*, and Son of Sir *Francis*, who Married *Dorothy* Daughter to Sir *Henry Berkeley*, Knight, and had bestowed on him a very liberal Education. In the Year 1661. he was chose Burgess to serve in Parliament for *Helston* in *Cornwal*, and so for several Parliaments afterwards. He was twice Embassador to *Holland*, and one of the Lords of the Treasury; and Principal Secretary of State in the time of *Charles* the Second. And also in the same Reign, made First Commissioner of the Treasury, and Lord *Godolphin* of *Rialton*. In the first Year of King *James* the Second: He was made Lord Chamberlain, and again Commissioner of the Treasury. He was of the Privy Council to King *William*, and four times

times one of the Lords Justices; during the King's Absence beyond Sea. And in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, he was made Lord high Treasurer of *England*, which Important post he held above eight Years; he was likewise Created Viscount *Rialton* and Earl of *Godolphin* by her Majesty, and made Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. His Lordship was an able Minister, a great Statesmam, and an Eligant Poet. The following pieces appear under his Name in the *Miscellanies*.

I. *CUPID's Pastime.*

II. *The Passion of D I D O for Æ N E A S.* Translated from the Fourth Book of *Virgil*.

III. *A Fable of the Beasts sick of the Plague.*

IV. *An Answer to Mr. Waller's Poem upon the Storm and Death of Oliver Cromwell.* Beginning thus,

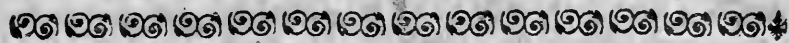
*We must resign Heaven his great Soul does claim,
In storms as loud as his Immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral pile.*

Which are thus inverted by my Lord *Godolphin*.

*'Tis well He's gone, (O! had he never been)
Hurry'd in Storms loud as his crying Sin.
The Pine, the Oak, fell prostrate for his Urn,
That with his Soul, his Body too might burn.
Winds pluckt up Roots, and the fixt Ceders move
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heav'ns above.*

These Pieces my Lord wrote in his Younger Years. His Lordship retiring from Publick Affairs, died of the Stone, with which he had been many Years afflicted, at the Duke of *Marlborough's* Seat near

near St. *Albans*, on the 15th of *September*, 1712. in the 68th Year of his Age; and was Interred on the 8th of *October* in *Westminster Abbey*.



Mr. ROBERT GOULD.

THE Poetical Works of this Author were Published about a Year after his Death, Anno 1709. In two Volumes 8vo, and Dedicated by his Widow to the Earl of *Abingdon*. Consisting of Songs, Love Verses, Epistles of Friendship, Miscellanies, Hymeneals, Lucinals, Funeral Elegies, and Eclogues, Divine Poems, Satires and Pindarick Odes.

“ His Writings tho’ of several kinds, the Editor observes, are alike fitted to the Subject he treats of, and the way he chuses to handle it in, but especially his Satires, in which his main Talent lay, are every where sharp and poignant, which is the more to be admired, as proceeding from so smooth, so sweet, and so every way agreeable a Temper. He seems to have writ with the Solidity of *Virgil*, the Sprightliness of *Horace*, and the Tartness of *Juvenal*; tho’ he knew no more of those happy Originals than what he met with in their several Translations.

The first Poem Mr *Gould* Published, and which made him known by its Popularity; was that Intituled, *LOVE given over: Or, A Satire against WOMAN*. This Piece met with many Antagonists, but Sold many Impressions: tho’ for a Specimen of his Vein of Satire, I think the following Lines are some of the justest and best he ever writ,

*The Strumpet, who by Prostitution Lives,
 And in that Court, but curs'd Vocation Thrives,
 All Arts must try, and all her Snares must lay,
 With Pleasures soften, and with smiles betray;
 Now chill her Lover with a forc'd Disdain,
 And when he can no longer bear the Pain,
 Look pleas'd, and warm him into Lust again:
 While he by choice, dissolving in her Arms,
 Has not a Wish, or Hope, beyond her Charms.* *



Sir JOHN GOWER.

THIS Gentleman was born at *Stitenham* in *Yorkshire*, and Descended of an honourable Family. He was bred to the Law, but having a plentiful Estate, and prizing his Pleasure above his Profit, he quitted Pleading to follow Poetry, being the first Refiner of the *English* Tongue. He was a Man of Universal Learning, and not only Contemporary with, but an intimate Friend of the Famous *CHAUCER*: and likewise held in great Esteem both by King *Henry* the Fourth, and King *Richard* the Second, at whose request he wrote his Book Intituled *Confessio Amantis*: And *Bale* makes him *Equitem Auratum & Poetam Laureatum*, proving both, from his Ornaments on his Monumental Statue; but *Stow* in his *Survey of London* will not allow him to be a Knight, only an Esquire. He flourished before *Chaucer*, and was by some accounted his Master, yet he survived him two years, living to be quite blind, and so might more properly be termed our

* See the 2d Vol. of his Works, pag. 51.

English Homer. He died *Anno 1402.* and was buried in *St. Mary Overies Church* in *Southwark*, on the North side, in the Chapel of *St. John*, where he founded a Chantry, and endowed it with an Yearly income for a Mass to be daily Sung for him, as also an *Obit* within the same Church, to be kept on the Friday after the Feast of *St. Gregory*. Over his Tomb, is his Statue, in a habit of Purple Damask down to his Feet, (which made some think he was a Judge in his old Age) a Collar of S.S. about his Neck, and on his Head a Chaplet, like a Coronet of four Roses: Under his Feet the likeness of three Books, which he Compiled, the first called *Speculum Meditantis*, written in *French*, the second *Vox Clamantis*, written in *Latin*; and the third *Confessio Amantis*, written in *English*; which last was printed, by *Thomas Berthelette* after his Decease, and Dedicated to King *Henry the Eighth*.

On the Wall over him, were Painted three Virgins with Coronets on their Heads, one of which named (*Charity*) holding this Device,

*En toy qui es fitz de Dieu le Pere,
Sauve soit, qui gist sous ceste pierre.*

The second writing, (*Mercy*) with this Motto:

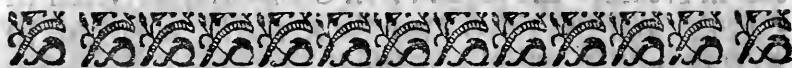
*O bone Jesu fait toy Mercy
A l'ame, dont le corps gist icy.*

The third writing, (*Pity*) with this Device:

*Pour ta pitie Jesu regarde,
Et met cest ame en Sauve garde.*

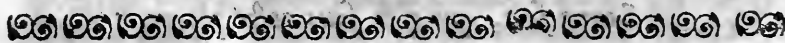
And near these formerly hung a Table, where in was written, that *whoso Prayed for the Soul of JOHN GOWER, so oft as he did it, should have a M. & D. (1500.) Days of Pardon.*

*Hic jacet Joannes Gower Armigeri,
Anglorum Poeta celeberrimus, ac
Huic sacro Edificio Benefactor insignis,
Temporibus Edw. M. & Rich. II.
Armiger Scutum nihil a modo fert tibi tutum,
Reddidit immolutum Morti generale tributum,
Spiritus exutum se gaudeat esse solutum
Est ubi virtutum Regnum sine labe Statutum.*



Mr. JOHN GOWER.

A Schoolmaster, who lived at *Castle-Heningham* in *Essex*, about a Century past; Author of a Poem called, *The Castle Combate.* A witty Piece; received in that Age with great Applause.



H.

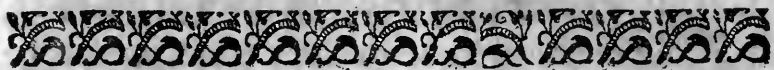
JOHN HARDING, Esq;

OUR Famous *English* Chronologer, an Ancient Poet; born as *Bale* conjectures in *Yorkshire*, and descended of a very good Family. He was equally addicted to Arms and Arts, spending his Youth in the one, and his Age in the other: his Valour and Stedfast Adherence to the Fortunes of *King Edward* the Fourth, very much endeared him to

to that Prince; but what placed him highest in his Majesties esteem, was his taking a Journey into *Scotland*, where by his Behaviour he so far insinuated himself into the good Graces of the People, as not only to get a sight of their Records, and Original Letters; but obtained leave to Copy them, which he brought over, and presented to the King. From which afterwards, he Collected a History of the several Submissions, and sacred Oaths of Fealty, openly taken by the Kings of *Scotland* to the Kings of *England*, from the Reign of King *Athelstan* to that Time. A Work which was made much use of by the *English*. He also wrote a Chronicle of our *English* Monarchs, from BRUTE to King EDWARD the Fourth, in Verse, a very Elaborate and Exact Piece, which gained him the Reputation of one of the chief Poets in his Time. He died about the Year 1462. To Illustrate his Poetical Abilities, and therein give you a Specimen of our Ancient Poetry, I shall insert some of his Chronicle Verse, concerning the Magnificent Houshold, kept by King RICHARD the Second.

*Truly I heard Robert Irelesse say,
Clarke of the Green-Cloth, and that to the Houshold
Came every daye forth most part alway
Ten thousand Folke, by his Messes told,
That followed the hous aye as thei wold.
And in the Kechin, three hundred Servitours,
And in eche Office many Occupours.
And Ladies faire, with their Gentlewomen,
Chamberers also and Lauenders,
Three hundred of them were Occupied then;
There was great Pride among the Officers,
And of all Men far passing their compeers;*

*Of Rich arraye, and much more costous,
Then was before, or sith, and more precious.*



Sir JOHN HARRINGTON.

THIS ingenious Poet, and accomplished Gentleman, was born near *Bath* in *Somersetshire*, where he had a plentiful Estate. He was Educated in (*Christ's* or) *St. John's* College *Cambridge*, where he made a great proficiency in Learning, and was very much esteemed; Doctor *Fuller* allowing him to be a Poet in all things except his Wealth. Queen *Elizabeth* was his Godmother, and his Father for carrying a Letter to that Princess (before she was Queen) was Imprisoned twelve Months in the *Tower*: His Mother also, being Servant to that Princess was sequestred from her, and his Father injoynd not to keep Company with her; so that on both sides he was endeared to Queen *Elizabeth*.

Besides a Volume of *Epigrams*, he obliged the World with an Excellent Translation of *Ariosto's* ORLANDO FURIOSO, Dedicated to the Lady *Elizabeth*, afterwards Queen of *Bohemia*.

He died about the middle of the Reign of King *James* the First.



WILLIAM HARRISON, *Esq;*

THIS promising young Gentleman was of *New College* in *Oxford*, where he arrived to a great Perfection in all kinds of Polite Literature, after-

afterwards he applied himself to publick Business, and was her late Majesty's Secretary to the Congress at *Utrecht*. He was a Man of Wit and great Capacity, he died in *Holland*, 1713. having only given us,

I. *Woodstock Park*. A Poem. Inscribed to the Lord Chancellor *Comper*.

II. *On an Orange Sprig stuck in a Lady's Breast*. This is a very pretty piece, and much admired.

III. *The Passion of SAPPHO*. With some other small pieces, interspersed in the *Miscellanies*, and several entertaining Papers in the *TATLER*.



STEPHEN HARVEY, Esq;

A Barrister of the Middle Temple. He had a Seat (I think of his Family) at *Betchworth* in *Surrey*. He was a Man of Learning, and it is Praise sufficient to him, that he was a Favourite of that Excellent Lawyer, the Lord Chancellor *Somers*. He Translated the Ninth Satire of *Juvenal*, and the Passion of *BYBLIS* from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

In his Translation of *Juvenal*, he has these Excellent Verses.

*There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly Publishing his Neighbour's Shame:
On Eagles Wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but Born and Die.*



H A V I L L A N.

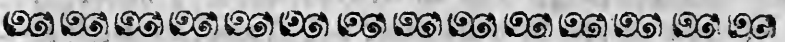
A Learned Poet, who flourished about the time of *Richard* the Second. He wrote several Poems very well approved of in those days, one whereof was on the arrival of *Brute*, which has these Lines,

[at Command,

The Gods did guide his Sail and Course, the Winds were
And Totness was the happy Shore where first he came
 [on Land

In another place, the Author has a very good Description of Gyants, supposed to be Resident in *Cornwall*; where he thus begins,

There Gyants whilome dwelt, whose Clothes were Skins
of Beasts.



The Reverend Mr. JOHN HENLEY.

SON of a Clergyman, the Vicar of *Melton-Mowbray* in *Leicestershire*, descended of a *Devonshire* Family of that Name. He was born in that Town, *Aug. 3d* 1692. and Educated at the Free-School Established there, about the space of eight Years. Thence he was removed to the School of *Okeham* in *Rutland*, in prospect of an Advantage annexed to it in the Univerlity of *Cambridge*, and his stay there was something more than a Year. At the Age of Seventeen, he was admitted in *St. John's* College in *Cambridge*, and in the Year 1713. Commenced Bachelor

lor of Arts. In the Year 1715. at the Age of twenty three he was Elected Master of the Free-School in his Native Town above mentioned ; and Commenced Master of Arts in the following year. He was Ordained a Deacon by Bishop *Wake*, and Priest by Bishop *Gibson* of *Lincoln* : And taken by his Father into the Cure of his Parish, as his Assistant.

This Gentleman has Published an Excellent Poem upon the Scripture History of *ESTHER*, in Four Books, and a Copy of Verses on *Laughing*, printed in the *Court-Miscellany*, Numb. 2. He was the first Projector and Undertaker of an Universal Grammar, in the *English* Tongue, which he begun at the Age of 27, in the Year, 1719.



The Reverend Mr, GEORGE HERBERT.

THIS Gentleman was a Younger Brother of the Noble Family of the *Herberts* of *Montgomery*, now Earls of *Pembroke*. A Family that has been blest with Men of Remarkable Wisdom. He was born in the Year 1593. and Educated at *Westminster* School, from whence he was Elected to *Trinity* College in *Cambridge* ; and being a Person of great Wit, Learning and Eloquence, he was at length chosen University Orator. He for some time followed the Court, and his great Abilities and Polite Behaviour recommended him to the favour of King *James* ; but at last he entered into Orders, and had conferred on him the Living of *Bemerton* near *Salisbury* in *Wiltshire*, where he spent the remainder of his Life in Retirement, and the Heavenly Studies of Divine Poetry. His Works are printed in one Volume 12mo. Intituled, *The Temple : Sacred*

Sacred Poems, and Pious Ejaculations. Which are very much admired. And in the Year 1719. was Published the Thirteenth Edition of them, they are Divided into Three Parts. 1. *The Church-Porch.* 2. *The Church.* 3. *The Synagogue.* And speaking of Poetry, in the former he has this Couplet,

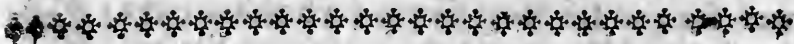
*A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice,*



R I C H A R D *the* Hermit.

A Religious Person, contemporary with Robert of Gloucester, who Studied very much in converting the Church Service into *English Verse*, wherein he made a great Progress. He likewise Translated all the P S A L M S of David, The Collects, Epistles, Gospels, &c. into *English Verse*.

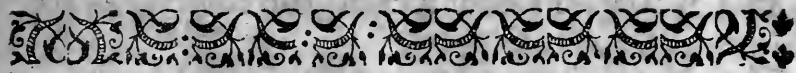
He died in the middle of the Reign of King John about the Year 1208.



Mr. JOHN HIGGINS.

A Poet who Flourished about the beginning of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was esteemed an Historian of some Repute, having had the greatest hand in compiling *The History of the Mirrour of Magistrates*. Which Work, says the Learned Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, I account meetly furnished of Beautiful Parts. " These Commendations as Mr. Winstanley observes coming
" from

“ from so worthy a Person, and our Author having
 “ so Principal a share therein, deserves a Principal
 “ part of the Praise, shewing in his Writings a
 “ great deal of Wisdom and Learning.



Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

THIS Gentleman was very much esteemed by Mr. *Dryden*, He had a fine Poetical Genius, especially in touching the *Passion of Love*, as appears by his *History of Love*. (Being a Connection of Select Fables from *OVID's Metamorphoses*) which gained him a deserved Reputation. He afterwards Published *The Art of Love*. This piece added to his Fame, and happily brought him acquainted with the great Earl of *Dorset*, and other Persons of Distinction, who were fond of his Company through the agreeableness of his Temper, and the Pleasantry of his Conversation. It was in his Power to have made his Fortune in any Scene of Life, but he was always more ready to serve others, than mindful of his own Affairs; and by the Excesses of hard Drinking, and a too Passionate fondness for the fair Sex, he Died a Martyr to the Cause in the 36th Year of his Age.

Besides the two Pieces above-mentioned, he has in the Miscellanies several Original Poems and Translations, viz.

- I. *The Court Prospect*, an Excellent piece.
- II. *Epistles to the Earl of Dorset, Anthony Hammond, Esq; Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Yalden.*
- III. *Pastorals.*
- IV. *Elegies from TIBULLUS.*
- V. *A Farewel to Poetry.* All which are remarkable for the Purity of their Diction and the Harmony of their Numbers.



HENRY HOWARD *Earl of Surrey,*

SON of *Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk*, by *Frances* his Wife, Daughter of *John Vere Earl of Oxford*. "He was the first, says *Mr. Camden*, of "our *English Nobility* that did illustrate his high "Birth, with the Beauty of Learning, and his "Learning with the Knowledge of divers Lan- "guages, which he attained unto by his Travels "into Foreign Nations. In his way to *Florence*, he touched at the Emperour's Court; where he became acquainted with that Celebrated Magician, *Cornelius Agrippa*, who shewed him the Image of his Mistress (*Geraldine*) in a Glass, Sick, reclined on her Bed and weeping for the Absence of her Lord; upon sight of which he made this *Sonnet*.

*All Soul, no earthly Flesh, why dost thou fade?
All Gold, no earthly Dross, why look'st thou pale?
Sickness, how dar'st thou one so fair invade?
Too base Infirmitie to work her Bale.*

Heaven be distemper'd since she griev'd pines.

Never be dry these my sad plaintive Lines.

*Pearch thou my Spirit on her Silver Breast,
And with their Pains redoubled Musick Beatings,
Let them toss thee to Worlds where all Toil rests,
Where Bliss is subject to no Fear's defeatings;*

*Her Praise I tune whose Tongue doth tune the Spheres,
And gets new Muses in her Hearers Ears.*

*Stars fall to fetch fresh Light from her rich Eyes,
Her bright Brow drives the Sun to Clouds beneath.*

*Her Hairs reflex with red strakes paints the Skies,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew flows from her Breath;*

Phœbe

Phœbe rules Tides, she my Tears Tides forth draws,
 In her Sick bed Love sits, and maketh Laws.
 Her dainty Limbs Tinsel her Silk soft Sheets,
 Her Rose Crown'd Cheeks, Eclipse my dazzled sight.
 O Glass ! with too much Joy my Thoughts thou greets,
 And yet thou shew'st me Day but by Twilight.
 I'll Kiss thee for the kindness I have felt,
 Her Lips one Kiss would unto Nectar melt.

During his stay at this Court, he Proclaimed an Universal Challenge to any who should dispute the Beauty of his Mistress ; which being accepted, as he had Honourably undertaken, he as bravely performed, and came off *Victor*. For this his approved Courage, the Duke of *Florence* made him large offers to stay with him, but he Generously refused them, intending, as he had done in *Florence*, to defend the Honour of his *Geraldine* in all the chief Cities in *Italy* ; which Design was frustrated, by his being speedily recalled into *England*.

However, before he left the City of *Florence*, he visited the House of his Mistress's Nativity, and being conducted into the Chamber where she was born, he writ the following Lines,

Fair Room, the Presence of sweet Beauty's pride,
 This place the Sun upon the Earth did hold,
 When Phaeton his Chariot did misguide,
 The Tower where Jove rain'd down himself in Gold.
 Prostrate as Holy Ground I'll worship Thee,
 Our Lady's Chappel henceforth be thou nam'd ;
 Here first Love's Queen put on Mortality,
 And with her Beauty all the World inflam'd
 Heaven's Chambers harbouring fiery Cherubins,
 Are not with thee in Glory to Compare ;

Lightning,

*Lightning, it is not Light which in thee shines,
None enter Thee, but strait intranced are.
O! if Elizium be above the Ground,
Then here it is, where nought but Joy is found.*

This Noble Earl was one of the chief Refiners of the *English* Tongue, and his Pœtry must be allowed for the Time he lived in, to be surprizingly smooth and beautiful. Mr. *Winstanley* tells us, that together with his Learning, he had Wisdom, Fortitude, Munificence and Affability, yet all these excellent Qualifications, were no Protection against the King's Displeasure, for on the 12th Day of *December*, in the last Year of the Reign of King *Henry* the 8th, he with his Father, upon certain surmizes of Treason, were sent to the *Tower* of *London*, the one by Water, the other by Land, that they might not know of each others Commitment. On the 15th Day of *January* following, the Earl was Arraigned at *Guild-Hall*, where the greatest Crime alledged against him, was, for bearing certain Arms which were said to belong to the Royal Family; yet tho' he fully proved it his Right to bear those Arms, he was by a Common Jury brought in Guilty, had Sentence of Death passed upon him, and on the 19th day of the same Month (nine days before the Death of the King) was Beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, and his Body Interred in the Chapel belonging to the *Tower*. In the Reign of King *James* the First, His Corps was removed by his Second Son *Henry*, Earl of *Northampton*, to the Church of *Framingham* in *Suffolk*, there Deposited, and a Monument erected to his Memory, with this Inscription,

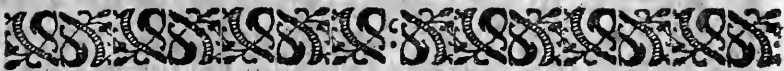
HENRICO HOWARDO,

THOMÆ Secundi Ducis Norfolciæ filio primogenito,
 THOMÆ tertii Patri,
 Comiti Surriæ, & Georgiani Ordinis Equiti Aurato,
 Immature Anno Salutis 1546. Abrepto.
 Et Franciscæ Uxori ejus filia Johannis Comitis Oxoniæ.
 Henricus Howardus Comes Northamptoniæ
 Filius Secundo-genitus,
 Hoc supremum pietatis in Parentes, Monumentum
 Posuit, A. D. 1614.

Mr. Pope in his *Windsor Forrest*, inscribed to the
 Lord *Lansdown*, has the following Lines,

*Here, noble Surrey felt the Sacred Rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former Age;
 Matchless his Pen, Victorious was his Lance;
 Bold in the Lists, and Graceful in the Dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his Lyre,
 To the same Notes of Love, and soft Desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his Vow,
 Then fill'd the Groves, as heavenly Myra now.*

A Correct, and Beautiful Edition of the Works
 of this Celebrated Nobleman, was re-printed by
 Mr. Curll, in the Year 1717.



SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

THE Miscellaneous Poems, written by this Ho-
 nourable Person were by himself Collected
 into one Volume 8vo, among which his *Duel of the
 Stags.*

80 *The Lives and Characters of the*

Stags. *The Changes of Nature*, from *Lucretius*, and his Excellent Piece *Against the Fear of Death*, gained him no small Reputation. The latter, has these incomparable Lines.

*We always should remember Death is sure,
What grows familiar most, we best endure?
For Life and Death succeed like Night and Day,
And neither gives Increase, nor brings Decay.
We all must pass thro' Death's dead-Sea of Night
To reach the Haven of Eternal Light.*

Mr. *Dryden* in a Copy of Verses to this Gentleman, gives the following Character of his Poetry,

*---In your Verse, a Native sweetness dwells,
Which shames Composure, and its Art excells,
Singing, no more can your soft Numbers grace,
Than Paint adds Charms unto a Beauteous Face.*



JOHN HUGHES, *Esq*;

AN Ingenious Gentleman now living, whose Father was a Citizen of *London*, of good Character, Figure and Credit. He was born at *Marlborough* in *Wiltshire*, but from his Infancy Educated in *London*, and received the first Rudiments of Learning at private Schools. In the earliest Years of his Youth, he was led with an equal Ardor to the pursuit of the Sister Arts of Poetry, Drawing, and Musick; but for the most part followed these and other Studies of Humanity, only as agreeable Amuse-

Amusements under the frequent Confinement of Indisposition and a continual Valetudinary State of Health. He had for some time, an Employment in the Office of Ordnance, and was Secretary to two or three Commissions under the Great Seal, for purchasing Lands for the better securing the Docks and Harbours at *Portsmouth*, *Chatham* and *Harwich*. In the Year 1717. the Lord *Comper*, to whom he was then but lately known, was pleased (as I have been informed of his own accord, and without any previous Sollicitation) to make him his Secretary for the Commissions of the Peace, and to Distinguish him with very Singular Marks of his Favour and Esteem; And upon his Lordship's laying down the Great Seal, Mr. *Hughes* at this Lord's particular Recommendation, and with the ready Concurrence of his Successor was continued in the same Employment, which he now enjoys under the Right Honourable the Lord *Parker* the present Chancellor; whose affection to Men of Letters is well known, his Lordship being himself a very Learned Man. Thus we see Merit preferred in the Advancement of a Person whose Abilities and Accomplishments are sufficiently acknowledged, but not more to be admired than his winning Behaviour and extensive good Nature. His Poetical Works are the following,

I. *A Paraphrastical Imitation of Horace's Integer Vita, &c.* This Piece was written when the Author was very Young, and is to be found in the late Collection of Select *Odes of Horace*, Translated by several Hands.

II. *The Triumph of Peace.* A Poem, printed in the Year 1698. This was written whilst the Author was yet under Twenty Years of Age, on occasion of the Peace at *Reswick*.

III. *The Court of Neptune.* A Poem, printed in the Year 1700. Written on King *William's* Return from *Holland*, two Years after the Peace.

IV. *The House of Nassau, a Pindarick Ode.* Published on King *William's* Death, 1702. This Poem takes in the Story and Principal Characters of King *William's* Family (according to the Manner of *Pindar*, in Celebrating his Heroes) and therefore could not but be acceptable to the Lovers of that Prince.

V. *An ODE in Praise of Musick*; performed at *Stationer's Hall*, in the Year 1703. This with a Poem in *Praise of Heroick Verse*, and some other small pieces by the same Hand, were Published in a Collection of Poems, printed in the Year 1709.

VI. *An ODE to the Creator of the World*, occasioned by the Fragments of *Orpheus*, printed in the Year 1713.

VII. *Six Cantatas, after the Italian Manner.* Set by Doctor *Pepuch*. With a Preface concerning *Recitative Musick*. These were printed (with the Musick) without the Author's Name; and were only designed as an Essay (the first in its kind) of these sort of Compositions in the *English* Language: they were made before the introducing of *Italian Operas* on our Stage, tho' not Published 'till afterwards.

VIII. *CALYPSO and TELEMACHUS*, An *English* Opera, set to Musick by Mr. *Galliard*, after the *Italian* Manner, and performed at the Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, in the Year 1712. This Opera met with great Opposition by the *Italian* Band, but notwithstanding, it had good Success in the performance.

IX. *An ODE on the Birth-Day of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.* Set to Musick by Dr. *Pepuch*, and performed in the Year 1715.

X. A-

X. APOLLO and DAPHNE. A Masque, set by Dr. Pepuch, and performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

XI. *An Allusion to HORACE'S Integer Vita*: A short Poem, written on the first breaking out of the late Rebellion, being a Parodie or Application of that ODE to those Times.

These are the Poetical Writings of this Gentleman; and the Pieces written by him best received, (tho' all of them found Approbation) are, *The Triumph of Peace*, *The House of Nassau*, and his ODE to the Creator of the World; the first was very much Applauded by the Wits and Judges of that Time: Nor was the Court of Neptune without its Praise, wherein are the following Verses on King William's crossing the Sea to Holland, which I insert to shew his happy Choice of Metaphors.

*As when the Golden God that rules the Day
Drives down his flaming Chariot to the Sea,
And leaves the Nations here involv'd in Night,
To distant Regions he Transports his Light;
So William's Rays by turns Two Nations cheer
And when he Sets to them he Rises here.
Nor was it fit that William's Godlike Mind
For Nations born, should be to One Confin'd.*

In his ODE on her Royal Highness's Birth-Day, Fame pronounces these Lines in Honour to his present Majesty;

*O Thou with ev'ry Virtue Crown'd,
Britannia's Father and her King renown'd!
Thus in thy Offspring greatly blest,
While thro' th' extended Royal Line
Thou see'st thy propagated Lustre shine,
What secret Raptures fill thy Breast!*

84 *The Lives and Characters of the*

*So Smiles Apollo doubly Gay,
When in the Diamond with full Blaze,
He Views his own Paternal Rays,
And all his bright reflected Day.*

To her Royal Highness, in the same O D E.

*Detraction from her presence flies ;
And while promiscuous Crowds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n Tongues disloyal learn her Praise,
And Murr'ring Envy sees her smile and Dies.*

Mr. *Hughes's* Poems for Musick, to do him Justice, have the propriety of being strictly contriv'd and fitted for that Art ; which could not have been done by any one who had not Studied it. The O D E S of *Callimachus*, *Stesichorus*, and *Horace* were not Despised on this Account, and I see no reason why Poetry and Harmony (which are called Sisters) should not be made to agree. The Court of *Neptune* was particularly admired for the Versification, an Art much Studied of late, but perhaps sometimes to the neglect of the more Substantial Part of Poetry : *Neptune* in this Poem is an Allegory representing the Sea, and the Heathen Mythology, in this piece, may be objected against by some of our best Modern Criticks, who are for Banishing the *Pagan* Divinities entirely out of our Poetry. *Boileau* and Sir *William Temple* were of another Opinion : But in Epick Writings such Machines are not now to be made use of, tho' a mixture may be forgiven in lesser Poems. The O D E occasioned by the Fragments of *Orpheus*, was printed at the particular Instance of Mr. *Addison*, who took notice of it, once or twice in the *Spectator*.

This

This Gentleman likewise some Years ago, Translated Monsieur *Fontenelle's* Dialogues of the Dead, with the Addition of two Original Dialogues; and it is remarkable that this was mentioned in the *Journal des Scavans* at *Paris*, when it has not been usual for that Paper to take any Notice of Translations. As for other Works in Prose, he has lately Published a piece entitled *Charon*, or, *The Ferry-Boat*, a Vision; which shews a great deal of Invention, and has an instructive Moral. The Author of the *Spectator* having made mention of Mr. *Hughes*, among other Gentlemen who were occasional Contributors to that Work, if the Reader is Curious to be informed of any particular pieces written by him, some entire Papers (besides Letters, &c.) are as follow, In *Vol. 3.* (*Spectator*) No. 210. 237. In *Vol. 5.* No. 375. And in *Vol. 7.* No. 525. 537. 541. 554.



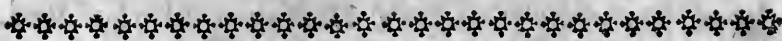
Mr. J A B E Z H U G H E S,

YOUNGER Brother to Mr. *John Hughes*, who has given the Publick three Pieces of Poetry.

I. *A Poem on the Anniversary of King William's Birth-Day.*

II. *A Translation of CLAUDIAN's Poem, de Raptu Proserpine.* This piece is performed with a great deal of Spirit; and the Author has shewn himself a Person of Learning and Judgment.

III. *The Battle of Perseus and Phineus.* From the Fifth Book of *Quid's Metamorphoses.*



K.

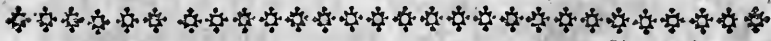
Dr. HENRY KING *Bishop of Chichester.*

THIS Reverend Prelate, Son of Doctor *John King* Bishop of *London*, in the Reign of King *James* the First, was born at *Warn-Hall* near *Tame* in *Buckinghamshire*, and Educated at *Christ-Church-College* in *Oxford*. He was a great Lover of Musick, Poetry, and other ingenious Arts; of an obliging Conversation, and admired for his Wit and Fancy, as well as his great Piety. In the Year 1641. when Episcopacy was sinking, he was advanced by King *Charles* the First, to be Bishop of *Chichester*, it being conceiv'd the most effectual Method for the Restitution of this Order, to prefer Persons not only of unblamable Lives and Eminent for their Learning; but also such as were Generally beloved by all disinterested People. The King's Choice, amongst these, was very happy in this great Divine, who lived a most Religious Life, and did not die 'till after his Order was Restored. At his leisure hours he Compos'd his admirable Version of DAVID'S Psalms in *English* Metre.

Where he died or was buried I cannot learn; but his Excellent Father, whom the Son in all things imitated, was interred in the Quire of *St. Paul's*, with the plain, but Memorable Epitaph of RESURGAM; which a noted Wit of that Age thus Enlarged upon.

*Sad Relique of a blessed Soul, whose Trust
Is Seal'd up safe in this Religious Dust.*

O do not thy low Exequies Suspect,
 As the cheap Arguments of our neglect.
 'Twas a Commanded Duty that thy Grave
 As little Pride as thou thy self should have.
 Therefore thy Covering is an humble Stone,
 And but a Word for thy Inscription.
 When those that lye in the same Earth near thee,
 Have each his Chronicle and Pedigree.
 Go search the World, and when more time is spent,
 You must Grant his the Nobler Monument ;
 Whose Faith stands oe'r him for a Hearse, and hath
 The RESURRECTION for his Epitaph.



WILLIAM KING, L. L. D.

A Gentleman well Descended, related to the noble Families of *Clarendon* and *Rochester*, and who had a small Paternal Estate near *Reading* in *Berkshire*. He was Educated as a King's Scholar under *Dr. Busby*, at *Westminster School*, and Elected from thence to *Christ-Church College* in *Oxford*. He chiefly applied himself to the Study of the Civil Law, and took his Degrees regularly ; and upon his Commencing Doctor, he went up to the Commons, where he soon gained a Reputation and fell into good Business : but the natural Gaity of his Temper, and the Love of Company led him too much into those Pleasures and Freedoms that are inconsistent with the Practise of a Profession. This in some time occasioned him to withdraw into *Ireland*, where he officiated as Judge Advocate, and was well received and Countenanced by Men of the First Stations in that Kingdom. Here he might have made his Fortune, if the change of Climate had made any Alteration on his Mind, which it was

so far from, that he returned back with only a few Merry Poems, and Humerous Essays. His Behaviour was always Courteous and Obliging, his Conversation chearful, and his Wit pleasant and Entertaining. At last he Deserted all manner of business, and Subsisted chiefly by his pen and the kindness of his Friends, (which he found too late as most Authors do, a weak support) and his Constitution being as low and shatter'd as his Fortunes, he died in the Year 1712. in Melancholy Circumstances near *Ludgate*. The chief of his Poems, are,

I. *The Art of Love*. In Imitation of *Ovid de Arte Amandi*.

II. *The Art of Cookery*. In Imitation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*. This is an Excellent piece.

III. *Apple-Pye*. A Poem. This piece has a great deal of Humour in it.

IV. *The FURMETARY*. A very Innocent and Harmless Poem, in Three Cantos.

V. *ORPHEUS and EURIDICE*. A Poem.

VI. *MULLY of Mountown*. A Poem.

Besides his Poetry, he writ several very Humerous pieces in Prose, viz.

I. *A Journey to London in the Year 1698*. After the Ingenious Method of that made by *Dr. Lister* to *Paris* in the same Year.

II. *Animadversions on Mr. Moleworth's Account of Denmark*.

III. *Dialogues of the Dead*. Relating to the Controversie concerning the Epistles of *Phalaris*.

IV. *Useful Transactions*. Being Satyrical Remarks upon the Philosophical Transactions of the *Royal Society*. He was generally too fond of low Humour in his Writings, which he affected out of a Natural Propensity to Mirth.



L.

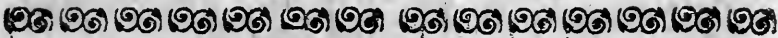
Mr. JOHN LELAND.

A Famous Antiquary and Poet. He was born in *London*, and flourished about the Reign of King *Edward*, the Sixth. He wrote several Poems, and a Volume of *Epigrams* well esteemed in his Time, which are the following pieces,

I. *Cignea Cantio*, A *Genethliac* of Prince *Edward*.

II. *Nenice upon the Death of Sir Thomas Wiat*. This Poem has these *Latin Verses*.

*Transtulit in nostram Davidis carmina linguam,
Et numeros magna reddidit arte pares.
Non morietur opus tersum, spectabile, sacrum,
Clarius hac Famam parte Viattus erit.
Una dies geminos Phœnices non dedit orbi,
Mos erit unius, vita sed alterius.
Rara avis in terris confectus morte Viattus,
Hœuerdum hæredem scripserat ante suum.
Dicere nemo potest recte periisse Viattum,
Ingenii cujus tot Monumenta Vigent.*



Mr. WILLIAM LILLY.

THIS Learned Gentleman was born at *Odiham* in *Hampshire*. In his Youth he Travelled to *Jerusalem*, and returning home, he made some stay at *Rhodes* to Study *Greek*. Hence he went to *Rome*, where

where he heard the Lectures of *John Sulpitius* and *Pomponius Sabinus*, those great Masters of *Latin*. Coming to *London* he was made the First Master of *St. Paul's School*, founded by Doctor *John Collet*, with Lands to the value of 120 *l. per An.* for ever. This place he commendably Discharged for Fifteen Years, during which time he composed his celebrated *Latin Grammar*. He also writ variety of Epigrams, and other *Latin Verse*, as appears by the following Lines to Mr. *Skelton*, who had let fly a great deal of Satire against Mr. *Lilly* in some of his Verses.

*Quid me Sceltone fronte sic aperta
Carpis, vipereo potens veneno?
Quid Versus trutina meos iniqua
Libras? Dicere vera num licebit?
Doctrinae, tibi dum parare famam,
Et Doctus fieri studes Poeta,
Doctrinam ne habes, nec es Poeta.*

Thus Translated.

*With Face so bold and Teeth so sharp,
Of Viper's venom, why dost carp?
Why are my Verses by thee weigh'd
In a false Scale? May truth be said;
Whilst thou to get the more esteem,
A learned Poet fain wouldst seem,
Skelton thou art, let all Men know it,
Neither Learned, nor a Poet.*

He died of the Plague, *Anno 1522.* and was buried in *St. Paul's Church*, with this Epitaph on a Brass Plate fixed in the Wall by the great North Door,

GULIELMO LILIO,

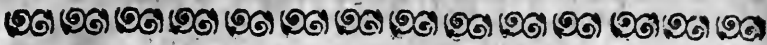
*Paulin Scholæ olim Præceptori
Primario, & Agnetæ Conjugi, in Sacratissimo
Hujus Templi Cemiterio hinc a tergo nunc
Destructo consepultis: Georgius Lilius, hujus
Ecclesiæ Canonicus,
Parentum Memoriam pie consulens,
Tabellam hanc ab amicis conservatam,
Hic reponendam curavit.*

DOCTOR THOMAS LODGE.

A Facetious Doctor of Physick who Flourished in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's Reign. He was a Man of Learning, and more good Nature than is generally to be found amongst the Modern Practisers in the *Æsculapian Art*. He was famous at Pastoral, Odes, and Songs, and the following amorous Sonnet is ascribed to him.

*If I must Die, O Let me chuse my Death:
Suck out my Soul with Kisses, cruel Maid!
In thy Breasts Crystall Balls embalm my Breath,
Dole it all out in Sighs when I am laid;
Thy Lips on mine like Cupping Glasses Clasp;
Let our Tongues meet, and strive as they would sting:
Crush out my Wind with one straight girting Grasp,
Stabs on my Heart keep time whilst thou dost Sing.
Into Heaven's Joys none can so clearly see,
As when they first shall meditate on thee.*

Colonel



Colonel RICHARD LOVELACE.

A Poet of the last Age, Descended from the noble Family of the Lord Viscount *Lovelace*, He was a Gentleman of fine Learning, a Lover, and a Soldier, and in all these Accomplishments, he so far excelled, that Mr. *Winstanley* compares him to the famous Sir *Philip Sidney*: Sir *Philip*, Celebrated his Mistriss under the bright Name of STELLA, the Colonel sung the Lady Regent of his Affections by the Name of LUCASTA. His Poems were very much esteemed by all Lovers of Ingenuity; and his undaunted Spirit acquired him the most Heroick Character. He well deserved what was writ on Sir *Philip Sidney*, in an Epitaph; viz. the Reputation of, *A Scholar, Soldier, Lover, and a Saint.*



Mr. MARTIN LUELLIN,

THIS Gentleman was bred up a Student in *Christ-Church* College in *Oxford*, and afterwards he followed the Practice of Physick. In his Younger Years he was very much inclined to the Delights of Poetry, when he wrote an Ingenious Poem, Entituled,

Men Miracles, this piece was received with great Applause; it being Published at a time says Mr. *Winstanley*, when there was not only Cobling Preaching, but Preaching Coblers,

Mr. JOHN LYDGATE.

THE Celebrated Monk of *Bury*, was a Poet of great Eminence. He was born in a Village of the same Name, near *St. Edmondsbury*, in *Suffolk*, and flourished in the Reign of King *Henry* the Sixth. When he had spent some time in our *English* Universities, he Travelled through *France* and *Italy*, where he made great Improvements, and Accomplished himself in Learning and Arts. After his Return he became Tutor to many Young Noblemen, and instructed them in such a Manner as rendered them Ornaments to their Country. He writ both in *English* and *Latin*, many Excellent Tracts, in Prose and Verse, amongst which are Odes, Satires, and other Poems. He justly acquired the Reputation of the best Author of the Age, wherein he lived; and if *Chaucer's* Works had greater Learning, *Lydgate's* were Superior for Language. His Poetry is so pure, and so easie, that one might mistake him for a Modern writer; and because none can so well Describe him as himself, I shall here insert some of his Verses, out of the Life and Death of *Hector*.

*I am a Monk by my Profession,
In Bury, call'd John Lydgate by my name,
And wear a Habit of Perfection;
Altho' my Life agree not with the same.
That meddle should with things Spiritual,
As I must now confess unto you all.*

But

But seeing that I did herein proceed

*At his Command * whom I could not refuse,*

I humbly do beseech all those that read,

Or leisure have, this Story to peruse ;

If any faults therein they find to be,

Or Error, that committed is by me.

That they will of their gentleness take pain,

The rather to Correct and Mend the same,

Than rashly to condemn it with disdain,

For well I wot, it is not without blame ;

Because I know the Verse therein is wrong,

As being some too short, and some too long.

For Chaucer, that my Master was, and knew

What did belong to writing Verse and Prose,

Ne'er stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view

With scornful Eye the Works and Books of those,

That in his time did Write, nor yet would taunt,

At any Man, to Scare him or to Daunt.

He died near Sixty Years of Age, about the Year
1440. and was buried in his own Convent at *Bury*,
having this Epitaph upon his Tomb,

*Mortuus Saclo, Superis Superstes,
Hic Facet Lydgate tumulatus Urna :
Qui fuit quondam celebris Britannæ
Fama Poesis.*



* King Henry the Fifth.

M.

ARTHUR MANWARING, *Esq;*

A Person equally admired with any of his Time, not only as a fine Gentleman, but a Polite Writer. He was born at *Ightfield* in *Shropshire*, in the Year 1668. And Descended of a very Ancient Family; for we find his Ancestors in the Rolls of *William* the Conqueror. In his Infancy, he gave great hopes of the Progress he would make in Learning. He was Educated at the Grammar School at *Shrewsbury*; from whence he was removed to *Christ Church* College in *Oxford*, having *Mr. Smalridge* (late Bishop of *Bristol*) for his Tutor. He resided at the University several Years, and Prosecuted his Studies with great Diligence, but he took the greatest Pleasure in the *Classicks*, which gave him a true Taste of Poetry. From *Oxford* he went to *Cheshire*, and lived some Time with his Uncle, *Mr. Francis Cholmley* a Nonjuror; and having a Dependance upon him, and being very Young, he gave himself up to his Sentiments. Here he continued to apply the greatest part of his Time to the *Belles Lettres*, and formed a kind of Common-place to help him in it. Coming to *London*, he took to the Study of the Law (for which he was originally designed) at his Father's House in *Essex-Street*, near the *Temple*: But his Constitution being too tender for these Laborious Studies, his Applications soon ceased, and he fell into the Acquaintance of Men of the first Character for Rank and Wit. Now he began to write, and 'tis said

said first Published some Pieces against King *William*, and his Ministry. But being afterwards introduced into the Company of the Earl of *Dorset*, and the Duke of *Somerset*, who is Related to the *Cholmley* Family, he conceived another Notion of Right and Liberty, than he had before. When he was about five or six and twenty Years of Age, his Father died and left him an Estate of about Eight hundred pound a Year, but very much incumbred. After this, upon the Conclusion of the Peace of *Reswick*, he Travelled into *France*, and at *Paris* became acquainted with the famous *Monsieur Boileau*. Upon his return to *England*, by the Interest of the Lord *Halifax*, and the Duke of *Somerset*, he succeeded Sir *Walter Young* as Commissioner of the Customs; and afterwards contracting a very great Intimacy with the late Lord *Godolphin*, then Lord Treasurer, and coming very heartily into the Revolution Principles, he was made Auditor of the Imprest: And in the Year 1705. chosen a Burgess to serve in Parliament for *Preston* in *Lancashire*; which Borough he Represented in several Parliaments. He for many Years shewed a particular regard and esteem for the Celebrated Mrs. *Oldfield*: Her agreeable Person, and fine turn of Conversation had a sufficient Influence to gain his Affection; which continued to the time of his Death. He died (leaving her Executrix of his Will, and having Issue by her a Son) in the Year 1712. and lies Interred in the Church of *Chertsey* in *Surrey*, where his Father and Grandfather were buried. The chief of his Poetical Works are the following.

I. *The first and second Odes of Horace.* Translated.

II. *Characters of the Ministry in the Year 1710.*

III. *A Fable. Ovem Lupo Commissisti.*

IV. *The Hind and Vine.*

V. *Cæ*

V. CUPID'S Court.

VI. *The Southsea Whim.* And some other Songs against the Tory Ministry.

Mr. *Manwaring*, upon introducing the *Italian Opera's* on the Stage, was one of the First that Es-poused it, having a refined Taste of Musick; and he writ the Prologue to *Camilla*, which begins thus,

*While Martial Troops with more than Martial Rage,
For Austria these for Bourbon those Engage:
Cover with Blood th' unhappy Latian Plains,
Insult their Shepherds, and opprefs their Swains:
Camilla frighten'd from her Native Seat.
Hither is Driv'n to beg a safe Retreat.*

He likewise wrote the Epilogue to this Opera; and some Epilogues to Plays, spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield*, particularly to *Perolla* and *Izadora*; *The Wifes Relief*, Or, *The Husbands Cure*; And the following, designed for the *Amorous Widow*, Or, *The Wanton Wife*, (now first printed from his Original Manuscript) is very pretty.

*To all that Grace this Theatre to Day
My thanks with humble gratitude I pay
May all the Fair, in Life successful prove;
And all the Men obtain what most they Love:
But chiefly those, on whose Important care
Depends the future Progress of the War;
May all such Men have this propitious Doom,
Conquest abroad and just Returns at Home.*

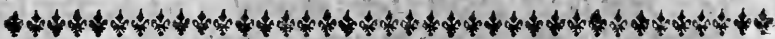
*Now, to my Spouse ----- (I must constrain my Nature
And try hence forward to endure the Creature)
Come here, thou solid Comfort of my Life
Forgive the faults of thy Repenting Wife.*

H

Const.

Consider, mine I did but just begin ;
 I ran the Danger, but escap'd the Sin.
 And since the matter is so gently ended,
 My ways hereafter shall be strangely mended.
 Sure, I was Mad, with a kind Spouse like this,
 To think of wronging such a lovely Piece.
 Behold his Eyes so bright, his skin so Sleek
 His winning Leer, and Dimple in his Cheek
 Well ! 'tis resolv'd : I'll strive with Hymen's grace,
 To doat upon this venerable Face.
 But if so blest an Union cannot be
 I'm sure in one thing we may both agree,
 (A thing too common in a Married State)
 Which is, each other heartily to hate.

This Gentleman also writ Remarks on the *Memorial of the Church of England* ; *The History of Hannibal and Hanno* ; *The French King's promise to the Pretender* ; *A Defence of the Barrier Treaty* ; with some other State Tracts in Prose. And he had the greatest share in Writing the Paper called the *Medley* (at its first setting up) in answer to the *Examiner*.



ANDREW MARVEL, *Esq*;

A North-Country Gentleman, of a good Family, and Member of the long Parliament. He was a Person of Wit and Learning, and applying himself to Poetical Studies, he has given the World several Performances : what was most to his Honour is, his being the first that found out the Beauties of *Milton*. His Poems are,

I. *On MILTON'S Paradise Lost.* This is an Excellent piece.

II. *Damon the Mower.*

III. *Young Love.* A Poem.

IV. *Musick's Empire.* This piece, one of the best of Mr. *Marvel's* Writing, begins,

*First was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where farring Winds to Infant Nature plaid.*

*All Musick was a Solitary sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.*

Tubal first made the wilder Notes agree-----

V. *Instructions to a Painter relating to the Dutch Wars.* 1667.

VI. *Britannia and Raleigh*; a Dialogue.

VII. *Oceana and Britannia.*

VIII. *An Historical Poem.* This piece relates to King *Charles's* Exile and Restauration: being a Satire upon both.

IX. *HODGE'S Vision from the Monument.*

X. *A State Dialogue between the two Horses at Charing-Cross and Stocks-Market.* In this piece the Author has shewn a great deal of Humour, concluding with this remarkable Couplet,

But when will these things be mended ?

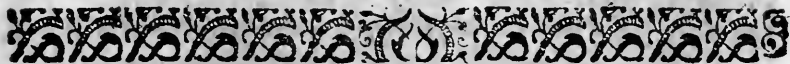
When the Race of the Line of the Stuarts is ended.

XI. *Nostradamus's Prophecies.*

XII. *Royal Resolutions.*

XIII. *On BLOOD'S Stealing the Crown.* This is an Epigram, very much Reflecting upon the Priests; how justly, I leave others to Determine.

*When daring Blood, his Rent to have regain'd,
 Upon the English Diadem distrai'd;
 He chose the Cassock, Surfsingle and Gown,
 The fittest Mask for one that Robs the Crown:
 But his Lay-Pity underneath prevail'd,
 And whilst he sav'd the Keeper's Life, he fail'd.
 With the Priests Vestment had he but put on
 The Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.*



Mr. JOHN MILTON.

A Person Eminent at Home, and Famous Abroad for his Universal Learning, born in London in the Year 1606. He was the Son of Mr. John Milton, and a Gentleman by his Education and Family, being Descended from the *Miltons* of *Milton* in *Oxfordshire*; but he had too much good Sense to value himself upon any other Qualities, than those of his Mind, which only he could properly Denominate his own. His Father was by Profession a Scrivener, and by his great Diligence and Honesty he got a competent Estate in a small Time, which made him amends for the Patrimony he was Divested of, upon the embracing the Protestant Religion, for on that Account he was Disinherited by his bigotted Parents. Our Author (Destined to be a Scholar) partly under Domestick Teachers, and partly under Dr. Gill, the chief Master of St. Paul's School, soon made an incredible Progress in all sorts of Learning. At Fifteen Years of Age, he was sent to *Christ's* College in *Cambridge*, and before he had been there a Year, he gave several Proofs of his early Genius for Poetry: He first Translated some of

of the *Psalms* into *English Verse*; in his Seventeenth Year he wrote a *Latin Elegy, On the Death of the Bishop of Winchester*, and several other Excellent Poems of that kind; 'twas then also, he Composed his fine Poem *On the Gun-Powder-Treason*, which with the rest of his Juvenile Pieces, shew him to have been a Man almost in his Infancy, and that these Poems are exceedingly above the ordinary Capacity of that Age. He continued in the University of *Cambridge* seven Years, where he took the Degree of Master of Arts, and liv'd with great Reputation. After this, he for several Years attended his Father, in a Country Retirement, at *Horton* near *Colebrook* in *Berkshire*, and at his leisure perused all the *Greek* and *Latin* Writers; Diverting himself in the intervals of his Studies, with the *Mathematicks* and *Musick*, which gave him extraordinary Delight. Upon the Death of his Mother, with his Father's Approbation, he Travelled abroad. First he proceeded to *France*, having an Elegant Letter of Direction from Sir *Henry Wotton*; and being Arriv'd at *Paris*, he was received with great Marks of Esteem by the *English* Envoy there, who Recommended him to the Famous *Grotius* then Embassador from *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* at the *French* Court. From hence he parted for *Italy*, and staid about two Months at the City of *Florence*, which he infinitely admired for the Politeness of the Language, and Civility of the Inhabitants. Leaving *Florence*, he took his Tour to *Rome*, where he continued about the same space as he had done at *Florence*, to view the Remains of that Famous City, once the Mistress of the World. Here he became acquainted with the Celebrated *Lucas Holstenius* the *Vatican Librarian*, who used him very Courteously, and readily shewed him all the *Greek* Authors under his Care: For these Favours, *Milton*

afterwards wrote to him from *Florence* the Ninth of his familiar Letters. At *Rome* and *Florence* he contracted an intimacy with several very great and eminent Men, particularly *Carolo Dati* (a Nobleman to whom he writ the tenth of his Familiar Epistles) *Giovanni Battista Manso*, Marquis of *Villa*, Patron to the great Poet *Tasso*; the Poet *Giovanni Salsilli*, and the Famous *Selvaggi*, who wrote him the following Distich.

Græcia Maonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem:
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Salsilli extolled him for writing correctly in *Greek*, *Latin* and *Italian*. He was now preparing to pass over into *Sicily* and *Greece*, but the fatal News of a Civil War beginning in his own Country put a stop to his farther Travels. On his Return to *England* he touched again at *Florence*, and from thence came through *Venice*, *Milan*, *Geneva*, &c. He Arrived about the time that King *Charles* the First made his Second unsuccessful Expedition against the *Scots*; and hiring a handsome Lodging in the City, he now undertook the care of Educating his Sisters Sons, with some other young Gentlemen belonging to his intimate Friends. At this time he likewise conceived the Plan of an Epick Poem, and declared his Ambition of performing something in his Native Language, that might perpetuate his Name in these Islands, tho' he should be the more obscure and inglorious by it to the rest of the World. He then designed it for *The Warlike Actions of the old British Heroes*, and particularly of King *Arthur*, but his Excellent Pen was reserved for a more noble Subject. In the Year 1641. he Published two Books of *Reformation*. These were followed with several other Admirable Works in Prose, especially relating

ting to the Church; wherein he oppos'd the Great Bishop *Usher*, and some other famous Divines: and on Publishing his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, which shew'd not only the Excellency of his Stile and Capacity, but also his Affection to the good old Cause, he was made Secretary to the Council of State, for all Foreign Affairs (then negotiated in the *Latin Tongue*) and at length *Latin Secretary* to the Protector *Cromwell*.

But what made the most noise, and was the greatest stand for Liberty, was his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, in answer to the *Defensio Regia*, of the famous *Salmasius* a Professor of the University of *Leiden* in *Holland*: In this Controversie he had very much the Advantage of his Antagonist, and as a Reward for his Performance he was presented with a Thousand pounds, by the Council of State. One of his last pieces before the Restoration was intitled, *The ready way to Establish a free Common-Wealth, and the Excellence thereof compar'd with the Inconveniencies and Dangers of readmitting Kingship in this Nation*: This Book was very much admired by the *Oliverian* party, but King *Charles* being ready to Land, Mr. *Milton* was discharged from his Office of *Latin Secretary*, and obliged to abscond 'till the Act of Oblivion passed. It was the latter part of his Life before he wrote his *Paradise Lost*, when he had sufficient leisure to prosecute and finish it, but he at first intended this Work to be only a Tragedy. He was thrice Married; his first Wife was *Mary* the Daughter of *Richard Powel* of *Forresthill* in *Oxfordshire*, Esq; his second, *Catharine* the Daughter of Captain *Woodcock* of *Hackney*, and the third *Elizabeth* Daughter to Mr. *Minshal*, of *Cheshire*. He obtained a Divorce from his first Wife, but a Reconciliation afterwards happening, he had several Children by her. He was never very healthy, nor

over-much sickly; and the Distemper most prevalent upon him, was the Gout, of which he died in the Year 1674. He lies interred in the Chancel of *St. Gile's Church near Cripplegate.*

Anthony Wood, in the first Volume of his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, gives *Milton* the following Character. He was a Person (says this Author) of Wonderful parts, of a very Sharp, Biting and Satirical Wit; a Great Philosopher and Historian; an Excellent Poet, *Latinist*, *Grecian* and *Hebrician*; and a good Mathematician and Musician. He was deprived of his Sight before he perfected his *Paradise Lost*, if not at the time he begun it; and his blindness he has thus inimitably Described,

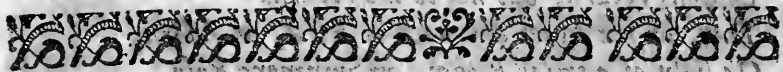
*Hail, holy Light; Offspring of Heaven First-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal Beam,
May I express Thee unblam'd? Since God is Light,
And never but in unapproach'd Light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in Thee
Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal Stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou we'rt; and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle, didst invest
The rising World of Waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder Wing,
Escap'd the Stygian Pool, tho' long detain'd
In that obscure Sojourn; while in my flight
(Thro' utter and thro' middle Darkness born)
I Sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The Dark Descent, and up to reascend
Tho' hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy Sovereign vital Lamp; but Thou*

Revisit

Revisitst not these Eyes that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing Ray, and find no dawn :
 So thick a drop serene has quench'd their Orbs
 Or dim Suffusion veil'd ! Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunny Hill,
 Smit with the Love of Sacred Song ; but chief,
 Thee, Sion, and thy flowry Brooks beneath
 That wash thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit. Nor sometimes forget
 Those other Two equall'd with me in Fate
 (So were I quell'd with them in Renown)
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, Prophets Old.
 Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious Numbers ; as the Wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Coverts hid,
 Tunes her Nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n, or Morn,
 Or sight of vernal Bloom, or Summers Rose,
 Or Flocks or Herds, or Human Face Divine :
 But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark
 Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of Men
 Cut off ; and, for the Book of Knowledge fair,
 Presented with an Universal Blank
 Of Nature's Works to me expung'd and raz'd,
 And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather, thou Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Pow'rs
 Irradiat : There plant Eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and Disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of Things invisible to Mortal Sight.

Mr. Dryden allows that Milton's Thoughts are
 Elevated; his Words sounding, and that no Man
 has so happily Copied the manner of Homer ; or so
 Copi-

Copiously Translated his *Grecisms*, and the *Latin Elegancies of Virgil*. His Description of the *Pandæmonium*, *Battle of the Angels*, and *Digression of Light*, as well as *The Creation of the World*, in his *Paradise Lost*, are all inimitable pieces; tho' Mr. *Dryden* will not allow his Subject to be that of an Heroick Poem, properly so called; because the Event is not prosperous (but losing our Happiness) like that of all other Heroick Works. His *Description of Sampson's Death*, and the severe *Satire on Woman*, in his Discourse with *Dalilah*, are of a piece with his other Writings; and to say nothing of his *Paradise Regained*, his Poems on *Mirth and Melancholly*; *An Elegy on his Friend that was Drowned*; and particularly a *Fragment of the Passion*, are incomparable: He was the fullest and loftiest Poet we ever had, and came up to that---*Mens divinior atque os--- Magna Sonaturum*---Described by *Horace*.



Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

THIS Lady was the Daughter of the Right Honourable the Lord *Molesworth*, a Nobleman of *Ireland*, who is a Person of the Greatest Abilities, and Employs them in the service of his Country: He is a zealous asserter of the Protestant Interest; and his incomparable Pen has been oftentimes used in the Cause of Liberty. The pieces written by his ingenious Daughter, are Published under the Title of *MARINDA*. Poems and Translations upon several Occasions; with a Dedication to her Royal Highness the Princess of *Wales*, written by his Lordship. This Dedication is very much admired for its Excellent Character of the Princess; and

and the Poems and Translations, which shew the true Spirit, and Numbers of Poetry; a Delicacy of Turns, and justness of thought and expression, having the Approbation of her Royal Highness, stand sufficiently Recommended in the Records of Fame. The chief of these are,

I. *Runaway Love.* A Translation from *Tasso*. In this piece *Venus* having lost *Cupid*, offers this Reward for his Apprehension.

*And he that finds the Boy shall have
The sweetest Kiss I ever gave;
But he that brings him to my Arms
Shall Master be of all my Charms.-----*

II. *An Eclogue, in return to a Tale sent by a Friend.* This is an Excellent piece.

III. *Masque of the Virtues against Love.* From *Guarini*.

IV. *Human Frailty.*

V. *On Providence.*

VI. *The Timorous Lover.* From *Guarini*.

VII. *A Translation of part of the Fifth Scene of the Second Act of Pastor-Fido.*

VIII. *A Pastoral Dialogue.* From the *Spanish*.

IX. *On a Lady's Statue in Marble.*

X. *Sonetto.* From *Guarini*.

XI. *Canzone.* From *Petrarch*.

XII. *An Epistle to Marinda.* This Poem begins thus,

*A just Applause, and an Immortal Name
Is the true Object of the Poet's aim;
In quest of this they boldly quit the Shore,
And Dangerous Seas and unknown Lands explore.
In the whole plan their Interest has no share,
The Goods of Fortune are beneath their Care,*

They

108 *The Lives and Characters of the*

*They on the smoke of Publick Incense live,
Look down on Wealth, and think it mean to thrive.*

XIII. *To Marinda. A Puerperium.*

XIV. *Canzone of Monsignor Della Casa.*

XV. *A Dialogue between Lucinda and Strephon,
on a Butter-Fly that revived before the Fire, and
afterwards flew into it and was burnt.*

XVI. *An Ode on the late Queen's Birth-Day.*

XVII. *On sight of the present Empress of Ger-
many.*

XVIII. *Madrigals in Imitation of the Italian.*

XIX. *A Translation from Tasso. Gierusalemme
Liberata.*

XX. *Upon Orpheus and Euridice. From the
Spanish.*

XXI. *MOCOLI. A Poem, Addressed to Colo-
nel Richard Moleworth, at the Camp at Pratz del
Rey, in Catalonia. Anno 1711.*

This Lady likewise writ several Excellent Epi-
grams. One whereof to *Cloe*.

*Cloe her Gossips entertains
With Stories of her Child-Bed pains,
And fiercely against Hymen rails ;
But Hymen's not so much to blame :
She knows, unless her Mem'ry fails,
E'er she was Wed, 'twas much the same.*

And the following Epitaph on a *Gallant Lady*,
was written by her.

*O'er this Marble drop a Tear,
Here lies fair Rosalinde,
All Mankind was pleased with her,
And she with all Mankind.*

These Poems were published after her Death.



The Right Honourable CHARLES MONTAGUE, Earl of Halifax.

THIS Great Nobleman, was fourth Son to the Honourable *George Montague, Esq;* of *Horton* in the County of *Northampton*, whose Father was *Henry* the First Earl of *Manchester*. He was born in the Year 1661. and scarce five Years of Age before he shewed such tokens of a pregnant Genius, that he was the Admiration of all that came near him. After he had gone through the First Rudiments of Learning, he was sent to *Westminster* School, and Elected King's Scholar there with great Applause. From thence he removed to *Trinity* College, *Cambridge*, but sooner than otherways it would have happened to Accompany his Friend Mr. *George Stepney*. Here by the Care of his Kinsman Dr. *John Montague* (now Dean of *Durham*) and a very polite Tutor, he was early taken notice of for his great progress in his Exercises, and Knowledge of all Classical Authors; and while he outshined his Contemporaries in Logick and Ethicks, he gave the greatest Proofs of his Advances in the Art of Poetry and Oratory. Upon the Death of King *Charles* the Second, the Heads of Colleges, Fellows, Scholars, &c. writ Copies of Verses, according to the Ancient Custom, as a Condolence and Congratulation to King *James* the Second his Successor; and herein Mr. *Montague* had an opportunity of Displaying his great Genius, which he did so successfully, that he was Distinguished by an Invitation to Town, from the late Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*. Accordingly he came to *London*,
and

and soon encreased his Reputation by new Acquisitions of Fame; first in writing against Popery, particularly his *City Mouse*, and *Country Mouse*. (in Conjunction with Mr. *Prior*) in answer to Mr. *Dryden's Hind and Panther*. On the Abdication of King *James*, he was chosen one of the Members of the Convention, that Declared the Throne vacant, whereupon the Prince and Princess of *Orange* were made King and Queen of *England*, &c. Now the Earl of *Dorset* who had been early in going into Measures for bringing about the Revolution, was made Lord *Chamberlain*, and he recommended Mr. *Montague* to the King, who immediately allowed him a Pension of five hundred pounds a Year. After some time, and he had shewn his great Abilities in the Senate, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Treasury by King *William*, and soon after Chancellor of the Exchequer: and it must not be forgotten that the bringing about that great Work, the ReCoining of our Money, was owing to his Wise and Prudent Management. In the Year 1698. he was made First Commissioner of the Treasury, and one of the Lords-Justices of *England*, during the King's Absence in *Holland*, and the Year following Created Baron of *Halifax*. But before his promotion he had conferred on him the Place of Auditor of the Exchequer, to supply the vacancy, by the Death of Sir *Robert Howard*, and *Sidney Lord Godolphin* succeeded him in the Treasury. In the late Reign, he was nominated one of the Commissioners for a Union with *Scotland*, and on the Demise of the Queen, made one of the Lords of the Regency in his Majesties Absence from his Kingdoms; and when his Majesty had taken Possession of his Throne, he appointed him First Commissioner of the Treasury, Created him Earl of *Halifax*, and made him Knight of the Garter. He was a Person of the most winning

ning Eloquence in Publick Assemblies; in private, the Life and Genius of Conversation, animated with the Strength of Reason, and all the Imbellishments of Wit; and 'tis owing to his Example, that the Man of Wit has turned himself to be a Man of Business. His Lordship's excellent Poems are, the following,

I. *A Poem on the Death of his most Sacred Majesty King Charles the Second.* In this piece, speaking of the Majestical Person and peaceable Disposition of King Charles, his Lordship has these Lines,

'Tis less to Conquer, than make Wars to Cease,
And without Fighting, awe the World to peace.

II. *An Ode on the Marriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Anne, and Prince George of Denmark.*

III. *An Epistle to the right Honourable Charles Earl of Dorset and Middlesex.* Occasioned by his Majesties Victory in Ireland. In this Excellent Poem, my Lord, has these Verses in Compliment to King William.

Oh! Dorset! I am rais'd! I'm all on Fire!
And, if my Strength could answer my Desire,
In Speaking-Paint this Figure should be seen,
Like Jove his Grandeur, and like Mars his Mien;
And Gods Descending should adorn the Scene.
See see! Upon the Banks of Boyne he stands,
By his own view adjusting his Commands;
Calm and Serene the Armed Coast Surveys
And, in cool Thoughts, the diff'rent Chances weighs:
Then fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
Resolves to end the War.-----

Mr.

Mr. *Addison* wrote a Copy of Verses to his Lordship, on his writing this Poem, which has these Lines,

*And all the Heroe in full Glory shines.
We see his Army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd Waves run Purple to the Sea.*

IV. *The Hind and the Panther*, Transferred to the *Country Mouse and the City Mouse*. Mr. *Prior* assisted in this Satire, as I have already observed: It has a great deal of Humour, and my Lord takes notice in his Preface, that it is as easie to imagine Two Mice bilking a Hackney Coachman, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a *Hind* entertaining the *Panther* at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion. It begins thus,

*A Milk white Mouse immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for she knew no Ginn.*

V. *The Man of Honour*. An admirable Poem; which has the following excellent Lines.

*Not all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him who to strict Honour is inclin'd.
Tho' all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait
On publick Places and affairs of State,
Should fondly Court him to be base and great:
With even Passions and with settled Face,
He would remove the Harlot's false Embrace.*

Tho'

Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,
 That Church-Magicians in their Cells devise,
 And from their settled Basis Nations tear,
 He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear ;
 Secure in Innocence, contemn them all,
 And decently array'd in Honour, fall.
 Honour, that spark of the Celestial Fire,
 That above Nature makes Mankind aspire,
 Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame
 With Thirst of Glory, and Desire of Fame ;
 The richest Treasure of a gen'rous Breast,
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
 Wit, Strength, and Courage are wild dang'rous Force,
 Unless this soften and direct their Course.
 Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,
 Raise Maiden scruples at unpractis'd Vice ;
 Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
 And stifles what they wish to act with shame :
 But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive,
 That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live ;
 They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
 Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin ;
 True to no Principles, press forward still,
 And only bound by Appetite their Will :
 Now fawn and flatter while this side prevails,
 But shift with ev'ry veering Blast their Sails.
 On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
 Free is their service, and unbought their Love :
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.

This excellent Person died the 19th of May 1715.
 Universally Lamented ; and lies interred in Ge-
 neral Monk's Vault in Westminster-Abbey.

To do Justice to his Lordship and his Family, I shall Conclude my Account of him with this remarkable Paragraph of the Preamble to his Patent, on his Promotion to Peerage, in the Reign of King *William*. It begins thus,

Si ab antiquissima Procerum Familia splendorem derivare Honestum; si Rebus a se Pulchre gestis inclarescere, Gloriosum censeatur; utroque hoc nomine Singularem nostrae Aestimationi sese commendat prae dilectus & perquam Fidelis Consiliarius Noster, CAROLUS MONTAGUE Armiger: Illa Domo ortus, quae est Tres Comites, & octo simul alterius ordinis Senatores in Imperii nostri Decus & subsidium Felici ubertate suffecit: Illis virtutibus ornatus quibus nullum Honoris Incrementum aut bonus Civis invidet, aut Aequus Princeps non ultro offerat.



SIR THOMAS MORE.

A Gentleman admired for his Wit, Learning and Great Wisdom in the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth. He was Son to Sir *John More*, Knight, one of the Justices of the King's-Bench, and was born in *London*, the Year 1480. He was Educated first in the Family of Archbishop *Morton*, and afterwards in *Canterbury College Oxford*; from whence he came to *New-Inn, London*, to study the Law, and from that Society he removed to *Lincolns Inn*. Here he had not been long before he was made double Reader, and soon after he had given him the place of Judge of the Sheriff's Court *London*. He was Knighted by King *Henry* the

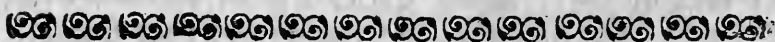
the Eighth, then made Chancellor of the Dutchy of *Lancaster*, and lastly, Lord Chancellor of *England*; which High post he filled with Great Honour and Reputation. He was a Person of Great Integrity, and such was his Excellency that 'tis difficult to Determine whether the Lawyer or the Statesman was most conspicuous. He was a most Accomplished Ambassador, and his Acquaintance sought by the most learned Foreigners. His Master King *Henry* sent him in an Embassy to the Emperor of *Germany*, where before he delivered it, he commanded one of his Servants to fill him a Beer Glafs of Wine, which he Drank off; and afterwards repeated, at the same time directing his Servant to bring him a third; the Servant knowing his Master's usual Temperance, at first refused to fill him another, being under a concern for his Behaviour, but on a second Command of *Sir Thomas*, he did it; which being Drank, he then made his immediate Address to the Emperor, and delivered his Oration in *Latin* like one inspired, to the very great Admiration of all the Auditors: This I mention to shew the influence of Wine. But at last this Great Man fell into the King's Displeasure (which was a common thing in this Reign) touching the Divorce of Queen *Catharine*, and for refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy; for which he was committed to the *Tower*, and afterwards Beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, Anno 1535. He was buried at *Chelsea*, under a plain Monument. The Books written by this Gentleman were many, amongst which there is some Poetry; but what bore the Greatest Character of all his Writings was his,

Utopia, a piece of Great Fancy and Invention, tho' Written in Prose; It is the Idea of a Compleat Common-Wealth in an imaginary Island, (but pre-

tended to be lately discovered in *America*) so exactly Counterfeited, that many Persons on the Reading it, easily mistook it for real Truth, and several very Learned and Zealous Divines were desirous of being Transported thither, to instruct the People in the true Religion, whose Manners they so well liked. Mrs. *Manley* seems to have taken the Hint for her *Atalantis* from this piece, tho' she has differently handled her Subject.

Mr. *Owen* the Epigramatist comparing Sir *Thomas More's Utopia*, with *Mercurius Britannicus*, has this Couplet,

More shew'd the best, the worst World's shew'd by thee :
Thou shew'st what is, and he shows what should be.



N.

Mr. ALEXANDER NEQUAM.

AN Ancient Poet, who Flourished in the Reign of King *John*. He was born at *St. Alban's* in *Hertfordshire*, and having a Liberal Education bestowed upon him, he became one of the most Learned Men of the Age wherein he lived. His Knowledge in Arts and Sciences, made him Famous throughout *England*, *France* and *Italy*, which with his Great Wit, acquired him the Title of *Miraculum ingenii*. He was likewise an Excellent Divine, and an Admirable Poet in those Days. He was made Canon of *Exeter*, and some Writers tell us, he was preferred to the Abbotship of *Glocester*: But certain it is, he was Abbot of *St. Marics*

ries in Cirencester, at the time of his Death. He once had an inclination to become a Monk in St. Albans, the place of his Nativity, and thus merrily wrote to the Abbot for Admission;

Si vis, veniam, sin autem, tu autem.

To which the Abbot answered,

Si bonus sis, venias, si nequam, nequaquam.

Whereupon it was said, to avoid such Jokes for the future, he altered his Name from *Nequam*, to *Neckam*.

Bishop *Godwin*, in his Account of the Bishops of *Lincoln*, makes mention of a Passage of Wit between him and *Philip Repington*, then Bishop of that Diocess, the latter sending *Nequam* these Lines.

*Et niger & Nequam cum sis cognomine Nequam,
Nigrior esse potes, Nequior esse nequis.*

Both black and bad, whilst bad the Name to Thee,
Blacker thou may'st, but worse thou canst not be.

To which *Nequam* Replied.

*Phi nota fœtoris, Lippus malus omnibus horis,
Phi malus, & Lippus, totus malus ergo Philippus.*

Stinks are branded with a Phi,
Lippus Latin for blear-Eye,
Phi and Lippus bad as either,
Then *Philippus* worse together.

118 *The Lives and Characters of the*

This Poet wrote many excellent Pieces, and in his *Elegy on Constantine the Great*, are these Verses.

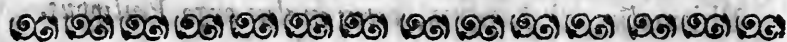
*From Colchester there rose a Star,
The Rays whereof gave Glorious Light,
Throughout the World, in Climates far,
Great Constantine, Rome's Emperor bright.*

Our Writers of Antiquity differ in their Accounts of the Place of Interment of this Poet; some say he was buried at *Worcester*, with this Epitaph,

*Eclipsim patitur sapientia, sol sepelitur,
Cui si par unus, minus esset flebile funus;
Vir bene discretus, & in omni more facetus,
Dicitur erat Nequam, vitam duxit tamen equam.*

Others tell us he was Interr'd at *St. Albans*, with the Epitaph following,

*Alexander, cognomento Nequam, Abbas Cirence-
striæ, Literarum Scientia clarus, Obiit Anno Dom.
1217. Lit. Dom. C. prid. Cal. Feb. & Sepultus erat apud
Fanum S. Albani, cujus Anima Proprietur altissimus,
Amen.*



The Reverend Mr. THOMAS NEWCOMB.

THIS Gentleman is the Son of a worthy Clergyman now Living, in *Herefordshire*, and Great Grandson, by the Descent on his Mothers side to the famous *Spenser*. He was Educated at *Corpus Christi*

Christi College in *Oxford*, where he took the Degree of Master of Arts: And he is now Chaplain to the Duke of *Richmond*, and Beneficed near the Seat of that Noble Lord in *Suffex*. He is a Man of Wit and Learning, and an Excellent Poet. Some of the pieces written by him are,

I. *Bibliotheca*. A Satyrical Poem, occasioned by the sight of a Modern Library.

II. *To her late Majesty Queen Anne, upon the Peace at Utrecht*. This is a very good Poem.

III. *An Ode to the Memory of Mr. Rowe*.

IV. *An Ode Sacred to the Memory of the Countess of Berkeley*, which begins with this Simile.

*As Roses in their early Bloom,
 Their Incense Waste, and Glories hide,
 And to that Morning owe their Doom,
 Which promis'd to enlarge their Pride:
 So lovely to our ravish'd sight,
 Thy Beams, fair Nymph, all Nature chear'd;
 And, opening just their infant Light,
 Surpriz'd the World, and disappear'd.*

To this Gentleman we are likewise Indebted for several of the Translations of Mr. *Addison's Latin Poems*, and Mr. *Philips's ODE to Henry St. John, Esq;*





O.

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

THE ingenious Mr. *Oldham*, the Glory of the last Age, was the Son of a Non-Conformist-Minister, and born at *Shipton* in *Glocestershire*, in the Year 1653. He was Educated first in a private School, from whence he was sent to *St. Edmond's Hall* in *Oxford*, where he made a Great Progress in Polite Learning. Coming thence to *London*, he soon gained the Reputation of a Celebrated Poet; but, yet it may be presumed he did not at first meet with the Encouragement he expected, from one of his Satires, where he makes *Spenser's* Ghost speak to him, dissuading him from the Study of Poetry, for tho' he should write never so well.

*What Scipio, what Mæcenas wouldst thou find;
What Sidney now to thy great projects kind?*

He was afterwards introduced to the Patronage of the Earl of *Kingstone*, with whom he lived very Reputably to the time of his Death. His Satires are some of the severest, and best in the *English* Language, tho' sometimes he has taken Great Liberties; and his other Poetry is Excellent: a Great Genius and much Learning shines thro' all his Works, and he was at Invention Matchless. His Poems are published in three Books, Printed at three several times, and to these are added his Remains.

The

The First Book contains, *His Satires upon the Jesuits, against Virtue, &c.*

The Second Book, *Horace's Art of Poetry Imitated in English*, an Excellent piece. BION. *A Pastoral, in Imitation of the Greek of Moschus, On The Death of the Earl of Rochester*; and several Imitations of, (and Paraphrases upon) *Horace, &c.*

And the Third Book, has *Monsieur Boileau's Satire upon Man*, Imitated; DAVID'S *Lamentation for the Death of Saul and Jonathian*, Paraphrased; *A Satire upon Nobility; concerning Poetry; The Dream; The Parting, &c.*

His Remains are, *A Poem upon the Marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Lady Mary*; *Counterpart to the Satire against Vertue*, with some other small Religious pieces.

To give you a Specimen of his Satirical Works. I shall here insert some of his Lines, out of his *Satire upon a Woman, who had injured his Friend.*

*Hot Lust light on her, and the Plague of Pride
On that, this ever scorn'd, as that denied:
Ach, Anguish, Horror, Grief, Dishonour, Shame
Pursue at once her Body, Soul and Fame:
Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, 'till she be,
Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy:
Plagu'd so, 'till she think Damning a Release,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for Ease.*

His Satire on his Printer, *Ben. Motte*, who had Printed one of his Poems mangled, is very extraordinary; and in one of his Satires against the Jesuits, he has these excellent Lines, on Impudence.

Get that great Gift and Talent Impudence,
 Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence;
 'Tis that prefers, 'tis that alone makes great,
 Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate;
 Gains place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
 An Ass a Bishop; can vile Blockheads rear
 To wear red Hats, and sit in Porph'ry Chair:
 'Tis Learning, Parts and Skill, and Wit and Sense,
 Worth, Merit, Honour, Virtue, Innocence.

He was a Man of Pleasure, notwithstanding his *Satire on Woman*, as appears by his Poems on Love, which are admirable; and to show that he was a gay Bottle Companion, I shall give you some of his Verses on the Drinking Bowl, from his *Ode of Anacreon*, Paraphrased.

Make me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl!
 Large as my capacious Soul!
 Vast as my Thirst is! Let it have
 Depth enough to be my Grave!
 I mean, the Grave of all my Care,
 For I intend to bury't there.
 Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of me:
 Yet draw no Shapes of Armour there,
 No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear;
 Nor Wars of Thebes, nor Wars of Troy,
 Nor any other Martial Toy:
 For what do I vain Armour prize,
 Who mind not such rough Exercise?
 But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,
 Fights that cause no Wounds nor Scars.
 I'll have no Battles on my Plate,
 Lest sight of them should Broils create.

Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,
 Which Wine it self enough can do.
 Draw me no Constellations there,
 No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear;
 Nor any of that Monstrous fry,
 Of Animals that stock the Sky;
 For what are Stars to my Design?
 Stars, which I, when Drunk outshine.
 I want no Pole-star on the Brink,
 To guide in the wide Sea of Drink;
 But would forever there be toss'd,
 And wish no Haven, seek no Coast.
 Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try
 Thy skill; then draw me, (let me see)
 Draw me first a spreading Vine,
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine.
 Let it's Boughs o'erspread above
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
 Draw Bacchus, and soft Cupid by:
 Draw them both in toping shapes;
 Their Temples Crown'd with Culster'd Grapes:
 Make them lean against the Cup,
 As 'twere to keep their Figures up:
 And when their reeling Forms I view,
 I'll think them Drunk, and be so too.

The only Verses I have farther to take notice of,
 are his Lines on Wisdom, which are Inimitable.

---Wisdom's an Evenness of Soul
 A steady Temper which no Cares Controul,
 No Passions ruffle, no Desires inflame;
 Still Constant to it self, and still the same.

This

This Excellent Poet died in the House of the Earl of Kingston at *Holme Pierpont*, in the Year 1683. and was buried in the Church there, with this Inscription on his Monument.

M. S. Joh. Oldham Poeta, quo nemo sacro furore plenior, nemo rebus sublimior, aut Verbis feliciter audax; cujus famam omni aeo propria satis consecrabunt Carmina. Quem inter primos honoratissimi Gulielmi Comitis de Kingstone Patroni sui Amplexus Variolis correptum, heu nimis immatura Mors rapuit, & in Caelestem transtulit Chorum. Natus apud Shipton in Agro Glocestrensi, in Aula Sancti Edmundi Oxoniae Graduat. Obiit die Decembris nono Anno Dom. 1683. Aetatis 30.

The Great Esteem Mr. *Dryden* had for this Gentleman, is particularly express'd in the following Copy of Verses he wrote to his Memory.

*Farewel, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For sure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Cast in the same Poetick mould with mine.
One Common Note on either Lyre did strike,
And Knaves and Fools were both abhorr'd alike;
To the same Goal did both our Studies drive,
The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
While his young Friend perform'd and won the Race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant Store
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the Young)
Have taught the Numbers of thy Native Tongue,
But Satire needs not those, and Wit will shine
Through the harsh Cadence of a rugged Line.*

*A noble Error, and but seldom made,
 When Poets are by too much force betray'd.
 Thy Generous Fruits, tho' gather'd e're their prime,
 Still shew'd a Quickness; and maturing time
 But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of Rhime.
 Once more, Hail and Farewel; Farewl thou Young,
 But ah too short, Marcellus of our Tongue;
 Thy Brow's with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
 But Fate and Gloomy Night encompass thee around.*

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

A Courtier, and a Great Wit in the Reign of King *James* the First. He was Son of Sir *Nicholas Overbury* of *Burton* in *Glocestershire*, one of the Judges of the *Marches*, and was Educated at the University of *Oxford*. From *Oxford* he removed to the *Middle Temple London*, where he studied the Law some time; afterwards he Travelled into *France*, and came Home an accomplished Gentleman. Soon after his return, he followed the Court, as the fittest place for the Exercise of his great Abilities; here he grew acquainted with Sir *Robert Carre*, one who was newly initiated a Favourite to King *James*, and by his prudent Behaviour and Recommendatory Qualities, he was early in the good Graces not only of Sir *Robert*, but also of several other Eminent Persons: which being taken notice of by the King, he was Knighted; and Sir *Robert* made Earl of *Somerset*. Now the Reciprocal Friendship of these two Gentlemen was more firmly united than ever, and as their Affection Encreased for each other, so did they both rise more and more in Favour with the Prince: But
 so

so great is the instability of all Humanities of Friendship, that now it was not long before my Lord to whom Sir *Thomas* had without reserve unbosomed himself, became an Instrument of his Death; and only for his sincere Disuasions of his Marriage with the Lady *Frances Howard*, who was then lately Divorced from the Earl of *Essex*. This advice, with the influence of fatal Beauty, and the Countess's pursuit of Revenge, occasioned the Murder of Sir *Thomas*. But to make way for doing it with impunity, his Lordship procured Sir *Thomas* to be Nominated by the King Ambassador to the Czar of *Muscovy*, and at the same time persuaded him to decline the Employment, as being no better than an Honourable Grave. This double Intrigue of the Statesman, and which shews what Courtiers are capable of doing, had its success, for Sir *Thomas* following the Council, this matter terminated in his Commitment to the *Tower*. Now his former Friend and the Countess had an opportunity for perpetrating their Designs; and by the Assistance of one Mrs. *Turner*, *Richard Weston*, *James Franklin* a Physician, and Sir *Gervas Helvis*, Lieutenant of the *Tower*, who were all drawn into the Conspiracy, he was poisoned with a Clyster, of which he died the next day after the taking it. After he was Dead the Conspirators, to load Sir *Thomas* with Infamy, and take off all Suspicion of his violent Death, gave out that he died of the *French Pox*, there being some Blisters and Blotches on his Body, which the poison had thrown out. But, as the Crimes of Blood seldom go unpunished, suspicions grew notwithstanding, and encreasing, *Weston* was taken up and Examined, who confessing the whole matter, he was Executed at *Tyburn*, as were likewise Mrs. *Turner*, *Franklin*, and Sir *Gervas Helvis*; but the Earl of *Somerset*, and his Countess, tho' Condemn'd, were both pardoned. This

This is the best Account I can give of the Life and Tragical Death of this ingenious Gentleman; who in his Younger Days writ an excellent Poem, entitled *A Wife*; a piece very much admired for its Great Wit and Fancy, and the Author will live in this Poem, tho' by a Wife he fell a Sacrifice, as is express'd by these Verses, under his Picture.

*A Man's best Fortune, or his Worst's a Wife:
Yet I that knew no Marriage, Peace, nor strife,
Live by a good, by a bad one, Lost my Life.*

The following Epitaph was written by himself during his last Sickness.

*Now measur'd out my Days, 'tis here I rest,
That is my Body, but my Soul, his Guest,
Is hence ascended, whither neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can clime;
Where being now enlighten'd she does know
The truth of all things which are talk'd below.*

*Only this Dust shall here in pawn remain;
That when the World dissolves, she'll come again.*



Mr. JOHN OWEN.

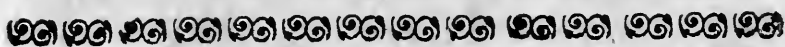
A Famous Epigramatist, born in *Caernarvonshire*. He was Educated at *Wickham School*, admitted perpetual Fellow of *New College in Oxford*, and in the Year 1590. took the Degree of Bachelor of *Civil-Law*. He afterwards became School-Master at

at *Trylegb* near *Monmouth*, and at *Warwick*, in the School founded by King *Henry* the Eighth. He was a Person eminently endowed, but especially with a Vein of Poesie. He was attended with Poverty, the usual Companion of Poets, but supplied by his Countryman and Kinsman, Dr. *John Williams* Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Lord Keeper. His *Latin* Epigrams are much esteemed beyond Sea, amongst the Learned, but were put into the *Index Expurgatorius*, by the Church of *Rome*, on Account of the two following Verses.

*An Petrus fuerit Roma, sub Judice Lis est :
Simonem Roma nemo fuisse negat.*

And upon the same Account an Uncle of his, from whom he expected great Legacies, struck him out of his Will. He died in 1623. and was buried in *St. Paul's Church, London*, at the charge of Bishop *Williams* aforementioned, who Erected a Monument over him, with an Inscription which begins thus,

*Parva tibi statua est, quia parva statura, Supellex
Parva, volat parvus magna per Ora Liber.*



P.

Major RICHARDSON PACK.

THIS Gentleman is the Son of *John Pack*, of *Stoke-Ash*, in *Suffolk*, Esq; who in the Year 1697. was High Sheriff of that County. His Mother was one of the Daughters and Coheirs of *Robert*

Mr. *Robert Richardson*, of *Tudah* in the County Palatine of *Durham*, a Gentleman of good Extraction, and well Ally'd in the *North of England*. The first Taste that was given him of Letters (after he had been kept a Year or two, but much to his Prejudice, with a Country School-master) was at *Merchant-Taylor's School*. From thence he was remov'd, between fifteen and sixteen Years of Age, to *St. John's College in Oxford*. About Eighteen his Father enter'd him of the *Middle Temple*, and fix'd him in Chambers there, designing him for the Profession of the Law: And by the peculiar Grace of the Treasurer and Benchers of that Honourable Society, he was at Eight Terms Standing, admitted Barrister, when he was little more than Twenty Years Old. But a Sedentary Life agreeing as ill with his Health, as a Formal one suited at that time with his Inclinations, he did not long pursue those Studies; and after some little Rambling in his Thoughts, he at length determin'd his View to the Army, where he flatter'd himself to meet with Scenes of more Freedom as well as Action. His first Command was that of a Company of Foot, in *March 1705*. In *November 1710*, the Regiment in which he serv'd, was one of those two of *English Foot* that were with the Marshal *Staremberg*, at the Battle of *Villa Viciosa*, the Day after General *Stanhope* and the Troops under his Command were taken at *Brighuega*; where the Major being Kill'd and he the eldest Captain, and upon the Spot, His Grace the Duke of *Argyle* confirm'd his Pretensions to that Vacancy, by his Commission, Immediately on his arrival in *Spain*. It was that Occasion which first introduc'd our Author to the good Fortune of being known to that truly Noble and Excellent Person, with whose Protection and Patronage he has ever since been Honoured.

The Ambition he had to celebrate his Heroic Vertues, at a time when it was grown Popular to traduce them, and his Desire of expressing in some measure his Gratitude for the many Marks he had receiv'd of his Grace's Favour, gave Birth to the best of his Performances he has oblig'd the World with. What other Pieces he has writ in Verse, are for the most part the unlabour'd Result of Friendship or Love, and the Amusement of those few solitary Intervals in a Life that seldom wanted either serious Business, or social Pleasures, of one kind or other, entirely to fill up the Circle. They are all publish'd in one Volume together, with a Translation of the Life of *Atticus*, from *Cornelius Nepos*: And tho' very lately Printed, they have already sold two Impressions; the most considerable of them, are the following.

- I. To his Grace the Duke of *Argyle*.
- II. *On Friendship*. To the Honourable Colonel *William Stanhope*.
- III. To Mr. *Addison*, occasion'd by the News of the Victory obtain'd over the Rebels in *Scotland*, by his Grace the Duke of *Argyle*.
- IV. To the Lady *Katherine Manners*.
- V. *The Lover's Parting*.
- VI. *The Retreat*.
- VII. *An Epistle from a Half-Pay Officer in the Country, to his Friend in Town*.
- VIII. Upon *Religious Solitude*. Occasion'd by reading the Inscription on the Tomb of *Casimir*, King of *Poland*, who abdicated his Crown, and spent the Remainder of his Life in the Abbey of *St. Germaine*, near *Paris*, where he lies Interr'd.
- IX. A *Pastoral*, in Imitation of *Virgil's* second Eclogue.

X. The

X. The 2d, 3d, and 4th Elegies in the fourth Book of *Tibullus*.

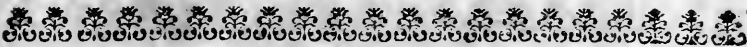
XI. *Elegy*. *Sylvia* to *Amintor*: An admirable Imitation of *Ovid*; wherein *Sylvia* after she is Enjoy'd, gives this Advice to her Sex.

*Trust not the slight Defence of Female Pride,
Nor in your boasted Honour much Confide;
So still the Motion, and so smooth the Dart,
It steals unfelt into the heedless Heart.*

XII. An Excellent *Prologue* to the Tragedy of *Sir Walter Raleigh*; and an *Epilogue* to *Mr. Southern's Spartan Dame*, very much admir'd. In the former are these Lines on Ambition.

*Ambition is a Mistress few enjoy!
False to our Hopes, and to our Wishes Coy;
The Bold she baffles, and defeats the Strong;
And all are ruin'd who pursue her long;
Yet so bewitching are her Fatal Charms,
We think it Heav'n to dye within her Arms.*

All these Pieces with a small Poem entituled *Religion and Philosophy*, which I have lately seen in Manuscript, demonftrate the Author to be a polite Writer; a Man of Wit and Gallantry.

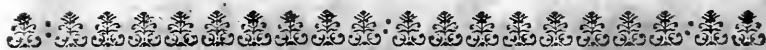


Mr. MATTHEW PARIS.

THIS ancient Historian and Poet, *Mr. Win-*
stantly tells us, was born in *Cambridgeshire*; where the Name and Family of *Paris* is of great Antiquity, though some Writers will not allow *England* to have the Honour of his Birth. He was bred a Monk of *St. Albans*, and in a

loose Age, liv'd a very strict and severe Life; infomuch that, for his eminent Austerity, Pope *Innocent* the Fourth, imploy'd him to Visit the Monks in the Diocess of *Norwich*, and also sent him into *Norway* to reform the Discipline of a Convent there, which had been much corrupted. He employ'd his Hours reserv'd from Devotion, in the Delights of the Muses, and the more laborious Studies of History. As a Poet and Historian, he excell'd all his Contemporaries; nor was he less esteem'd as an Orator and Divine: He well understood all Arts and Sciences, and of Painting and Engraving, in many instances, he shew'd himself a Master. These Accomplishments acquired him the greatest Fame; but his chief applications being to History, he writ a large Chronicle from the *Norman* Conquest to the Year 1259; a Work impartially and judicially written, neither flattering Greatness, nor sparing any for their Vices. This History was very much commended when it was wrote; and is still in Esteem with learned Men. He concludes it with these Lines:

*Siste tui metas Studii, Matthæe quietas,
Nec ventura petas, que postera proferat etas.*



Mr. PARNEL.

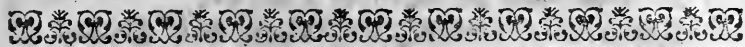
THIS Gentleman is *Arch-Deacon* of—
in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and an Acquaintance of Mr. *Pope's*. He has Writ and Translated several Pieces of Poetry.

I. A *Hymn* on *Contemplation*.

II. An *Anacreontick*.

III. A

III. A Translation of *Homer's Batrachomyomachia*; Or, the Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*. To which is prefix'd, the Life of *Zoilus*, levell'd at *Mr. Dennis*.



Mr. EDWARD PHILIPS.

AN Author in the last Age of good Reputation. He continu'd Sir *Richard Baker's* Chronicle, and therein shewed himself a Man of Learning and Judgment. And besides this, he wrote Poems on several Occasions, collected into a Volume.



Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

THIS Gentleman was Brother to the aforementioned *Mr. Edward Philips*, and Nephew to the Immortal *Milton*; so that he might be said to have Poetical Blood run in his Veins. He was an exact Poet, and Master of an excellent Style, which shin'd through his Works in Prose and Verse: But his Talents lay mostly to Burlesque Poetry. His Pieces are,

I. *A Satyr against Hypocrites*. This is a very ingenious Performance.

II. *The Almanack of Montelion*; a very facetious and entertaining Piece.

III. *A Song upon the Tombs at Westminster*.

He likewise wrote several other Songs, all set to Musick by Doctor *Blow*; and some Pieces in a serious Vein of Poetry, well approv'd: And to shew his Learning, he Translated the fifth

134 *The Lives and Characters of the*
and sixth Books of *Virgil's Æneids* into English
Burlesque, in which are the following Verses.

*While Dido in a Bed of Fire,
A new found Way to cool Desire,
Lay wrapt in Smoke, half Coal, half Dido,
Too late repenting Crime Libido :
Monsieur Æneas went his Ways ;
And meriting but little Praise,
To leave the Fair, not in the Mire,
But, which is worse, in burning Fire.
He Neuter-like, had no great Aim,
To kindle or put out the Flame.*



Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

A Poet of this Age, who died a few Years ago. He was the Son of *Dr. Stephen Philips*, Archdeacon of *Salop*, and born at *Brampton* in *Oxfordshire*, in the Year 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar Learning, he was sent to *Winchester* School, where he made himself Master of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages. With this Foundation of Literature, he was removed to *Christ-Church* College in *Oxford*. Here he grew superior to most of his Contemporaries; and following the natural Bent of his Genius, besides other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with *Milton*, whom he studied with Application, and traced him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. As to his private Character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not; somewhat reserved and silent among Strangers, but familiar and easy with his Friends: In which Number may be reckoned some of the best
and

and politeſt Men of the Univerſity, but particularly Mr. *Edmund Smith*. Theſe two often communicated their Thoughts to each other, and as their Thoughts lay the ſame Way, much to their mutual Satisfaction and Improvement. Coming to *London*, he was perſwaded by ſome great Perſons, to write upon the Battle of *Blenheim*, which he performed ſo well, that it brought him into Favour with the Earl of *Oxford*, at that time Lord Treafurer of *England*, and my Lord *Bollingbroke*, Secretary of State; but his Modeſty and humble Opinion of himſelf was ſo great, that he always endeavoured to diſguiſe and conceal his good Qualities in Converſation with them and others. His excellent Compoſitions are the following, (*viz.*)

I. *The Splendid Shilling*; eſteemed the fineſt Burleſque Poem in the *British* Language, and handled in a Manner quite different from what had been made Uſe of by any Author of our own, or other Nations. This Poem gained him an univerſal Applauſe.

II. *Blenheim*, a Poem; here he has ſhewn a ſublime and nervous Stile, proper to a ſerious and heroick Subject.

*From low and abject Themes the grov'ling Muſe
Now mounts Aerial, to ſing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of Britain's Hero; —*

The Exordium of this Piece is a juſt Alluſion to the Beginning of the *Aeneid* of *Virgil*, and that of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*.

III. *Cyder*, a Poem. This Piece is founded upon the Model of *Virgil's Georgicks*, and

comes the nearest of any other to that admirable Poem. There is an infinite Variety in this Poem, and the philosophical Touches are surprizing: He was a passionate Admirer of Nature, and in his Description of the Philosopher's Retirement, he has these Lines.

———*He to his Labour hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils, and Min'rals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can
Benefit Human Race* ——

This Poem was translated into *Italian* by a Nobleman of *Florence*.

IV. A Latin Ode, inscribed to the Lord *Bollingbroke*. The Style in this Piece is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay facetious Humour of *Horace*.

These are all the Pieces written by this Author, and being in Blank Verse, some injudicious Persons wished them to be in Rhyme, particularly his *Cyder*. His Friends tell us, that he intended to write a Poem upon the Resurrection, and the Day of Judgment, in which there is no doubt but he would have excelled; and of this Opinion was *Mr. Smith*, who, in a Poem upon his Death, has these Verses on that Occasion:

*Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays,
How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread;*

How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions shew,
 And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance
 glow,
 And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners howl below.
 Well might he sing the Day he cou'd not fear,
 And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.

Mr. Philips, after a long and lingring Sickness, attended with an Asthma, and having removed to the Bath, by the Advice of his Physicians, without Recovery, died at Hereford the 15th of February 1708. and, as the ingenious Writer of his Life has observed, he shewed an Example that a good Poet and a good Man are not Names always inconsistent.

He was interred in the Cathedral Church of Hereford, and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-stone.

JOHANNES PHILIPS.

Obijt 15 die Feb. Anno } Dom. 1708.

Cujus } Aetat. sue 32.

Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,
 Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,
 Si Tumulum desideras, Templum adi Westmonasteriense,
 Qualis quantusque vir fuerit,
 Dicat elegans illa & praeclara
 Quae Cenotaphium ibi decorat

Inscriptio.

Quam interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,
 Testetur hoc saxum

A Maria Philips Matre ipsius pientissima,
 Dilecti Filii Memoria non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

The Monument referred to at Westminster, in this Inscription, stands between those of Chaucer and Drayton, and was erected to his Memory by Sir
 Simon

138 *The Lives and Characters of the*
Simon Harcourt, late Lord Chancellor. The Epi-
taph was writ by Dr. Friend.

*Herefordia conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi Candore,
Eximia morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.*

*Litterarum amaniorum sitim,
Quam Wintonia puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Aedis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Musarum Domicilio
Præclaris Amulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone Patrio composuit
A Grecis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe Harmoniam
Rhythmo dedicerat.
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri :*

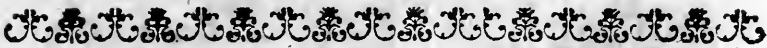
*Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,
Primoq; pene par.
Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et vidit, & affecutus est,
Egregius, quocunque stylum veteret,
Fandi Author, & Modorum Artifex.*

Fas sit Huic,

Auso licet a tua Metrorum lege discedere
 O *Poesis Anglicanae Pater, atque Conditor Chaucere*
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium
Non dedebeat Chorum.

Simon Harcourt Miles,
Viri bene de se, deque Literis meriti,
Quoad viveret, Fautor,
Post Obitum pie memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. Philips, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
 Salop' Filius natus est Bamptoniæ
 In agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.
 Obijt Herefordiæ, Febr. 15. 1708.



AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq;

THIS Gentleman, who is one of the Wits at Buttons, and at this time writes an Entertaining Paper call'd, *The Free-Thinker*; has, besides his Pastorals, given us the following Poems.

I. An Epistle to a Friend, who desir'd him to write on the Death of King *William*.

II. An Epistle to Mr. Secretary Craggs, at Hampton-Court.

III. Upon the Toasts of the *Hanover* Club.

While These, the chosen Beauties of our Isle,
Propitious on the Cause of Freedom Smile,
The rash Pretender's Hopes we may despise,
And trust Britannia's Safety to their Eyes.

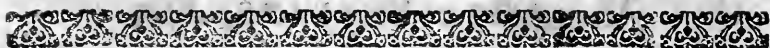
IV. Upon

IV. Upon a Company of bad Dancers to good Musick. This is an Excellent Epigram.

*How ill the Motion with the Musick suits!
So Orpheus Fiddled, and so Danc'd the Brutes.*

His Pastorals, six in Number are esteemed some of the best Pieces of the kind this Age has produc'd. The first Pastoral begins with these Lines.

*If we, O Dorset, quit the City Throng
To Meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands; be present: And, O, bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall Sing.
Begin--- A Shepherd Boy one Ev'ning fair,
As Western Winds had cool'd the sultry Air;
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent;
So pitiful, that all the Starry Throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.*



The Reverend Mr. POMFRET.

A Learned Divine, Son of an eminent Attorney at Law, of *Newport-Pagnel* in *Buckinghamshire*. He was Educated at the University of *Cambridge*, where he took the Degree of Master of Arts. He had several Preferments in the Church, one of which was in *Bedfordshire*. He was a Person of a great Poetical Genius, an excellent Scholar, and an admirable Poet: He was a little reserv'd in his Temper; and as he has happily describ'd Retirement in his Poem call'd *The Choice*, so an agreeable Solitude was truly *his Choice*. He died Young, in the Year 1709. The chief of his Poems are,

1. *The*

I. *The Choice*, a Poem. This Piece is writ in a very easy familiar Style, adapted to all Capacities; and for its Variety, is esteem'd the best Poem we have on the Subject; but Part of it is borrow'd from *Cowley*.

II. *Love Triumphant over Reason*. This is a Vision, and has an admirable Description of the Temple of Love, and the miserable Consequences attending it.

III. *Cruelty and Lust, an Epistolary Essay*. Occasion'd by the Barbarity of *Kirke*, a Commander in the *Western* Rebellion, who debauch'd a Young Lady, with a Promise to save her Husband's Life, but hang'd him the next Morning.

IV. *Upon the Divine Attributes*. A Pindaric Essay. Divided into several Heads, viz. Unity, Eternity, Power, Wisdom, Providence, Omnipresence, Immutability, Justice, and Goodness.

V. *A Prospect of Death*. A Pindaric Essay. This is an excellent Piece, being preferable to any other of *Mr. Pomfret's* Performances.

VI. *On the General Conflagration, and ensuing Judgment*. These Poems, with his Epistle to *Delia*, and some other short Pieces, are collected into a small Volume, and have sold several Impressions: And as the *Choice* is universally admir'd for its great Variety and Popularity, tho' it be not the best of this Author's Writings, I shall here insert the greatest Part of that Poem.

*If Heav'n the grateful Liberty wou'd give,
That I might chuse my Method how to Live;
And all those Hours propitious Fate shou'd lend,
In blissful Ease and Satisfaction spend:
Near some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built uniform, not Little, nor too Great:*

Better,

Better, if on a rising Ground it stood;
 Fields on this Side, on that a neighb'ring Wood.
 It shou'd within no other things contain,
 But what were useful, necessary, plain.

A little Garden, grateful to the Eye,
 And a cool Rivulet run murmur'ing by,
 On whose delicious Banks a stately Row
 Of shady Limes, or Sycamores shou'd grow:
 At th' End of which a silent Study plac'd,
 Shou'd be with all the noblest Authors grac'd.
 In some of these, as Fancy shou'd advise,
 I'd always take my Morning Exercise:

For sure no Minutes bring us more Content,
 Than those in pleasing, useful Studies spent.

I'd have a clear, and competent Estate,
 That I might live Genteelly, but not Great:
 As much as I cou'd moderately spend,
 A little more sometimes t'oblige a Friend:
 Nor shou'd the Sons of Poverty repine
 Too much at Fortune, they should taste of wine.
 A frugal Plenty shou'd my Table spread;
 With Healthy, not Luxurious Dishes fed:
 Enough to satisfy, and something more
 To feed the Stranger, and the Neighb'ring Poor.
 Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pamp'ring Food
 Creates Diseases, and inflames the Blood:
 But what's sufficient to make Nature strong,
 And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
 I'd freely take, and as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my Plenty bless.

I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd
 With the best Wines each Vintage cou'd afford.
 Wine whets the Wit, improves its native Force,
 And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse:
 By making all our Spirits Debonair,
 Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.

That

That Life might be more comfortable yet,
 And all my Joys refin'd, sincere, and great ;
 I'd chuse two Friends, whose Company wou'd be
 A great Advance to my Felicity :
 Well born, of Humours suited to my own ;
 Discreet, and Men, as well as Books, have known :
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose Behaviour, or Formality.
 Airy and prudent, merry, but not light ;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right :
 Secret should be, and faithful to their Trust ;
 In Reas'ning cool, strong, temperate and just ;
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave ;
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave ;
 Close in Dispute, but not Tenacious, try'd
 By solid Reason, and let that decide :
 Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate ;
 Nor busy Medlars with Intrigues of State :
 Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spight :
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight.

Wou'd bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd
 chuse

(For who wou'd so much Satisfaction lose,
 As witty Nymphs in Conversation give)
 Near some obliging modest Fair to live ;
 For there's that Sweetness in a Female Mind,
 Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find :
 That by a secret, but a pow'rful Art,
 Winds up the Springs of Life, and doe's impart
 Fresh Vital Heat to the transported Heart. }
 I'd have her Reason all her Passions sway ;
 Easy in Company, in private Gay :
 Coy to a Fop, to the deserving Free,
 Still constant to her self, and just to me.
 A Soul she shou'd have for great Actions fit ;
 Prudence and Wisdom to direct her Wit :

Courage

*Courage to look bold Danger in the Face,
 No Fear, but only to be Proud, or Base:
 Quick to Advise, by an Emergence prest,
 To give good Counsel, or to take the best.
 I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much;
 That shews a want of Judgment, and of Sense:
 More than Enough is but Impertinence.
 Her Conduct regular, her Mirth refin'd,
 Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind:
 Averse to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride,
 In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
 So Faithful to her Friend, and good to all,
 No Censure might upon her Actions fall:
 Then wou'd ev'n Envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of Womankind astray.*

*To this Fair Creature I'd sometimes retire,
 Her Conversation wou'd new Joys inspire;
 Give Life an Edge so keen, no surly Care
 Wou'd venture to assault my Soul, or dare
 Near my Retreat to hide one secret Snare.
 But so divine, so noble a Repast
 I'd seldom, and with Moderation taste.
 For highest Cordials all their Virtue loose,
 By a too frequent, and too bold an Use:
 And what wou'd chear the Spirits in Distress
 Ruins our Health, when taken to Excess.*

*If Heav'n a Date of many Years wou'd give,
 Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty Live;
 And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
 Some kind Relation, (for I'd have no Wife)
 Shou'd take upon him all my Worldly Care,
 While I did for a better State prepare.
 Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd,
 Nor have the Ev'ning of my Days perplex'd,
 But by a silent, and a peaceful Death,
 Without a Sigh, resign my Aged Breath:*

And

And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
 Few Tears, but friendly, dropt into my Grave.
 Then wou'd my Exit so propitious be,
 All Men wou'd wish to Live and Die like me.

Mr. ALEXANDER POPE.

THIS excellent Poet, whose Fame exceeds not his Merit, was born in *London*, the Year 1688. His Parents being of the *Roman Catholic* Persuasion, educated him by a private Tutor, of whom he learned *Latin* and *Greek* at one and the same time. He passed through some Seminaries, with little Improvement, till twelve Years of Age, after which, I have been informed, he perfected his Studies by his own Industry; and so considerable a Progress he made therein, as to be sufficiently qualified for that great Undertaking, the Translation of *Homer*. The celebrated Mr. *Addison* has declared to the Publick, that if Mr. *Pope* should die, and leave his Translation unfinished, there would be found no Successor to compleat it. There appears not only great Ease but Strength in his Compositions; his Numbers flow with great Facility, and his Thoughts are sublime; these with a ready Wit, quick Fancy, and good Judgment, have deservedly gained him a Reputation equal to any of this Age. Almost all his Pieces are universally applauded, and, tho' some few of them have been cavilled at by the Criticks, what can Criticisms avail when the great *Sheffield* asserts his Work? A Name which alone would secure him Immortality. And, as Mr. *Prior* observes, in his *Alma*: or, the *Progress of the Mind*.

L.

Happy

*Happy the Poet, bless'd the Lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.*

His private Character is the best, being summ'd up in a good Companion and a firm Friend : His Talents are rightly applied, in industrious Endeavours to illustrate Merit : It is not in his Nature to debase Poetry with Flattery, (a Practice too incident to great Writers) and he is always the same. He has obliged the World with the following Performances.

I. *Pastorals*, with a Discourse on Pastorals ; written in the Year 1704, when the Author was but Sixteen Years old. These Pastorals are four in Number, alluding to the four Seasons of the Year ; And they are excellently well done, especially for a Poet of so youthful an Age.

II. *Messiah*, a sacred Eclogue, in Imitation of *Virgil's Pollio*. In this Piece there are these Lines on the coming of our Saviour ;

*Lo ! Earth receives him from the bending Skies !
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Vallies rise :
With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay ;
Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way ;
The Saviour comes ! by ancient Bards foretold.—*

III. *Windsor Forest*, to the Right Honourable *George Lord Lansdown*. This Poem chiefly consists of rural Description, the Sports and Exercises belonging to a Country Life, Hunting, Fishing, &c. intermixed with curious History, fine Allusions and Similies. In the Beginning are these Verses to my Lord *Lansdown* ;

Granville commands, your Aid, O Muses, bring!
 What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

IV. *An Essay on Criticism.* This Piece is justly admired for its great Wit, beautiful Turns, Variety of Metaphors, and Observations on Poetry and Criticism: It begins with these Lines;

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of Skill
 Appear in Writing, or in Judging ill;
 But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' Offence
 To tire our Patience, than mislead our Sense.
 Some few in that, but Numbers err in this,
 Ten Censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

And in another Place the Author has these Verses on Wit.

True Wit is Nature to Advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
 Something, whose Truth convinc'd at Sight we find,
 That gives us back the Image of our Mind.
 As Shades more sweetly recommend the Light,
 So modest Plainness sets off sprightly Wit:
 For Works may have more Wit than does 'em good,
 As Bodies perish through Excess of Blood.
 And true Expression like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all Objects, but it alters none.

V. *The Rape of the Lock:* A Poem, in five Canto's. This Piece has a great deal of Fancy and fine Humour; it was writ to expose the little unguarded Follies of the Fair Sex. The Passages are fabulous, and the Machines rais'd on the Founda-

tion of the *Rosicrucian* Doctrine of Spirits; according to which, the four Elements are supposed to be inhabited by Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs and Salamanders. The Poem begins with a Vision, and ends with an agreeable Transformation. The Lock is taken from the Lady's Neck, and the Fair One thus bewails the Loss of it;

*Oh! hadst thou, cruel, been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these.*

These Lines being thought a little ludicrous by the Fair Sex, and censured by some of them, an ingenious Gentleman has this Couplet in Vindication of the Author:

*Who censure most, more precious Hairs would lose,
To have the Rape recorded by his Muse.*

VI. *The Temple of Fame.* A Poem full of Invention, describing the Addressees of all Sorts of Persons to the Goddess, wherein the Learned are first brought in, in this Manner;

*First at the Shrine the learned World appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their Pray'r:
Long have we sought t' instruct and please Mankind,
With Studies pale, with Midnight Vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior Throne:
On Wit and Learning the just Prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.*

The Hint of this Piece was taken from *Chaucer's House of Fame*; but the Design is entirely altered, the Descriptions and most of the Thoughts being perfectly new.

VII. *January and May*; or, *The Merchant's Tale*, from *Chaucer*. The Theme is an old Knight married to a young Lady, who has an amorous Intrigue with his 'Squire. The Poet makes the aged Knight pronounce these Lines to recommend himself to the Lady.

*Think not my Virtue lost, tho' Time has shed
These rev'rend Honours on my hoary Head;
Thus Trees are crown'd with Blossoms white as Snow,
The vital Sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty Limbs appear
Like Winter Greens, that flourish all the Year.*

VIII. *The Wife of Bath*, from *Chaucer*. An Emblem of Matrimony, displayed in the Tale of a Woman who had five Husbands. It begins thus:

*Behold the Woes of matrimonial Life,
And hear with Rev'rence an experienc'd Wife!
To dear-bought Wisdom give the Credit due,
And think, for once, a Woman tells you true.*

IX. *Sapho to Phaon*, from *Ovid*.

X. *Vertumnus and Pomona*, from the 14th Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

XI. The *Fable of Dryope*: From the Ninth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

XII. The first Book of *Statius his Thebais*, translated in the Year 1703.

XIII. Part of the 13th Book of *Homer's Odyssey*.

XIV. The Gardens of *Alcinous*, from the 7th Book of *Homer's Odyssey*.

XV. Ode for Musick on *St. Cecilia's Day*.

XVI. Two Chorus's to the Tragedy of *Brutus*, not yet publick; one of *Athenians*, and the other of *Youths and Virgins*.

150 *The Lives and Characters of the*

XVII. Verses to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.

XVIII. To Mr. *Jervas*, with Mr. *Fresnoy's* Art of Painting, translated by Mr. *Dryden*.

XIX. To a young Lady with the Works of *Voiture*.

XX. On a Fan of the Author's Design, in which was painted the Story of *Cephalus* and *Procris*, with the Motto *Aura veni*.

XXI. On Silence ; in Imitation of the Style of the late E. of R.

XXII. An Epitaph.

XXIII. Prologue to Mr. *Addison's* Tragedy of *Cato*. This is one of the best Prologues in the *English* Language, and perfectly agreeable to the celebrated Piece to which it is prefix'd. It begins,

*To wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart ;
To make Mankind, in conscious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold :
For this the Tragick Muse first trod the Stage.—*

And lower are these Lines ;

*While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause ?*

XXIV. Epilogue to *Jane Shore*.

XXV. Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*.

XXVI. *Eloisa* to *Abelard*. The Poet has touched the Passion of Love very finely in this Poem, where he causes *Eloisa* (in a Convent) thus to express her self.

What

*What Scenes appear where'er I turn my View,
 The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the Grove, before the Altar rise,
 Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes!
 I waste the Matin Lamp in Sighs for thee,
 Thy Image steals between my God and me:
 Thy Voice I seem in ev'ry Hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry Bead I drop too Soft a Tear.
 When from the Censer Clouds of Fragrance roll,
 And swelling Organs lift the rising Soul;
 One Thought of thee puts all the Pomp to flight,
 Priests, Tapers, Temples, swim before my Sight.
 In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.*

And, in another Place, are these Verses.

*Oh happy State! when Souls each other draw,
 When Love is Liberty, and Nature Law.*

All these Pieces are lately published in one Volume, Folio, and in Quarto, at London; and so great are their Fame in foreign Countries, that they have been Re-printed in Octavo, both in Holland and Ireland.

XXVII. *Homer's Iliad*, translated in six Volumes, Folio, printed for Bernard Lintott. This is an excellent Translation; and to shew that Mr. Pope has Fire and Spirit equal to this important Undertaking, I shall conclude with some of his Lines describing the Confusion of a Battel.

*Now Shield with Shield, with Helmet Helmet
 clos'd,
 To Armour Armour, Lance to Lance oppos'd:
 Host against Host with shadowy Squadrons drew;
 The sounding Darts in Iron Tempests flew:*

*Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous Cries,
 And shrilling Shouts and dying Groans arise :
 With streaming Blood the slipp'ry Fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful Tide.
 As Torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous Rills,
 With Rage impetuous down their ecchoing Hills ;
 Rush to the Vales, and pour'd along the Plain,
 Roar thro' a Thousand Channels to the Main ;
 The distant Shepherd trembling hears the Sound ;
 So mix both Hosts, and so their Cries rebound.*

*The Horse and Foot in mingled Deaths unite,
 And Groans of Slaughter mix with Shouts of Fight ;
 Hurl'd from their Cars the bravest Chiefs are kill'd,
 And Rage and Death and Carnage load the Field.*

This Translation has an admirable Preface, which shews the Author excellent in Prose as well as Verse. He finish'd this great Work in the Year, 1720. It is also Reprinted in *Holland*.



MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq;*

A Poet likewise now living, of the greatest Eminence. He is the Son of Mr. *George Prior*, Citizen of *London* ; who dying while he was very young, left him to the Care of his Uncle, which prov'd Paternal, as Mr. *Prior* through the Course of his Life has always acknowledged with the greatest Gratitude. He was bred at *Westminster School*, where, as Dr. *Sprat* says of Mr. *Cowley*, he early obtained and increased the noble Genius peculiar to that Place. He was thence removed to *St. John's College* in *Cambridge*, of which Society

Society soon after he had taken the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, he was made Fellow, and retains the same Honour to this Day. He wrote several Copies of Verses when very Young, as appears by the first in his Printed Poems. In the Reign of King *James II.* jointly with Mr. *Montague*, since Earl of *Halifax*, he wrote the Poem called, *The City Mouse and Country Mouse*, in Answer to the famous *Hind and Panther* of Mr. *Dryden*. Upon the Revolution he was brought to Court by the late Earl of *Dorset*, that great Patron of all polite Learning, by whom from his Infancy he was beloved and encouraged, and as he grew up to Manhood, had a great Share in his Intimacy and Friendship. Under this noble Lord's Patronage he enter'd into publick Business, and was first made Secretary to their Majesties King *William* and Queen *Mary* at the Congress at the *Hague*, in 1690, the late Earl of *Berkeley* being their Majesties Plenipotentiary there. He was thence appointed Secretary of the Embassy to the present Earl of *Pembroke*, the late Earl of *Jersey*, and Sir *Joseph Williamson*, Ambassadors at the Peace of *Reswick* †; was likewise Secretary to the two succeeding Embassies in *France*; those of the late Earls of *Portland* and *Jersey*. He was Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, then one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, and by her late Majesty made one of the Commissioners of the Customs, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary Minister in *France*, 1711. So that going into publick Business very young, and having continued therein for Seven and Twenty Years, his Poetry (to use his own Words in his Preface to his Poems) was only the Product of his leisure Hours, who

† Many Memorials of his drawing up. Vide Books of the Treaty.

who had Business enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident. In all his Employments he has acquitted himself with great Fidelity, and sufficiently shewn his uncommon Abilities, to which his fine Learning hath not a little contributed. Tho' us'd to a Court, he is unskill'd in Flattery, and averse to Grandeur. His Sincerity is very extraordinary; and as his Generosity and Good-nature are the most extensive, so are his Principles of Humanity. For his Talents, he is a Man of great Wit and Vivacity; admirable at Invention. His Thoughts are new and pleasing, and happily work'd up: His Tales are inimitable; his Lines easy and harmonious, and a Masterly Judgment is discoverable in all his Performances. Upon the whole, he is the *Cowley* of this Age. The Pieces written by this Gentleman are,

I. An Ode on *Exodus* iii. 14. *I am that I am.* Written in 1688, as an Exercise at *St. John's College Cambridge*. This is an admirable Piece, and a discerning Eye might in this alone have seen the Promises of a *Solomon*.

II. *To the Countess of Exeter playing on the Lute.* In this Piece the Poet speaking of the Beauty of this Lady, and her great Influence by her Qualifications, has this excellent *Simile*.

*The Persians thus first gazing on the Sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were
rais'd,
And soon they worshipp'd what at first they prais'd.*

III. *On the Picture of Seneca dying in a Bath, by Jordan.* At the Right Honourable the Earl of *Exeter's* at *Burleigh-House*.

IV. An Ode. This Piece seems to be writ to the Author's Mistress. It begins thus: *While*

*While blooming Youth, and gay Delight
 Sit on thy rosy Cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast.
 My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
 For I was born to Love, and thou to Reign.*

V. An Epistle to *Fleetwood Shepherd*, Esq; This is a very humorous Piece; it has finely expos'd our Modern Poets, Criticism, and the Manner of forming of Poems.

VI. To the Countess of *Dorset*. Written in her *Milton*.

VII. To the Lady *Dursley* on the same Subject.

Both these Pieces are very much admir'd. In the first, to the Lady *Dorset*, (speaking of *Eve* in the Creation) the Author has these Lines:

*Yours, the best Copy of th' Orig'nal Face,
 Whose Beauty was to furnish all the Race.*

And in the last to the Lady *Dursley*.

*With Virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
 In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd:
 Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought;
 Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.*

VIII. To the Lord *Buckhurst* very young, playing with a Cat.

IX. The Despairing Shepherd.

X. To the Honourable *Charles Montague*, Esq;

XI. *Hymn to the Sun*. Set by Dr. *Purcel*, and sung before their Majesties on *New-Year's-Day*, 1694. This excellent Piece begins,

Light

*Light of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
 With happy Speed begin thy great Career;
 And, as thou do'st thy radiant Journies run
 Thro' ev'ry distant Climate own,
 That in fair Albion thou hast seen
 The greatest Prince, the brightest Queen,
 That ever sav'd a Land, or blest a Throne,
 Since first thy Beams were spread, or genial
 Pow'r was known.*

XII. *The Ladies Looking-Glass.*

XIII. *To Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, on her Pastoral call'd Love and Friendship.*

XIV. *Seeing the Duke of Ormond's Picture at Sir Godfrey Kneller's. These Verses describe the Duke of Ormond's glorious Behaviour at the Battel of Landen.*

XV. *Celia to Damon*

XVI. *An Ode. Presented to King William on his Majesty's Arrival in Holland, after the Queen's Death, 1695. The Poet sets out thus:*

*At Mary's Tomb, (sad sacred Place!)
 The Virtues shall their Vigils keep:
 And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace
 In solemn State shall ever weep.*

*The future, pious, mournful Fair,
 Oft as the rolling Years return,
 With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
 Shall visit her distinguish'd Urn.*

*For her the Wise and Great shall mourn;
 When late Records her Deeds repeat:
 Ages to come, and Men unborn
 Shall sigh her Name, and bless her Fate.*

XVII. *In*

- XVII. In Imitation of *Anacreon*.
 XVIII. On the taking of *Namur*.
 XIX. A Poem presented to the King at his Arrival in *Holland*, after the Discovery of the Conspiracy. 1696.
 XX. To *Cloe* Weeping.
 XXI. To Mr. *Howard*. An Ode.
 XXII. *Love Disarm'd*. In this Piece, the Poet makes *Cupid* sleep on *Cloe's* Breast, where she takes him Prisoner, and for his Release obtains his Bow and Dart, with which she wounds Mankind.
 XXIII. *Cupid* and *Ganymede*.
 XXIV. *Cupid* Mistaken.
 XXV. *Venus* Mistaken.
 XXVI. *The Dove* a Poem. In this Poem, *Venus* having lost her favourite Dove, sends *Cupid* to make a Search for it; who repairing to *Cloe*, examines her in Bed, and below her Bosom he finds the Feathers of the *Dove*, as is thus expressed in the last Stanza.

O! whither do those Fingers rove,
 Cries *Cloe*, treach'rous *Urchin*, whither?
 O *Venus*! I shall find the *Dove*,
 Says *He*; for here I touch his Feather.

- XXVII. A Lover's Anger.
 XXVIII. *Mercury* and *Cupid*.
 XXIX. On Beauty, a Riddle.
 XXX. The Question to *Lifetta*. And her Reply.
 XXXI. The Garland.
 XXXII. *Cloe* Jealous. And an Answer to it.
 XXXIII. *Pallas* and *Venus*. An Epigram. *Venus* naked meeting *Pallas* clad in shining Armour, boasts how potent she should be if thus dressed, to which *Pallas* answers,

Thou

*Thou to be strong must put off every Dress:
Thy only Armour is thy Nakedness:
And more than once, (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himself that Armour has been try'd.*

XXXIV. *To a young Gentleman in Love.* A Tale. This Tale has a very good Moral: And begins,

*From publick Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busy Ills of Life,
Take me, my Cloe, to thy Breast;
And lull my wearied Soul to Rest:
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let thee and I, my Fair one, dwell;
None enter else, but Love——and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.*

*To painted Roofs, and shining Spires
(Uneasy Seats of high Desires)
Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud;
In Golden Bondage let them Wait,
And Barter Happiness for State:
But Oh! My Cloe, when thy Swain
Desires to see a Court again;
May Heav'n around this destin'd Head
The choicest of his Curses shed:
To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be False, and I be Great.*

XXXV. *An English Padlock.* The Author fixes the Padlock on the Mind.

XXXVI. *Hans Carvel.* This is a Tale of great Humour.

XXXVII.

XXXVII. *Paulo Purganti* and his Wife: An honest, but a simple Pair. *Paulo Purganti* is a Physician, who having married a young Wife, is not able to go through the repeated Duty desired by her, whereupon he pretends she is sick, and that 'tis Poyson to her.

What, in your Waters? are you mad!
Why Poyson is not half so bad.
I'll do it ——— But I give you Warning:
You'll die before to Morrow Morning. ———
'Tis kind, my Dear, what you advise,
The Lady with a Sigh replies:
But Life, you know, at best is Pain,
And Death is what we should disdain.
So do it therefore ——— and adieu,
For I will die for love of you. ———
Let other Wives by Death be scar'd,
But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

XXXVIII. *The Ladle, a Tale.* This Tale, which seems low and trivial in the Wish for a Silver Ladle, the Husband's wishing it fixed in the Woman's Back-side, and afterwards wishing it out again; has an excellent Moral in the natural Propensity of Mankind, to desire something they have not, and which they don't know what to do with when obtained.

That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin from the Cradle,
'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

XXXIX. Verses written in the Beginning of *Mézeray's History of France.*

XL. A Passage in the *Moria Encomium* of *Erasmus* imitated.

XLI. To Dr. *Sherlock*, on his Practical Discourse concerning Death.

XLII. *Carmen Seculare*, for the Year 1700. To the King. This is an excellent Poem, and very much in Praise of King *William*. The Reverend Mr. *Tho. Dibben* has given the World an admirable Translation of this Piece in *Latin*, which Mr. *Prior* himself owns comes up to the Original. This learned and ingenious Gentleman was bred up in *Trinity College, Cambridge*, and is now Rector of *Fontmel* in the County of *Dorset*. He is likewise Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of *London*, and attended his Lordship at the Congress at *Utrecht* in the Year 1711.

XLIII. An Ode inscribed to the Honourable Colonel *George Villiers*, drowned in the River *Piava* 1703. This Ode is extremely moving, and concludes with this Request of the Person who should find the Corps.

Who e'er thou art, whom Choice or Bus'ness leads
 To this sad River, or the neighb'ring Meads;
 If thou may'st happen on the dreary Shores
 To find the Object which this Verse deplores;
 Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand
 From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
 Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave,
 (The only Honour he can now receive)
 And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw,
 And plant the Warrior Laurel o'er his Brow;
 Light lie the Earth, and flourish green the Bough.
 So when by the same Sentence breathless thou
 And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now;

*May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rites perform to That which once was
Thee.*

XLIV. Prologue spoken at Court before the Queen, on her Majesty's Birth-Day 1704.

XLV. A Letter to Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux*, occasioned by the Victory at *Blenheim* 1704.

XLVI. For the Plan of a Fountain, on which is the Effigies of Queen *Anne* on a triumphal Arch, the Figure of the Duke of *Marlborough* beneath, and the chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

XLVII. *The Chamelion.*

XLVIII. *A Simile.* This is a Comparison of some Poets to Squirrels in a rowling Cage, ever aspiring, but always low.

XLIX. Epigrams, one whereof on a Poet's being called a Fool.

Yes, every Poet is a Fool :

By Demonstration Ned can show it :

Happy, could Ned's inverted Rule

Prove every Fool to be a Poet.

L. *The Nut-brown Maid.* A Poem written three hundred Years since.

LI. *Henry and Emma*, a Poem upon the Model of the Nut-brown Maid. This Poem finely illustrates the Constancy of Love in the severest Tryal.

LII. An Ode humbly inscribed to Queen *Anne*, on the glorious Success of her Majesty's Arms 1706, written in Imitation of *Spencer's* Style. Mr. *Prior* has made *Horace's* fourth Ode in the fourth Book (where he wrote in Praise of *Drusus* after his Expedition into *Germany*, and of *Augustus* up-

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on his happy Choice of that General) his Pattern in this Piece, and has shewn a great Excellency throughout.

LIII. *Cantata*, set by Monsieur Galliard.

LIV. A true Maid.

LV. A reasonable Affliction.

LVI. *Phillis's* Age.

LVII. *A Critical Moment*. This was a fatal Minute.

*How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell?
She was painting her Cheeks at the time her Nose fell.*

LVIII. An Epigram written to the Duke de Noailles.

LIX. *The Thief to the Cordelier*. This Piece has a great deal of Humour.

LX. *An Epitaph*, containing a very natural Description of an easy indolent Life.

LXI. To the Right Honourable Mr. *Harley*, in Imitation of *Horace*, Lib. 1. *Epist.* 9.

LXII. To Mr. *Harley*, wounded by *Guiscard*, 1711, an Ode.

LXIII. *Earl Robert's* Mice. A famous Tale, in *Chaucer's* Style.

LXIV. On *Susanna* and the two Elders, in the same Style.

LXV. To the Lady *Elizabeth Harley*, since Marchioness of *Carmarthen*, on a Column of her Drawing.

LXVI. *Protogenes* and *Apelles*.

LXVII. For the Author's own Tomb-Stone: An excellent Epigram.

LXVIII. *Gualterus Danistonus ad Amicos*, imitated.

LXIX. The first Hymn of *Callimachus* to *Jupiter*.

LXX. The second Hymn of *Callimachus* to *Apollo*.

LXXI.

LXXI. *Charity*: A Paraphrase on the 13th Chapter of the first Epistle to the *Corinthians*. This is an admirable Piece.

LXXII. Written in *Montaigne's* Essays, given to the Duke of *Shrewsbury* in *France*, after the Peace, 1713.

LXXIII. An Epistle, desiring the Queen's Picture. Written at *Paris*, 1714.

LXXIV. *Alma*; or, the Progress of the Mind. In three Canto's. This Poem has an infinite Variety of Invention.

LXXV. *Solomon*, on the Vanity of the World. A Poem in three Books: The first Book on Knowledge, the second Pleasure, and the third on Power. This sublime and incomparable Poem begins thus;

*Ye Sons of Men, with just Regard attend,
Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think is vain:
That in this Pilgrimage of seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Destin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd of the Toil, yet fearful of its End:
That from the Womb we take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Passions, Labours, Tumults, Cares;
And at Approach of Death shall only know
The Truths, which from these pensive Numbers
flow,
That we pursue false Joy, and suffer real Woe.*

After an Enquiry into, and an excellent Description of the various Operations and Effects of Nature, the System of the Heavens, &c. and not being fully informed of them, the first Book concludes;

*How narrow Limits were to Wisdom giv'n?
Earth she surveys: She thence would measure
Heav'n:*

*Thro' Mists obscure, now Wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
And from the Summit of a pathless Coast
Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is lost.*

In the second Book the Uncertainty, Disappointments and Vexation attending Pleasure in general are admirably described; and in the Character of Solomon is sufficiently shewn, that nothing debases Majesty, (or indeed any Man) more than an ungovernable Passion.

*When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love
In my swoln Bosom, with long War had strove;
At length they broke their Bounds; at length their
Force*

*Bore down whatever met its stronger Course:
Laid all the civil Bonds of Manhood waste,
And scatter'd Ruin as the Torrent pass'd.
So from the Hills, when swelling Rain——*

The third Book, which takes particular Notice of the Trouble and Instability of Greatness and Power, considers Man through the several Stages and Conditions of Life, and has fine Reasoning upon Life and Death. On the last there are these Lines,

*Cure of the Miser's Wish, and Coward's Fear,
Death only shews us what we knew was near.
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger, but expect its Pow'r;
Nor*

*Nor Nature's Law with fruitless Sorrow mourn ;
But die, O mortal Man ! for thou wast born.*

In another Place ;

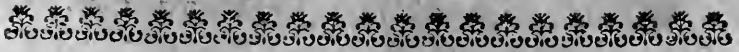
Foyous of Life, but not afraid to die.

And farther, the Poet has these Simile's on Life.

*As Smoke that rises from the kindling Fires
Is seen this Moment, and the next expires :
As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost,
Their fleeting Forms no sooner found than lost :
So vanishes our State ; so pass our Days ;
So Life but opens now, and now decays :
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas ! so nigh ;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.*

Solomon at length finding human Reason too imperfect to resolve his Doubts, relating to Death and a future Being, has Recourse to Religion, which ends this Poem.

All these excellent Poems, with some other small Pieces, are lately published in one large Volume, Folio, with a Dedication to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, which, I may venture to say, is the best that ever was writ in the English Tongue.



Q.

FRANCIS QUARLES, *Esq;*

THE Life of this Gentleman I have written in my first Volume of the Lives of the Poets, so that my Business in this place is to give some Account, tho' short, of his Poetical Writings, not Dramatick; which I shall do as follows.

- I. The History of *Sampson* done into Verse.
- II. The History of *Jonah*.
- III. Of *Job Militant*, a Piece much commended.
- IV. The History of *Esther*.
- V. Songs of *Sion*.

VI. *Sion's Elegies*. All these are writ in a lofty Strain.

VII. *Argalus and Parthenia*. This Piece is mostly taken from Sir *Philip Sidney's Arcadia*.

VIII. Epigrams, Emblems, &c.

He was Cotemporary with Mr. *Phineas Fletcher*, that Divine Poet, and great Philosopher; on whose Excellent Poem entituled the *Purple Island*, he wrote these Verses, comparing Man's Frame to a Building.

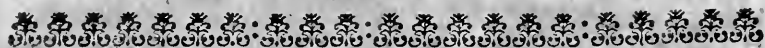
*Man's Body like a House, his greater Bones
Are the main Timber; and the lesser ones
Are only Splints: His Ribs like Laths daub'd o'er
Plaster'd with Flesh and Blood: His Mouth's the
Door,*

*His Throat's the narrow Entry, and his Heart
Is the great Chamber, full of curious Art:*

His

*His Midriff makes a large Partition Wall,
 'Twixt the great Chamber, and the spacious Hall:
 His Stomach is the Kitchin, where the Meat
 Is often but half sod for want of Heat:
 His Spleen's a Vessel, Nature does allot
 To take the Scum that rises from the Pot:
 His Lungs are like the Bellows, that respire
 In ev'ry Office, quickning every Fire:
 His Nose the Chimney is, whereby are vented
 Such Fumes as with the Bellows are augmented:
 His Bowels make the Sink, his Parts to drain
 All noisom Filth, and keep the Kitchen clean:
 His Eyes are Cristal Windows, clear and bright;
 Let in the Object, and let out the Light.
 And as the Timber is or great, or small,
 Or strong, or weak; 'tis apt to stand or fall:
 Yet is the likeliest Building sometimes known
 To fall by obvious Chances; overthrow'n
 Oft times by Tempests——*

This Poet Flourish'd in the beginning of the
 Reign of King James the First.

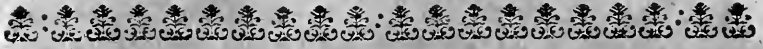


Mr. JOHN QUARLES.

SON to *Francis Quarles*, Esq; and his Father's
 Genius was not only infus'd into him, but his
 sound Principles of Loyalty. He was addicted to
 Arms as well as Arts, being a Captain in the King's
 Army; but on the Grand Rebellion Loyalty suf-
 fering an Eclipse, he came up to *London*, and there
 continu'd 'till the great Sicknes prevailed, which,
 amongst vast Numbers of others, swept him away.
 His Poetical Pieces are,

I. An Excellent *Elegy* on the Lord *Capell*.

II. A Curſe on the Enemies of Peace, a very Loyal Poem, concluding with this Line,

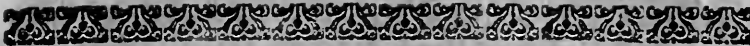
Who loves not Peace, in Peace ſhall never Die.

R.

Mr. WILLIAM RAMSEY.

A Poet in the Reign of King *Henry* the Second. He was Born in *Huntingtonshire*, in which County flouriſhed the richeſt *Benedictines* Abbey in *England*, tho' he did not ſettle here, but removed to *Crowland*, where Proſperity attending him, he ſoon became Abbot. He was a Man of great natural Parts, a fine Scholar, and good Mathematician: And what is moſt worthy Obſervation in his Life (and very much ſo, conſidering him a Poet) was his accumulating great Wealth, and thereout diſcharging Forty Thouſand Marks the Debt of others, for which his Convent was engaged. This was an immense Sum in that Age, but 'twas reported he had the Aſſiſtance of King *Henry*, who to expiate the Blood of *Becket*, was very bountiful to many Churches. He died about the Year 1180, and in his Lifetime wrote

I. The Life of *St. Edmond* the King.II. Of *St. Guthlake*.III. *St. Neots*; all in Verſe.*Mr.*



Mr. THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THE minutest particulars of this ingenious Gentleman's Life cannot be otherwise than entertaining, as he was a Favourite of the great *Ben. Johnson*; for which reason, I shall add to what I have mentioned of him in the *Poetical Register*, that his extraordinary Indulgence to the too liberal Converse with the Multitude of his Applauders, drawing him to an immoderate way of Living, by the Influence of *Bacchus*, there happened on a time some Words to pass between him and another Gentleman; which at length grew so high, that the Gentleman drew his Sword, and cut off *Mr. Randolph's* little Finger, whereupon he Extempore, and with his usual good Humour, made this Couplet.

*A Finger's Loss, I speak it not in Sport,
Will make a Verse a Foot at least too short.*

After this, during his Stay in *London*, when his Circumstances were very low, he resolved a Visit to *Ben. Johnson*, and the rest of the famous Wits of his time, which he was informed used to associate, and keep a Club together at the *Devil Tavern* near *Temple-Bar*. Accordingly he repaired thither, but being dejected through his want of Money, he had not assurance to venture into the Room where *Ben.* and his Companions were assembled, but peeped in at them, whereupon *Ben. Johnson's* quick Eye soon discovered him, and he immediately said *John Bo-peep* come in, and by that Encouragement he presumed to approach the Company, where he was
well

well received; tho' they began to make Verses on the Meanness of his Habit, and asked him if he could not Rhime, at the same time requiring him to call for his Bottle; to which, there being four of them, he thus answered,

*I John Bo-peep, to you four Sheep,
With each on his good Fleece,
If that you are willing, to give me five Shilling,
'Tis Fifteen-pence a piece.*

By Jesus, quoth *Ben. Johnson* (his usual Oath) I believe this is my Son *Randolph*, which being made known to them, he met with a very friendly Entertainment, and *Ben.* ever after called him his Son.

His Poems published after his Death, and ushered into the World by the greatest Wits of those times, passed the Test with general Applause, and have bore several Impressions; amongst which were most esteemed, the two following Pieces, *viz.*

I. *The Cambridge Duns*, a very facetious entertaining Performance.

II. His Parley with his empty Purse; a Piece admir'd for its Humour.



Captain ALEXANDER RATCLIFF.

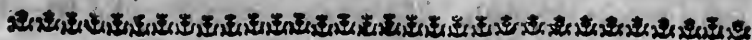
AN Officer of the Army, devoted to *Parnassus*. He was a Man of a strong propensity to Mirth and Pleasure, as generally most of our Military Gentlemen are. He wrote merrily in all his Performances, and the chief of his Works are,

I. *The Ramble.*

II. *A Call to the Guard by a Drum.*

III. *News*

III. *News from Hell.* All these Pieces have a great deal of low Humour.



Mr. REYNARDSON.

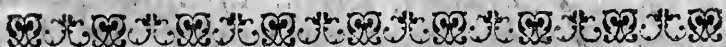
A Young Gentleman Educated at *Baliol* College in *Oxford*; he Studied Physick for some time at *Leyden*, where I am inform'd he took a Doctor's Degree. He is the Son of an eminent *Turkey* Merchant formerly of *London*, but now Collector of the Customs at *Bristol*. His Pieces are,

I. *The Stage.* A Poem. This Piece after a general Description of the Progress of the Stage, gives particular Characters of our most celebrated Poets and Actors.

II. *An Ode on Divine Vengeance.* This is an excellent Poem.

This Author, in his Poem on the Stage, taking notice of Foreigners being formerly rejected, but of late very much caref'd, has this Similie with relation to the *French*.

*So Frogs by French-men are as Dainties Stew'd,
And what was Egypt's Plague is France's Food.*



S.

HENRY SACHEVERELL, D. D.

THIS famous Divine was born at *Marlborough* in *Wiltshire*. He is a younger Son of the Reverend Mr. *Sacheverell* Minister of that Place; a Gentleman of great Character and Esteem

steem, descended from an ancient Family in *Nottinghamshire*; but he was disinherited by his Father (a rigid Dissenter) for his strict Adherence to the *Established Church*. He was educated at the *Free-School* at *Marlborough*, and from thence in the Year 1689, elected to *Magdalen College* in *Oxford*. In this Society he early distinguished himself by a regular Observation of the Duties of the House, by his Compositions, good Manners, and genteel Behaviour. These Qualifications recommended him to that Society, of which he was Fellow, and, as publick Tutor, had the Care of the Education of most of the young Gentlemen of Quality and Fortune that were admitted of the College, committed to him. In this Station he bred a great many Persons eminent for their Learning and great Abilities; and, amongst the Poets, 'tis to his Honour that he was Tutor to Mr. *Holdsworth*, Author of the celebrated *Latin Piece* entituled, *Muscipula*. He was Contemporary and Chamber-Fellow with the late Mr. Secretary *Addison*, and one of his chief Intimates till the time of his famous Trial; which tho' not the most agreeable to that Gentleman, gained him great Popularity and Reputation with the Church-Party, for his Religious and political Principles. In 1708, he was chosen Preacher of *St. Saviour's Southwark*, and in 1712, by the late Queen's Favour, he was presented to the Living of *St. Andrew's Holborn*, which he now enjoys, with a considerable temporal Estate left him by his Kinsman *George Sacheverell*, Esq; at *Callow* in *Derbyshire*. In his younger Years he wrote several excellent Poems, particularly *Latin Poetry*; and besides some Pieces of his in the 2d and 3d Volumes of *Muse Anglicana*, ascribed to his Pupils, there is one in the *Second Volume* under his own Name intituled,

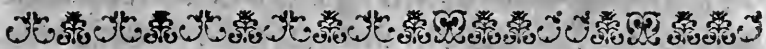
Carmen

Carmen in Obitum, &c. in which there are these Remarkable Lines on Queen *Mary*.

*Vel Patri deflenda Anima, & quam Regius
Exul*

*Deploret, lachrymisq; Senilia proluat Ora
Dum Natam reputat; licet Illi mente resurgat
Sceptri avulsus Honos, raptique Injuria Regni!*

Mr. *Addison's* Account of the most considerable *English* Poets, in a Farewel Poem to the Muses on his intending to enter into Holy-Orders, was written to Dr. *Sacheverell*, his then Dearest Friend and Colleague.



The Right Honourable CHARLES
CRANFIELD SACKVILLE
late Earl of Dorset and Middlefex.

THE late Lord *Dorset* was descended from Sir *Robert Sackville*, a celebrated Gentleman in the Reign of King *Henry I.* And his Family came into *England* with *William* the Conqueror; but none of his Ancestors were promoted to Peerage till the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, when *John Sackville*, Esq; was made Lord *Buckhurst*: He was likewise Lord Treasurer to that Princess, and her Successor King *James I.* the latter creating him Earl of *Dorset*. *Edward* Grandson of this Lord, was Lord Chamberlain to King *Charles I.* And *Charles*, the Illustrious Nobleman whose Life I am writing, was Grandson to this *Edward*. He was one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to King *Charles* the Second,
and

and Lord Chamberlain of the Household to King *William* the Third, by whom he was created Earl of *Middlesex*, and made Knight of the Garter. He was the Wonder and Delight of all that knew him, and the great *Mecenas* of the last Age. As *Mr. Prior* has observ'd, a Thousand Ornaments and Graces met in the Composition of this great Man, and contributed to make him universally belov'd and esteem'd. While the Greatness of his Mien inform'd Men, they were approaching the Nobleman, the Sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron. His Behaviour was easy and courteous to all, but distinguish'd, and adapted to each Man in particular according to his Station and Quality. His Wit was abundant, noble, bold: And his extraordinary Genius was accompanied with a true Judgment in all kinds of Learning. This occasion'd the most eminent Masters in their several ways to appeal to his Determination, as *Waller*, *Dryden*, *Butler*, &c. His Thoughts were always new, and the Expression of them very happy. His Satyr indeed is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what the Lord *Rochester* says he was;

The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse.

He was very sharp in his Reflections, but never in the wrong Place. His Darts were sure to wound; but they were sure to hit none but those whose Follies gave him very fair Aim. *Mr. Dryden* says his Lordship excell'd all others in the several Parts of Poetry he had undertaken: And he was not only an excellent Poet himself, but he knew how to set a Value upon the ingenious Performances of others, and to encourage them according to their Merit. His Generosity was beyond all Example. He was the Support of all the Poets of his

his Time: And 'twas he that recommended the Late Lord *Halifax* to King *William*, promoted Mr. *Prior*, preferr'd Mr. *Mainwaring*, Mr. *Stepney* and many others who have made no inconsiderable Figure in Publick Employments. His Lordship liv'd to a fair Age, and died very much lamented at his Seat at *Withenham* near *Buckhurst* in *Suffex*. He Honour'd the World with the following Poems.

I. To the Countess of *Dorchester*, Mistress to King *James II*. This is a short, but very severe Satyr.

II. *The most eminent Ninnies*; a Satyr upon King *James's* Courtiers; wherein the fair Sex have also a large Share of his Lordship's pointed Reflections.

III. To a Person of Honour, upon his Incomparable Incomprehensible Poem: *The British Princes*, an Heroick Poem, Written by the Honourable *Edward Howard*, Esq;.

IV. Madam *Maintenon's* Advice to the *French* King.

V. *Knotting*, a Poem. And some other small Pieces.



GEORGE SANDYS, Esq;.

SON of Dr. *Sandys*, Archbishop of *York*; and a divine Poet and elegant Translator in the last Age, who oblig'd the Publick with an Admirable Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. He English'd *Ovid's* Verses on Fame,

*Famque Opus exegi: Quod nec Jovis ira, nec
ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.*

Thus,

Thus,

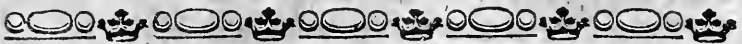
*And now the Work is ended, which Jove's Rage,
Nor Fire, nor Sword, shall raze, nor eating Age,
Come when it will my Death's uncertain Hour,
Which only of my Body hath a Pow'r :
Yet shall my better part transcend the Sky,
And my Immortal Name shall never dye :
For where'soe'er the Roman Eagles spread
Their Conqu'ring Wings, I shall of all be read.
And if we Prophets can Presages give,
I in my Fame eternally shall Live.*

Horace, Martial, Lucan, and other ancient Poets have Lines to the same purpose; as have likewise some of our Modern Bards; (tho' with less Right) which makes good the Motto.

*Marmora Mæonij vincunt Monumenta Libelli ;
Vivitur ingenio.——*

Mr. *Addison*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Sewel*, and several other Ingenious Gentlemen have lately given us an excellent Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

The other Works of Mr. *Sandys*, are his Paraphrase on the Book of *Job*, *Psalms*, *Ecclesiastes*, &c.



Sir CAR SCROOP.

THIS Gentleman was an intimate of the late Lord *Dorset's*; and famous for his Wit. He was descended from a very good Family in *Nottinghamshire*; and in his Younger Years he gave the Publick a Poem call'd,

The Parting of *Sireno* and *Diana*; and some other Pieces, in the *Miscellanies*.

Mr. GEORGE



Mr. GEORGE SEWEL.

AN ingenious Gentleman now living. He is the eldest Son of Mr. *John Sewel*, Treasurer and Chapter-Clerk of the College of *Windsor*, where our Poet was born. He was educated at *Eaton School*, and afterwards sent to the University of *Cambridge*, and at *Peter-House College* he took the Degree of Batchelor of Physick. Coming to *London*, he has practis'd as a Physician some years; but his Inclinations running strong for Poetry, he has given the World several Performances very much applauded. He is a Man of Wit, Learning, and good Judgment; and besides his excellent Tragedy of *Sir Walter Raleigh*, his Poems are the following, (*viz.*)

I. To his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, upon his going into *Germany*, Anno 1712. This Poem begins thus:

*Go, mighty Prince, and those great Nations see,
Which thy victorious Arms before made free;
View that fam'd Column, where thy Name engrav'd,
Shall tell their Children who their Empire sav'd.
Point out that Marble, where thy Worth is shown
To every grateful Country, but thy own.*

II. Upon his Majesty's Accession, inscrib'd to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

III. Verses to her Royal Highness the Princess, on the Death of the young Prince.

178 *The Lives and Characters of the*

IV. A Description of the Field of Battel, after *Cæsar* was Conqueror at *Pharsalia*. From the seventh Book of *Lucan*.

V. Translations from *Lucan*, occasion'd by the Tragedy of *Cato*.

VI. The fifth Elegy of the first Book of *Catullus*. To *Delia*.

VII. An Apology for loving a Widow.

VIII. The fifth Psalm paraphras'd.

IX. A Letter to Mr. *Thornhill*, written from *Hampstead*.

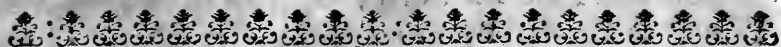
X. Upon Mr. *Addison's Cato*.

XI. An Epistle to Mr. *Addison*, on the Death of the Earl of *Halifax*. This is an excellent Poem; it begins,

*And shall Great Halifax resign to Fate,
And not one Bard upon his Ashes wait?
Or is with him all Inspiration fled,
And lie the Muses with their Patron dead?
Convince us, Addison, his Spirit reigns,
Breathing again in thy immortal Strains:
To thee the list'ning World impartial bends,
Since Halifax and Envy now are Friends.*

XII. *Cupid's Proclamation*: A Poem.

This Gentleman assisted Mr. *Rome* in his Translation of *Callipædia*; and he was one of the Translators of Mr. *Addison's* Latin Poems.



The Right Noble JOHN SHEFFIELD,
Duke of Buckinghamshire, Marquiss of
Normanby, Earl of Mulgrave, &c.

THIS illustrious Nobleman, the greatest Honour to his Country, and the *Mecœnas* of this Age, is descended from Sir *Robert Sheffield* Knight, who lived in the time of King *Henry III.* *Robert*, Son of the said Sir *Robert*, was likewise Knighted by King *Edward I.* and in Right of his Wife *Genet*, eldest Daughter and Coheir to *Alexander Lownde* Esq; became Lord of the Mannor of *Botterwick* in the County of *Lincoln.* *Robert*, Grandson of the last nam'd Sir *Robert Sheffield*, was Father of another *Robert*, who marry'd a Daughter of Sir *Thomas Staunton* of the County of *York*, and by her had *Robert Sheffield* Esq; his Son and Heir: which *Robert* had Issue, Sir *Robert Sheffield*, who, in the Reign of King *Henry VII.* was Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir *Robert*, by *Helen*, Daughter and Heir to Sir *John Delves*, had Issue *Robert Sheffield*, Father of *Edmund Sheffield*, advanc'd to the Dignity of Baron of *Botterwick* in the first Year of *Edward VI.* This *Edmund* marry'd *Anne*, Daughter of *John Vere* the sixth Earl of *Oxford*, and by her left Issue *John* his Son and Heir: He was a Nobleman of great Loyalty and Valour, but was unfortunately slain by Rebels upon the Insurrection of the Commons in *Norfolk.* *John* his Son, by *Dowglas* Daughter to *William* Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*, had a Son likewise nam'd *Edmund*, made Knight of the Garter by Queen *Elizabeth*,

and created Earl of *Mulgrave* by King *Charles I.* and he had Issue six Sons; but all dying young, he was succeeded by *Edmund* his Grandson. This *Edmund* marrying *Elizabeth*, Daughter to *Lionel* Earl of *Middlesex*, Lord Treasurer to King *James* the First, had by her *John*, the now living Ornament of this noble Family; who having travell'd abroad in *France* and *Italy* for some time, was (during the *Dutch Wars*) a Volunteer with the Earl of *Ossery*, in that bloody Engagement at *Soldbay*, and behav'd himself so gallantly, that he had immediately given him the Command of the *Royal Catherine*, a First-Rate Ship: But his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, under whom he serv'd, being forc'd to quit the Sea after that Summer was over, on account of his Religion, this Lord had first a new-rais'd Regiment given him, and soon after an old one, call'd the *Holland Regiment*; his new one and that being incorporated, it became to have twenty four Companies, and so continu'd all that *Dutch War*.

Afterwards he was in favour enough to be made a Lord of the Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the Garter, and when the Duke of *Monmouth* lost all his Commands, succeeded him in the Government of *Hull*: All which Employments he kept for many Years, till he was made Lord Chamberlain. And it should not be forgotten, that during his remaining in the Army, he went several times either to the *Dutch* or the *French*, according as *England* engag'd in those Quarrels; and when *Tangier* was besieg'd by the *Moors*, he, by his own Request, obtain'd the commanding a Detachment thither of two thousand five hundred of our best Troops; which, tho' transported with much Difficulty and extraordinary Haste, not arriving till just after the Siege was rais'd, and a Truce made for

for five Months, with a Prospect of future Peace, his Lordship return'd with such a surprizing Account, sign'd by all the Officers there, of its being not tenable (by the *Moors* being improv'd in Cannon) and consequently of the King's having been deceiv'd in expending five hundred thousand Pounds to make a Mole there, that it was thought fit to be all blown up at last.

When the Revolution happen'd, his Lordship, tho' not in any way contributing to it, was so kindly us'd, and such an Opinion had King *William* of his great Merit, that, after King *James's* Death, he made him of his Cabinet-Council, and a Marquis, with a Pension of 3000 *l.* a year. Upon the Death of King *William*, the first Ministers of Queen *Anne* were the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Earl of *Godolphin*, the Earl of *Nottingham*, the Earl of *Rocheſter*, and this noble Lord, whom that Princess made Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, with a Pension added to it; which, on some Change in Affairs, he could not be prevail'd with to continue, even with Offers of greater Favours. But in the Year 1710. he was made first Lord Steward, and afterwards President of the Council: This important Place he kept till the Queen's Death, and consequently had the greatest Post in the Regency.

His Lordship's Valour has been sufficiently prov'd, and his other Abilities are not confin'd to Letters only, and the Encouragement of Learning; for in him we see the most accomplish'd Nobleman, the excellent Poet, the shining Orator, the polite Courtier, and most consummate Statesman, attended with the utmost Honour and Generosity: He has adorn'd the high Station of President of the Council more than once, and acquitted himself therein with that Grace and Fidelity, as to

be thought worthy imitation by his greatest Successors.

This great Person (besides two excellent Tragedies in Blank Verse, which, tho' never so much importun'd, yet he has not suffer'd to be acted) has honour'd the World with the following Poems, viz.

I. *An Essay on Poetry.* My Lord, in this admirable Poem, has not only shewn his very great Wit, but, as Mr. Pope observes, restor'd Wits fundamental Laws, it containing the best Rules for Poetry of any Piece written in the *English Language*; and my Lord of *Roscommon's Essay on translated Verse*, in compliment to the Duke of *Buckingham*, begins,

*Happy that Author, whose correct * Essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way.*

II. *An Ode of Brutus*, in answer to that of the famous *Cowley*, and no way inferior to it.

III. *A Poem in praise of Hobbs.*

IV. *The Temple of Death.* This is an admirable Piece.

V. *The Rapture*, an excellent Poem. *by Carew.*

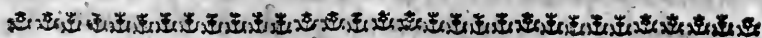
VI. *The Happy Night*, misprinted as being written by the Earl of *Rochester*; with several Copies of Love-Verses spread up and down in the *Miscellanies*, without his Lordship's Permission, under the Names of Earl of *Mulgrave* and Marquis of *Nor-manby*. His *Essay on Poetry* begins thus:

*Of Things in which Mankind does most excel,
Nature's chief Master-Piece is writing well;
And of all sorts of Writings, none there are
That can the least with Poetry compare:*

* *Essay on Poetry.*

No kind of Work requires so nice a Touch,
 And if well finish'd nothing shines so much :
 But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
 To grace the Vulgar with that sacred Name.
 'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes ;
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done ;
 True Wit is everlasting like the Sun :
 Which tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
 Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound,
 Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar Arts ;
 For all in vain these superficial Parts,
 Contribute to the Structure of the whole
 Without a Genius too, for that's the Soul ;
 A Spirit which inspires the Work throughout,
 As that of Nature moves the World about ;
 A Heat which glows in every Word that's writ,
 'Tis something of Divine, and more than Wit ;
 It self unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.

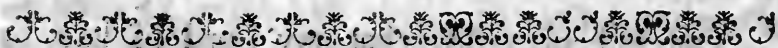
I am inform'd also, that my Lord of late has
 written in Prose, equal to his Compositions of
 Poetry, two Dialogues of the Dead ; one of them
 between Mahomet and the Duke of Guise about Re-
 ligion, the other between Augustus Caesar and Car-
 dinal Richlieu of Politicks : A Satyrical Feast of the
 Gods, in imitation of Julian ; and his excellent
 Character of King Charles II. got into Print, with-
 out his Leave, about five and twenty Years ago.



Sir FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD.

A Very ingenious Gentleman, who has oblig'd us with some Pieces of Poetry. He was Son of *William Shepherd*, of *Great Rowbright*, in the County of *Oxford*; Esq; and was born in the Year 1634. He studied for some time at *Oxford*, and afterwards liv'd with the late Lord *Dorset*, to whom he was a constant Companion and Friend. He was a Man of a great deal of Wit, commonly *extempore* and particular, and he had a fine way of Writing, which was both careless and new. The chief of his Performances was,

The Countess of Dorset's Petition to the late Queen Mary for Chocolate, a very pretty out of the way Piece. He died of an Apoplexy at his Seat at *Rowbright* aforesaid, the 6th of *September*, 1698. and lies interr'd in the Chancel of the Church there, without any Memorial.



Sir CHARLES SIDLEY.

THIS accomplish'd Gentleman was descended from a very great and antient Family seated in the County of *Kent*. He was Father to the Countess of *Dorchester*; and his Lady, being a Roman Catholick, parted with him when he was very young. He appear'd in publick about the Year 1663, when the Court of King *Charles* the Second was in its full Splendor, and there were Men of such Perfections in Wit, Sense, and Learning, and that among some of the highest Rank, as no Age of the *Englist* Court had ever seen before. He was

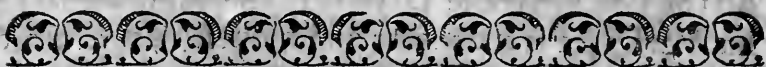
a Man celebrated for Wit and Gallantry, and highly applauded in all Conversations. It happen'd by him in respect of the King, as is said of the famous Cardinal *Richlieu*, that they who recommended him to his Majesty thereby supplanted themselves, and afterwards envied him. He had a masterly Genius in Poetry, an exuberant Fancy, and a Happiness beyond most Men in expressing himself. In all he wrote, we find nothing indecent or obscene, tho' that was the fashionable Vice of the Poets in those Days. In the most wanton of his Verses he is mannerly and modest, yet in words inimitably soft, and Expressions extremely passionate. He not only out-did, but out-liv'd most of his Contemporaries; tho' he dislik'd the Town as he grew into Years, especially after King *Charles the Second's* Death. At the Revolution, he appear'd warm on the side of King *William*, particularly in voting the Throne vacant, and filling it up: Upon which, it was said, he pass'd that bitter Jest upon King *James*, viz. *That he was even with that Prince in point of Civility: For as he made his Daughter a Countess, so he had helped to make his Daughter a Queen.* He liv'd to the beginning of Queen *Anne's* Reign, and died at about the Age of ninety, the Gaiety of his Wit and Humour continuing to the last. His Poems are,

- I. *A Dialogue between Amintas and Celia.*
- II. *The Platonick.*
- III. *The Indifference.* This Poem shews that a Coldness in Love sufficiently effects a Cure of the Passion.
- IV. *Constancy.*
- V. *The Submission.*
- VI. *To Celia*, and several other small Love-Pieces.

Sir Charles, in his Poem called the *Indifference*, has these Verses ;

*In losing me, proud Nymph, you lose
The humblest Slave your Beauty knows ;
In losing you, I but throw down
A cruel Tyrant from her Throne.*

This Gentleman likewise translated several Pieces from *Virgil*, *Horace*, and other antient Poets.



Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

A Gentleman of immortal Fame for Arts and Arms, and the Glory of the *English Nation*, in a Reign which was only worthy of him, that of the Great Queen *Elizabeth*. He was Son of Sir *Henry Sidney*, several times Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and was born at *Penshurst* in the County of *Kent*, in the Year 1554. He had his Education at *Christ's-Church* College in *Oxford*, where he excell'd all his Cotemporaries for polite Literature, and was the greatest Honour to the University. From hence he was invited to Court, by his Uncle *Robert Dudley* Earl of *Leicester*, who married his Mother's Sister ; whereupon he quitted his Academical Life, and, coming to *London*, he apply'd himself to the Business of the State. Here he soon became the glorious Star of his Family : His exquisite Learning and fine Parts so endear'd him to Queen *Elizabeth*, that she sent him upon a very important Embassy to the Emperor of *Germany* ; and by his Travels he became renown'd throughout *Europe*. He was the Admiration of all Countries,

tries, and unequal'd Abroad as well as at Home ; which, as some Authors tell us, occasion'd his being put in Election for the Kingdom of *Poland*. He return'd from his Embassy with unusual Honour and Reputation, and his great Virtue, excellent Wit, and sweet Temper, did not more commend him to the Affection of Mankind, than his great Courage and Conduct proclaim'd his Fame amongst the Heroes of his time. During the *Dutch Wars*, he was made Governor of *Flushing* ; but at length in an Action before *Zutphen*, in the midst of Victory, he was unfortunately wounded in the Thigh, whereof he died some Days after. This fatal Skirmish happen'd in the Year 1586. and took off the finest Gentleman in the World in his Prime. His Behaviour was such, that 'tis questionable whether his Wisdom, Industry, or Valour may challenge to it self the greatest Praise and Commendation ; and all *Christendom* had a Loss in his Fall. *Nat. Lee*, in his Dedication to *Cesar Borgia*, says, Sir *Philip Sidney* was so extravagantly great, that he refus'd to be a King. He was at once a *Cesar* and a *Virgil*, the leading Soldier, and the foremost Poet. He obliged the World with the following Pieces, *viz.*

I. *His Arcadia*, an incomparable Romance, dedicated to his Sister the Countess of *Pembroke*. This Piece, besides the most entertaining Novels, and Intrigues, has in it all the Strains of Poetry, and shews a very great Genius in the Author.

II. *Astrophel and Stella*. This Work contains several Poems and Songs in Praise of his Lady, whom he celebrated under the bright Name of *Stella* ; she was Daughter to the Great Sir *Francis Walsingham*.

III. *A Defence of Poesy*, a very good Piece in those Days. He also translated part of that excellent

cellent Treatise of *Philip Morney du Plessis*, of the Truth of the Christian Religion.

He was not so fond of his *Arcadia*, as the Bishop of *Heliodorus* was of his amorous Book; for a little before his Death he desir'd an intimate Friend of his to burn it; but what Answer his Friend made is uncertain: However, this gave the Subject for the following *Latin Epigram*:

Ipse tuam moriens (sed Conjuge Teste) jubebas

Arcadium Sævis ignibus esse Cibum:

Si meruit Mortem, quia Flammam accendit Amoris,

Mergi, non Uri, debuit iste Liber.

In librum quæcunq; cadat Sententia: Nulla

Debuit Ingenium morte perire tuum.

In his last Agonies, when his Friends were about him, and express'd the greatest Sorrow at his approaching Fate, taking notice of his quitting Life for eternal Happiness, he made these Lines:

Why mourn you thus, my Parents, Friends, and Kin?

Lament ye when I lose, not when I win.

His Body was brought over from *Holland* to *England*, and interr'd with great Solemnity in *St. Paul's Church London*. There was an Epitaph on his Tomb, the Contents of which was, that *England* had his Body, the *Netherlands* his Blood.

The Heavens have his Soul, the Arts his Fame;

All Soldiers share his Grief, and the World his good

Name.

King *James* the First wrote these *Latin Verses* on the Death of this Gallant and Accomplish'd Gentleman.

Armipotens

*Armipotens cui jus in fortia pectora Mavors,
 Tu Dea quæ cerebrum perrumpere digna totantis,
 Tuque adeo bijugæ proles Latonia rupis
 Gloria, decidua cingunt quam collibus artes,
 Duc tecum, & querela Sidnæi funera voce
 Plangite; nam vester fuerat Sidnæus alumnus,
 Quid genus, & Proavos, & Spem, Floremq; Ju
 (ventæ,
 Immaturo obitu raptum sine fine retexo?
 Heu frustra queror? heu rapuit Mors omnia se-
 (cum,
 Et nihil ex tanto nunc est Heroe superstes,
 Præterquam Decus & Nomen virtute paratum,
 Doctaque Sidneas testantia Carmina laudes.*

These Lines of Majesty, tho' a great Honour to his Memory, did not exceed his Merit: And Sir John Harrington made this Epigram upon Occasion of them:

*If that be true, the latter Proverb says,
 Laudari a Laudatis is most Praise:
 Sidney, thy Works are in Fame's Books enroll'd,
 By Princes Pens, which have thy Acts extoll'd,
 Whereby thy Name shall last to endless Days.*



Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

AN ingenious Lady now living: She is the Daughter of a considerable Clothier of Frome in Somersetshire, and since the Writing most of her Poems, she has been married to Dr. Rowe an eminent Physician; but is now a Widow. She is

a Woman of great Religion, and retir'd from the World; and having formerly studied very much, particularly Poetry, by the Encouragement of the Lady *Weymouth* of *Long-Leat*, and the Lady *Winchelsea*, she has writ several Pieces very well receiv'd; the chief whereof are the following:

I. *A Pastoral on the Nativity of our Saviour*; in imitation of an *Italian Pastoral*. This is an excellent Poem.

II. *In Praise of Memory*.

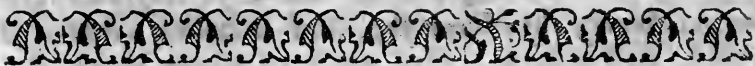
III. *Tasso's Jerusalem*, Book the fourth english'd.

IV. *The Vision*, a Piece of great Fancy.

V. *The Creation*. This is a very good Poem, and it concludes something like *Sir Richard Blackmore's* Poem of the same Name:

Hail! mighty Maker of the Universe!
My Song shall still thy glorious Deeds rehearse:
Thy Praise, whatever Subject others chuse,
Shall be the lofty Theme of my aspiring Muse.

VI. *Love and Friendship*, a *Pastoral*. This Piece is very much commended, in a Copy of Verses to the Author, by *Mr. Prior*.



Mr. JOHN SKELTON.

THIS Poet was born at *Dis*, a small Town in *Norfolk*, and had bestow'd on him a good Education. He completed his Studies at the University of *Oxford*, where, according to *Bale*, he took the Degree of Doctor in Divinity; but this seems to be a Mistake: Certain it is, he was in Priest's Orders, and Rector of *Dis*, the Place of his

his Nativity. As he perpetually oppos'd the Order of *Dominicans*, for this and some other Errors, being married, or at least keeping a Concubine, he fell under the Censure of Dr. *Richard Nykke* Bishop of *Norwich*; tho' this was not so fatal to him as the Prosecution of Cardinal *Woolsey*, whom he had bitterly revil'd in several of his Writings. The Cardinal, who had so little Charity as never to forgive an Injury, pursu'd his Resentment to that Extremity, that he was forc'd to fly for Sanctuary to *Westminster*, where notwithstanding the violent Proceedings of his powerful Adversary, he grew in great Favour with Abbot *Islip*; but he did not survive the Cardinal, nor his Confinement: for he died in Restraint, about a Year before the Fall of that Prelate. Whether he was Poet Laureat to King *Henry* the Eighth, as *Bale* and some others stile him, is uncertain; if he held that Place, as probably he might, it is reasonable to suppose it must be before Cardinal *Woolsey* was advanc'd in Power. During his Restraint, either to amuse his Solitude, or at the Request of the Abbot, he adorn'd the Monuments of several great Personages in *Westminster-Abbey* with Tables and Epitaphs; as those of *Sigebert* the *Saxon*, *Henry VII.* *Chaucer*, and others; some of which still remain, tho' most of them were destroy'd in the grand Rebellion. As to his Temper, if we may judge by his Writings, it was very jocose, but an ill-natur'd Wit attending it, which prov'd very much to his Prejudice. This brought upon him the Hatred and Ill-Will of several learned Men of his time, among which was Mr. *Lilly* the famous Grammarian; against whom our *Skelton* had writ a severe Satire, which *Lilly* answer'd in as sharp a manner; and indeed he was generally call'd the *Democritus* and *Lucian* of *England*.

land. But as his great Learning puffed him up to insult several of his Contemporaries, so in a great measure it skreen'd him from their Resentments; for altho' these Poetical Feuds and Differences were carry'd to a great height, he was always esteem'd by the most learned Men of that Age, both at Home and Abroad; and *Erasmus*, that great Master of Wit, and Restorer of Learning, writing of *Skelton* to King *Henry VIII.* calls him, *Britanniarum Literarum Lumen ac Decus.* The chief of his Performances are,

I. *On the Death of King Henry the Fourth.*

II. *Speak Parrot.*

III. *Beware the Hawk.*

IV. *The Tunning of Elianor Rumming.* This Piece has been lately reprinted. His Stile in his Poetry is loose and rambling; and his Measure of Verse a little uneven.

He dy'd in Sanctuary at *Westminster*, in the 21st Year of *Henry VIII.* and was bury'd in *St. Margaret's Church*; with this Inscription upon his Tomb.

*Johannes Skeltonus vates Pierius hic situs est,
Animam egit (ejecit) xxi. Junii, A. D. 1529.*

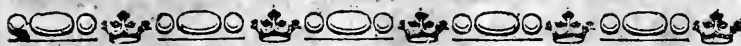


Dr. GEORGE SMALLRIDGE, *late Bishop*
of Bristol.

A Very pious and learned Prelate, born in the City of *Litchfield* in *Staffordshire*, and educated as a King's Scholar under *Dr. Busby* at *Westminster School*; from whence he was elected to *Christ-Church College* in *Oxford*. Here he became an excellent *Latin Poet*, and was very much admir'd

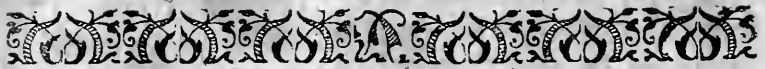
mir'd for his great Learning, obliging Conversation, and exemplary Piety. He was Regius-Professor in Divinity at *Oxford*: And as to his Preferments in the Church, he was first made Canon of *Christ-Church*, afterwards Dean of *Carlisle*, and Bishop of *Bristol*, and Dean of *Christ-Church*. He was likewise Lord Almoner to her late Majesty Queen *Anne*, and also to his present Majesty for some time after his Accession to the Throne. He has writ several *Latin* Poems, especially the following:

On the Death of Queen Anne, and the Accession of King George; a Poem, translated by an eminent Hand. This is an admirable Piece; but what gain'd him the greatest Reputation was his *Auctio Davasiana*, a *Latin* Poem design'd for a publick Performance at an Act on the Theatre, esteem'd the most finish'd Piece of the kind that had been produc'd in that Univerfity.



JOHN Lord SOMERS.

THIS excellent Lawyer, and great Statesman, was not only an Encourager of Poetry, but a Poet himself in his younger Years, before he was advanc'd to the important Trust of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of *England*, when he wrote some Poems, which were very well receiv'd by the Publick; the most remarkable whereof is, *Dryden's Satire to his Muse*, a famous Piece.



Dr. THOMAS SPRAT, *late Bishop of*
 Rochester.

THIS eminent Divine, and celebrated Poet, was the Son of a Country Clergyman, and, in the time of the Great Rebellion, admitted on the Foundation of *Wadham-College* in *Oxford*, under that great Genius *Dr. Wilkins*, afterwards Bishop of *Chester*; having the Lord *Wilmot*, after Earl of *Rochester*, his Fellow-Collegiate and Friend; and there appear'd an Emulation in the Juvenile Writings of these two Gentlemen, for they kept up a kind of Rivalry in Wit between them. He soon distinguish'd himself by his great Parts and Learning, and made his Character early known to the World, by publishing young *his Plague of Athens*: but his *Commendatory Ode in praise of Mr. Cowley*, very much increas'd his Reputation. This brought him acquainted with that Gentleman, who lik'd him and his Complement so well, that he most effectually recommended him to the Patronage of the late Duke of *Buckingham*, his great Benefactor. His Grace immediately receiv'd him as his Chaplain, and took him into his Intimacy and Friendship; and King *Charles* the Second, who delighted in his Conversation, soon made him Dean of *Westminster*, and Bishop of *Rochester*. He was of a most graceful Person, and in his Behaviour a compleat and accomplish'd Gentleman. He was a great Refiner of our *English* Language; and in Gratitude to *Mr. Cowley*, he wrote an incomparable Life of him before his Works. His Poems are the following:

I. *A Pindarick Ode*, written when he presented Cowley's Poems to *Wadham College*.

II. *On his Mistress drown'd*.

III. *To the Memory of the Lord Protector Cromwell*.

IV. *The Plague of Athens*, translated. This Plague was first describ'd in *Greek* by *Thucydides*; and then in *Latin* by *Lucretius*. In the *English* Translation by *Dr. Sprat*, are these Lines:

*The Afric Desarts straight were double Desarts grown:
The rav'nous Beasts were left alone,
The rav'nous Beasts then first began,
To pity their old En'my Man,
And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves
(have done.*



Mr. EDMUND SPENSER.

A Poet of the greatest Reputation, who liv'd in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; an Age remarkable for producing eminent Genius's of very different kinds. He was born in *London*, and educated at *Pembroke-Hall* in *Cambridge*; where he arriv'd to be an excellent Scholar, and stood for a Fellowship in competition with *Mr. Andrews*, afterwards Bishop of *Winchester*; but loosing it, this Disappointment, with the Narrowness of his Circumstances, forc'd him from the University. After this he took up his Residence for some time with some Friends in the *North*, where he fell in Love with his *Rosalind*, whom he so finely celebrates in his Pastoral Poems. On his coming to Town, he soon grew acquainted with the famous *Sir Philip Sidney*, his great Friend and Patron; who

who was then in the highest Reputation for his Wit, Gallantry, and polite Accomplishments. The Story of his commencing Acquaintance with this universally admir'd Gentleman, runs thus: It is said, that being a Stranger to Sir *Philip*, after he had begun to write his *Fairy-Queen*, he took Occasion to go to *Leicester-House*, and to introduce himself, by sending in to Sir *Philip Sidney* a Copy of the ninth Canto of the first Book of that Poem. Sir *Philip*, after he had read some Stanza's, being much surpriz'd with his *Description of Despair*, and in an unusual kind of Transport on the Discovery of so great and uncommon a Genius, turn'd to his Steward, and bid him give the Person that brought those Verses Fifty Pounds; but upon reading the next Stanza, he order'd the Sum to be doubled; and reading one Stanza more, Sir *Philip* increased his Bounty to Two Hundred Pounds, and commanded his Steward to give it immediately, lest, as he read further, he might be tempted to give away his whole Estate. By Sir *Philip's* means he was made known and receiv'd at Court: In the Year 1579. he was sent abroad by the Earl of *Leicester*, and afterwards recommended to the Lord *Grey* as Secretary, who was chosen Deputy of *Ireland*. Here 'tis reported he writ the greatest part of his *Fairy Queen*; but his first Attempt in Poetry, and which gain'd him a general Esteem, was his *Shepherd's Calendar*. It was about this time he contracted an intimate Friendship with the great and learned Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who was then a Captain under the Lord *Grey* in *Ireland*; his Sonnets were a kind of short History of the Progress of a new Amour, which terminated in Marriage, and gave occasion to an excellent Epithalamium: Now tho' he pass'd his Life for some time very serenely, yet a Train of Misfortunes pursu'd him; and

and in the Rebellion of the Earl of *Desmond*, he was plunder'd of his Estate. This oblig'd him to return to *England*, where his Afflictions were very much augmented by the Death of his generous Friend Sir *Philip Sidney*. He was at length reduc'd to Poverty, a Fate which generally follows Poets of Eminence——*Peculiari Poetis fato semper cum Paupertate conflctatus est*——whereupon he address'd himself to his great Mistress Queen *Elizabeth* (to whom he was Poet Laureat, but for some time without the Pension) presenting her with some Poems; with which she was so well pleas'd, that she order'd him a very considerable Gratuity; but the noble Bounty intended was abridged to One Hundred Pounds by the Management of the Lord Treasurer *Burleigh*, who conceiv'd a Hatred of him for some Reflections which he apprehended were made on him by Mr. *Spenser*, in his *Mother Hubberd's Tale*; for which reason he is said to have intercepted the Queen's Favour to this unfortunate and ingenious Man.

As the most elegant Minds have the quickest Sense of ill Treatment from the Great and Powerful, who should countenance and protect them, it is no wonder that this Misfortune made a deep Impression on our Author's Spirit: And we find him, in many Parts of his Works, complaining of so hard and undeserved Usage, especially in a Poem call'd, *The Ruins of Time*; where he has these Lines:

*O let not those, of whom the Muse is scorn'd,
Alive or dead be by the Muse adorn'd.*

The Lines suppos'd to give Offence to the Lord Treasurer (in his *Mother Hubberd's Tale*) are the

198 *The Lives and Characters of the*
following, which describe Dependence on Court-
Favour.

*Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd,
What Hell it is, in suing long to bide,
To lose good Days, that might be better spent,
To waste long Nights in pensivè Discontent ;
To speed To-day, to be put back To-morrow,
To feed on Hope, to pine with Fear and Sorrow ;
To have thy Prince's Grace, yet want her Peers ;
To have thy asking, yet wait many Years :
To fret thy Soul with Crosses and with Cares,
To eat thy Heart thro' comfortless Despairs ;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.*

These are the Verses objected against by the Lord
Burleigh.

And as the ingenious Mr. *Hughes* observes, in his
Life of this Poet, even the Sighs of a miserable
Man are sometimes resentèd as an Affront by him
that is the Occasion of them. *Spenser* surviv'd his
generous Patron about twelve Years, but spent the
latter part of that time with much Grief of
Heart, under the Disappointment of a broken For-
tune. He died the same Year with his potent Ad-
versary the Lord *Burleigh*, which was in 1598.

He was the first of our *English* Poets that brought
Heroick Poesy to any Perfection ; and *Dryden* says,
the *English* have only to boast of *Spenser* and *Milton*
in Heroick Poetry.

His *Fairy Queen*, for great Invention and Poe-
tick Height, is judg'd little inferiour, if not equal
to the chief of the antient *Greeks* and *Latins*. He
had a large Spirit, a sharp Judgment, and a Ge-
nius beyond any that have writ since *Virgil* ; his
Flights of Fancy are noble, and his Execution ex-
cellent ;

cellent; but sometimes his Judgment is overborne by the Torrent of his Imagination, and he seem'd to want a true Idea and Uniformity; tho' whatever Fault this may be, he endows all his Heroes with some moral Virtue (tho' in a romantick Story) and makes Instruction the Subject of his Epick Poem, which is very much for his Praise. The Original of every Character was living in the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*, when he writ his *Fairy Queen*; and he attributed to each of them that Virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them. The several Books in this Poem appear rather like so many several Poems, than one entire Fable; each of them has his peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest. His Figures and Similes, which occur almost in every Page, are extremely beautiful and surprizing; particularly the following, being an Image of *Strength*, in striking a Club into the Ground.

*As when Almighty Jove, in wrathful Mood,
To wreak the Guilt of mortal Sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring Dart with deadly Food,
Enroll'd in Flames and smouldring Dreariment,
Thro' riven Clouds and molten Firmament
The fierce three-forked Engine making way,
Both lofty Tow'rs and highest Trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry Passage stay,
And shooting in the Earth, casts up a Mount of Clay.
His boisterous Club so bury'd in the Ground,
He could not rearen up again——*

And also that of the Giant's Fall,

*That down he tumbled as an aged Tree,
High growing on the Top of rocky Clift;
Whose Heart-strings with keen Steel nigh hewen be:*

*The mighty Trunk, half-rent with ragged Rift,
Doth roll adown the Rocks, and fall with fearful Drift*

His Simile on the Old Man, almost wasted away with Study, is excellent ;

*With snowy Locks adown his Shoulder spread,
As hoary Frost with Spangles doth attire
The mossy Branches of an Oak half-dead.*

I cannot omit in this Place inserting some of *Spenser's* Lines, from his Description and Speech of *Despair*, in the ninth Canto of his *Fairy Queen*, so much applauded by *Sir Philip Sidney*. Describing the *Cave of Despair*, he has these Lines :

— Low, underneath a craggy Clift,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy Grave,
That still for Carrion Carcasses doth crave :
On Top whereof there dwelt the ghastly Owl,
Shrieking his baleful Note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearful Fowl ;
And all about it wand'ring Ghosts did wail and howl.

That darksome Cave they Enter, where they find
That cursed Man, low sitting on the Ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen Mind ;
His greasy Locks, long grown, and unbound,
Disorder'd hung about his Shoulders round,
And hid his Face ; through which his hollow Eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astoun'd ;
His raw-bone Cheeks, through Penury and Pine,
Were shrunk into his Jaws, as he did never dine.

*His Garment, nought but many ragged Clouts,
 With Thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
 The which his naked Sides he wrap'd about;
 And him beside there lay upon the Grass
 A dreary Corse, whose Life away did pass,
 All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm Blood,
 That from his Wound yet Welled fresh alas;
 In which a rusty Knife fast-fixed stood,
 And made an open Passage for the gushing Flood.*

*Which piteous Spectacle, approving true
 The woful Tale that Trevisan had told,
 When as the gentle Redcross Knight did view,
 With fiery Zeal he burnt in Courage bold,
 Him to avenge, before his Blood were cold:
 And to the Villain said; Thou damned Wight,
 The Author of this Fact, we here behold,
 What Justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine own Blood to price his Blood, here shed in
 (Sight.*

*What frantick Fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish Man, so rash a Doom to give?
 What Justice ever other Judgment taught,
 But he should die, who merits not to live?
 None else to Death this Man despairing drive,
 But his own guilty Mind deserving Death.
 Is then unjust to each his Due to give?
 Or let him die, that loatheth living Breath?
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneach?*

*Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
 To come unto his wished Home in haste,
 And meets a Flood that doth his Passage stay,
 Is not great Grace to help him over past,
 Or free his Feet, that in the Mire stick fast?*

Most

*Most envious Man that grieves at Neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyest in the Woe thou hast,
Why will not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the Bank, yet wilt thy self not pass the Flood ?*

*He there does now enjoy eternal Rest
And happy Ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wandereſt :
What if some little Pain the Passage have,
That makes frail Flesh to fear the bitter Wave ?
Is not short Pain well born, that brings long Ease,
And lays the Soul to sleep in quiet Grave ?
Sleep after Toil, Port after stormy Seas,
Ease after War, Death after Life, does greatly please.*

The first Edition of the *Fairy Queen* was published and corrected by Spenser himself, with several Copies of Verses to the Author; and Verses of the Author to most of the Nobility in Queen Elizabeth's Court, about two Years before his Death; and the Title of his Poem is, *The Faerie Queene*; dispos'd into twelve Books, fashioning twelve moral Virtues. London, Printed for William Ponsonbie, 1596.

Besides those Pieces of Mr. Spenser's, which have been preserv'd, he writ several others, viz. Nine Comedies, in imitation of the Comedies of his admir'd Ariosto, inscrib'd with the Name of the *Nine Muses*; the *Dying Pelicane*; *Court of Cupid*; *Hell of Lovers*; *Epithalamium Thameſis*, and some others, with a Treatise in Prose, call'd, *The English Poet*. All his Pieces show a prodigious Genius, and tho' in his Versification he is not always equal to himself, yet he is superior to all his Contemporariës. And as for his *Fairy Queen*, tho' it was never taken to be a perfect Poem, yet it was from the beginning allow'd to be admirable.

This

This Great Poet was bury'd in *Westminster-Abbey*, near the Remains of *Geoffry Chaucer*, as he had desir'd. His Obsequies were attended by the Poets of that time, and many others, who paid the last Honours to his Memory. Several Copies of Verses were thrown after him into his Grave; and his Monument was erected at the Charge of the famous *Robert Devereux*, the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*: But the Inscription on the Tombstone is not to be depended upon, with respect to his Birth and the time of his Dying *; and in a *Latin Treatise*, describing the Monuments of *Westminster* in the Year 1600, suppos'd to be publish'd by *Mr. Camden*, it is as follows:

Edmundus Spenser, Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi fuit Princeps, quod ejus Poemata, faventibus Musis & victuro Genio conscripta, comprobant. Obiit immatura morte, Anno Salutis, 1598. & prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur, qui felicissime Poesin Anglicis Literis primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sunt Epitaphia.

*Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius illi
Proximus Ingenio, proximus ut Tumulo.*

*Hic prope Chaucerum Spensere Poeta Poetam
Conderis, & versu quam Tumulo proprior;
Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitq; Poesis,
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, Mori.*

The late *Mr. Hughes* has given the Publick a correct Edition of all *Spenser's Works* in six Volumes, *Duodecimo*; to which he has prefix'd (besides the Life of *Mr. Spenser*) *An Essay on Allegorical*

* See *Mr. Hughes's Life of Spenser*, before his Works, pag. 16.

Poetry, &c. with Remarks on the Fairy Queen, The Shepherd's Calendar, and the other Writings of this Poet.



Mr. STAFFORD.

A Great Friend of Mr. *Dryden's* and Colonel *Sackvil*, of the Family of the Lord *Dorset*. He translated the following Pieces.

I. The eight and tenth Eclogues of *Virgil*, amongst Mr. *Dryden* and others.

II. Episode on the Death of *Camilla*, from the eleventh Book of *Virgil's Aeneids*.

III. The eighth Satire of the first Book of *Horace*.



THOMAS STANLEY, *Esq;*

A Gentleman, born at *Cumberlo-Green* in *Hertfordshire*, the Seat of his Family. He had the Reputation of a general Scholar, a Philosopher, Historian, and Poet. He was a great Translator of the antient *Greek*, and modern *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French* Poets; and gave the World a Translation of the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, which was esteem'd well done in the last Age.

He likewise wrote the Lives of the Philosophers, and publish'd a Volume of Poems in the Year one thousand six hundred fifty one; which, besides many excellent occasional Pieces, contains several Translations; particularly the Works of *Anacreon*, *Bion*, and *Moschus*, with a *Platonick* Discourse upon Love;

Love ; and two Novels: I. *The Prince.* II. *The Cyprian Virgin.*



GEORGE STEPNEY, *Esq;*

THIS Gentleman was descended from the Family of the *Stepney's* in *Pembrokeshire*, but born in *Westminster* in the Year 1663. For his Education he was first sent to *Westminster-School*, and, after having made a good Progress in Literature there, he was remov'd to *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge*, where he was Cotemporary with *Charles Montague Esq;* afterwards Lord *Halifax*: And being of the same College with him, a very great Friendship was contracted between them. He was invited from the University to Town, with Mr. *Montague*, by the late Earl of *Dorset*; and soon receiv'd the Applauses of all polite Gentlemen for his uncommon Learning, extraordinary Wit, engaging Conversation, and great Experience in political Affairs. His excellent Qualifications and great Merit at length recommended him to the Favour of King *William*, who sent him, in the Quality of Envoy, to the Elector of *Brandenburgh* in the Year 1692. to the Imperial Court in 1693. to the Elector of *Saxony* in 1694. to the Electors of *Mayence, Cologne, &c.* and the Congress at *Frankfort* in 1696. In the Year 1697. he was made one of the Commissioners of Trade, and in 1698. sent a second time Envoy to the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, to the King of *Poland* in 1699. and again to the Emperor in 1701. and in 1706. the late Queen sent him Envoy to the States-General. He was very happy and successful in all his Negotiations,

tions, which occasion'd a constant Employment in the most weighty Affairs. At his leisure Hours he wrote some Pieces of Poetry, which are very much admir'd for the Politeness and Elegancy of his Stile, as well as his great Wit. They are,

I. *A Poem to King James the Second, on the Death of King Charles the Second.*

II. *An Epistle to Charles Montague Esq; (since Lord Halifax) on his Majesty's Voyage to Holland.*

III. *To the Earl of Carlisle, upon the Death of his Son.*

IV. *The Austrian Eagle.*

V. *The Nature of Dreams.*

VI. *A Poem dedicated to the Memory of Queen Mary.*

He died at *Chelsea* in the Year 1707. and was bury'd in *Westminster-Abbey*, where a fine Monument is erected over him, with the following Inscription, on the Pedestal.

H. S. E.

Georgius Stepneius, *Armiger,*

Vir

Ob Ingenii acumen,

Literarum Scientiam,

Morum Suavitatem,

Rerum Usus

Virorum Amplissimorum Consuetudinem,

Linguae Styli ac Vite Elegantiam,

Praeclara Officia cum Britannia tum Europae

Præstita,

Sua ætate multum celebratus,

Apud posteros semper celebrandus;

Plurimas Legationes obiit

Ea Fide, Diligentia, ac Felicitate,

Ut Augustissimorum Principum

Gulielmi & Annæ

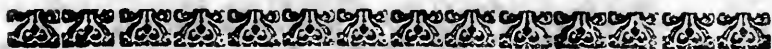
*Spem in illo repositam
 Nunquam fefellerit,
 Haud raro superavit.
 Post longum honorum Cursum
 Brevis Temporis Spatio confectum,
 Cum Naturæ parvæ Fama satis vixerat
 Animam ad altiora aspirantem placide efflavit.*

On the Left Hand.

G. S.

*Ex Equestri Familia Stepneiorum,
 De Pendegrast, in Comitatu
 Pembrochiensi Oriundus,
 Westmonasterii natus est, A D. 1663.
 Electus in Collegium
 Sancti Petri Westmonast. A. 1676.
 Sancti Trinitatis Cantab. 1682.
 Consiliariorum quibus Commercii
 Cura Commissa est 1697.
 Chelseiæ mortuus, & Comitante
 Magna Procerum
 Frequentiæ huc elatus, 1707.*

On the right Hand is a particular Account of all his Employments abroad.



Sir RICHARD STEELE.

THIS ingenious Gentleman, besides his excellent Plays, has given us some Poetical Writings, which deserve Notice in this Place, tho' they are few in Number, and generally esteem'd, not the best of his Performances; but all Persons allow there is good Sense through-

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throughout, and some of the Wit natural to Sir
Richard Steele. They are,

I. *An Imitation of Horace's sixth Ode*, apply'd
to the Duke of *Marlborough*.

II. *The Procession, a Poem on the Funeral of Queen*
Mary; written in the Year 1695. This Piece ex-
presses the universal Concern of the Nation for the
Loss of this incomparable Princess.

III. To Mr. *Congreve*, occasion'd by his Comedy,
call'd, *The Way of the World*.



Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

AMONGST the Poems written by this ex-
cellent Person, and bound up with his Plays,
are the following Pieces very much applauded.

I. *A Session of the Poets*. This Piece has a great
deal of diverting Humour, at the Expence of the
Contenders for the Bays, and is often refer'd to in
this Work.

II. *On Fruition*, an excellent Poem, and some o-
thers.

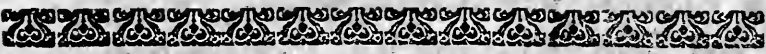


Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

A Clergyman, now living, of great Wit. He
was born in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, of Eng-
lish Parents, and educated in *Trinity-College* near
Dublin. He left *Ireland* as soon as he had taken
Orders, and coming into *England*, I am inform'd,
he was some time entertain'd by the famous Sir
William Temple. He was then receiv'd into the
Family

Family of the late Earl of *Berkeley*, in the Quality of a Chaplain; and attended his Lordship at the time he was one of the Lords Justices of *Ireland*. After this, I have been told, he was intimate with the late Lord *Halifax*; but on the Turn of Affairs, my Lord *Oxford* drew him into his Interest, when he was concern'd in writing the famous State-Paper, call'd, *The Examiner*. He has since been prefer'd to the Deanery of *St. Patrick's* in *Ireland*, which he holds, with one of the best Livings in that Kingdom.

His *Baucis* and *Philemon*; imitated from the eighth Book of *Ovid*, is a Piece celebrated for its Humour; and his Writings in general are too well known to pretend to give a Character of them.



Mr. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

A Very eminent Translator in the Reign of King *James* the First. He translated several Works of the Divine *Du Bartus*; particularly, *Eden, the Ark, the Fathers, Jonas, Babylon, the Triumph of Faith, &c.* and *The six Day's Work of the Creation* gain'd him a great deal of Fame, having many Admirers, and being usher'd into the World by the greatest Wits of that Age: Amongst others, the immortal *Ben Johnson* thus wrote to him:

*If to Admire were to Commend, my Praise
Might then both thee, thy Work, and Merit raise;
But as it is, how can I speak, but err,
Since they can only judge that can confer?
Behold! the Reverend Shade of Bartus stands
Before my Thought, and (in thy Right) commands*
P That

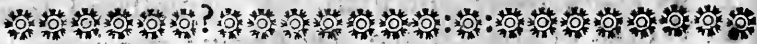
*That to the World I publish for him this :
 Bartus doth wish the English now were his,
 So well in that are his Intentions wrought,
 As his will now be the Translation thought,
 Thine the Original ; and France shall boast
 No more those Maiden Glories she has lost.*



T.

Mr. JOHN TATEHAM.

A Poet in the Reign of King *Charles* the First, who writ a Volume of Poems, entitled, *Fancy's Theatre* ; these Poems have several Copies of Verses in their Commendation.



Mr. JOHN TAYLOR.

THIS Poet was born in *Glocestershire*, and he was a Person of very good natural Parts, but of a small share of Learning, having, in the Progress of Letters, gone very little beyond his Accidence, as we may collect from one of his Pieces, where he says,

*I must confess I do want Eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my Accidence ;
 For having got from Possum to Posslet,
 I there was gravel'd, could no further get.*

He

He wrote some Pieces, dedicated to King *James* and King *Charles* the Firſt, and by them well accepted, conſidering his Education; but it is to be conſider'd, that Poetry, in former times, when there was leſs of it, was more encourag'd and regarded than in this Age, when the World is ſo much loaded with it. He for ſome time kept a publick Houſe near *Long-acre*, and, upon the Murder of King *Charles* the Firſt, ſet up the Sign of the *Mourning Crown*; but this open Piece of Loyalty was counted malignant in thoſe Days, and being oblig'd to pull down his Sign, he hung up his own Picture in the ſtead of it, with theſe Lines underneath,

*Kings Heads are hung up for a Sign,
And many a Saints, then why not mine?*

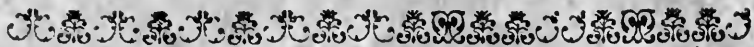
He died about the Year 1654. having ſpent the latter part of his Life in Mirth and Jollity.



Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD.

THIS Gentleman, beſides his Dramatick Works, has given us ſeveral Poems and Tranſlations, which have met with Approbation. They chief of them are,

- I. *The Cave of Poverty*, an excellent Poem.
- II. *A Poem on the Death of Queen Anne*.
- III. Tranſlations from *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*, &c. I am inform'd this Gentleman has a Brother, who has lately publiſh'd a ſmall Miscellany of Poems; but as I have not ſeen it, I cannot pretend to give any Account of them.



THOMAS TICKELL, *Esq;*

A Gentleman of Merit, now living. He is Son to the late Reverend Mr. *Richard Tickell*, a Clergyman well prefer'd in the *North of England*. He was educated at *Queen's-College, Oxford*, of which he is at this time Fellow; and from thence he wrote an excellent Copy of Verses to Mr. *Addison*, upon his *Rosamond* an Opera, which first made him known to the World, and recommended him to the Favour of that Gentleman. On Mr. *Addison's* Promotion to be Secretary of State, he appointed him Under-Secretary, which Place he now enjoys under the Right Honourable Mr. Secretary *Craiggs*. He has oblig'd the Publick with several fine Poems and Translations.

I. *To his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal, on the Prospect of Peace.* This Poem has had six Editions.

II. *An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus.* This Piece found likewise very good Success.

III. *On an Original Painting of King Charles I.* taken at the time of his Trial.

IV. *A Fragment of a Poem on Hunting.*

V. *A Description of the Phoenix:* Translated from *Claudian*.

*In utmost Ocean lies a lovely Isle,
Where Spring still blooms, and Greens for ever
(smile;
In these soft Shades, unprest by human Feet,
The happy Phoenix keeps his balmy Seat
Far from the World——*

The three Performances last mention'd are publish'd in the Miscellanies, as also some other small Copies of Verses, written by this Author.

VI. *An Epistle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon.* This Poem has sold five Editions.

VII. *An Ode to the Lord Stanhope,* on his going to *France* to make Proposals of Peace with *Spain.* This has had two Editions.

VIII. *Part of the fourth Book of Lucan translated.* This Piece is inserted in the Miscellanies.

IX. *The first Iliad of Homer translated.* This Translation, and that by *Mr. Pope* were made publick at the same time, and both their Performances are extremely well done. It could be wish'd that this Gentleman would translate his *Odysses,* pursuant to his Intentions mention'd in his Preface.



The Reverend Mr. JOSEPH TRAPP.

THIS Gentleman is second Son to the Reverend *Mr. Joseph Trapp,* Rector of *Cherington* in *Gloucestershire,* at which Place he was born. His first Rudiments of Learning he had under his Father, and at private Schools, from whence he went for some time to *New-College* School in *Oxford;* and removing from thence, was, for many Years, Scholar and Fellow of *Wadham-College* in the same University, where he took the Degree of Master of Arts. At *Oxford* he was unanimously chosen Professor of Poetry in the Year 1708. being the first of the kind, and is succeeded in that Office (which can be held but for ten Years) by

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Mr. *Thomas Wharton*, Fellow of *Magdalen-College*. This Poetry-Lecture was founded by Dr. *Henry Birkhead*, formerly Fellow of *All-Souls*. As to what he has publish'd under his own Name, his Pieces are the following, viz.

I. *A Poem upon the lamented Death of his Highness the Duke of Gloucester.*

II. *A Poem on the Death of King William.* Both these Pieces are very well writ, and contain a great variety of Poetry.

III. *To the Queen, on the Death of his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark.*

IV. *A Poem upon the Death of Queen Anne.*

V. *A Paraphrase upon the 104th Psalm.*

VI. *The Description of the Prodigies which attended the Death of Julius Cæsar*; translated into Blank Verse, from the latter end of the first Book of *Virgil's Georgicks*.

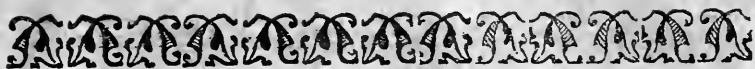
VII. *The Story of Phaeton*, an excellent Translation, from the first and second Books of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

VIII. *The Love of Gallus*, translated from *Virgil's tenth Eclogue*.

IX. *A Copy of Verses upon the Duke of Beaufort's Seat at Badmington in Gloucestershire.*

X. *The Æneis of Virgil*, translated into Blank Verse, with large Notes and Observations; in two Volumes.

Besides these, Mr. *Trapp* has one *Latin Poem* in the *Muse Anglicana*, and his *Praelectiones Poeticæ* publish'd in three Volumes, *duodecimo*.



Mr. THOMAS TUSSEK.

AN antient Poet, born at *Riven-Hall* in *Essex*. His Father, who design'd him for a Musician, plac'd him first to *Wallingford* School, and from thence he was sent to learn Musick at *St. Paul's*; and having attain'd some Skill in that Art, he was afterwards sent to *Eaton-School*, to compleat himself in the *Latin* Tongue, from whence he remov'd to *Trinity-Hall* in *Cambridge*; but being there visited with extreme Sickness, he was oblig'd very soon to quit the University. After the Recovery of his Health, he follow'd the Court, and liv'd some Years in the Family of the Lord *Paget*: But not meeting with the Encouragement he expected, he left the Town, and retir'd into *Suffolk*, where he Rented a Farm, and apply'd himself to Husbandry: After this he was a Singing-Man at *Norwich*, and was successively a Musician, School-master, Husbandman, and Poet; but had little Prosperity in either of his Stations: So that he might say with the Poet:

———*Monitis sum minor ipse meis.*

He flourish'd in the Reign of King *Edward* the Sixth, and at last died in *London*, Anno 1580. He was bury'd at *St. Mildred's Church* in the *Poultry*.



Dr. CHRISTOPHER TYE.

THIS Poet liv'd in the Reigns of King *Henry VIII.* and *Edward VI.* to which last he was one of the Gentlemen of the Chappel, and probably Organist, he being bred up to Musick. Upon the Dissolution of the Abbies, when Church-Musick receiv'd a very great Wound in *England*, he was its principal Support, and by his great Skill and Diligence, he kept it in good Credit at Court, and in all Cathedrals during his Life. He translated,

The Acts of the Apostles into Verse, and set part of it to Musick, which he dedicated to King *Edward VI.* a little before his Death.



V.

GEORGE VILLERS, *late Duke of Buckingham.*

THIS incomparable Nobleman was Son of *George Villiers*, the Great Duke of *Buckingham*, who was stabb'd by *Felton*, and descended from a Family of great Antiquity (originally of *French* Extraction) seated at *Brooksby* in *Leicestershire*. He was bred up with the politeſt Prince that ever sat upon the *English* Throne, and was the greateſt Ornament

nement of his Court. In his Person he was a very fine Gentleman, and his Conversation was easy and charming; serious when Occasion requir'd it, tho' generally facetious, and turning upon Mirth. He had a Genius that fitted him for the highest Posts in the Government; but Pleasure, which was his predominant Passion, made him ridicule all manner of Business; and by a neglect of himself and his Affairs, he very much suffer'd in his Estate. He was very serviceable in the Royal Cause, and ventur'd himself freely for his Prince, whom he accompany'd in the fatal Battle of *Worcester*. Afterwards he attended King *Charles* the Second in his Exile, and at the Restoration he found himself possessed of one of the most considerable Estates in the Kingdom: He was likewise made Master of the Horse to the King; but as he affected Magnificence beyond his Fortune, tho' so great, his Patrimony sensibly decay'd. In the midst of his Grandeur, he was sent Embassador to the King of *France*, to break the Triple League; and the *French* King knowing him to be a most accomplish'd Nobleman, and *un homme de plaisir*, prepar'd an Entertainment for him, that might have befitting the Magnificence of the greatest Emperor. In the latter part of his Life, having been guilty of some irregular Conduct at Court, he retir'd into *Yorkshire*, where he died. His Grace's excellent Compositions are,

I. *A Pindarick Poem, on the Death of the Lord Fairfax.*

II. *Advice to a Painter, to draw my Lord A——ton, Grand Minister of State.* This is a severe Satire, and begins with these Lines:

*First draw an arrant Fop, from Top to Toe,
Whose very Looks, at first sight, shew him so:*

the picture of Ab——
Give

*Give him a mean proud Garb, which suits Disgrace,
A pert dull Grin, a black Patch cross his Face;
Two goggle Eyes, so clear, tho' very dead,
That one may see thro' them quite thro' his Head.
Let every Nod of his, and subtile Wink,
Declare the Fool would Talk, but cannot Think.*

III. *Timon.* A Satire on several Plays. My Lord Rochester assisted in the Composure of this Piece.

IV. *A Consolatory Epistle to Captain Julian, the Muses Newsmonger.*

V. *A Familiar Epistle to Julian, Secretary to the Muses.*

VI. *Upon the Monument*

VII. *Upon the Installment of the Duke of Newcastle.*

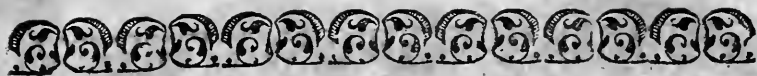
VIII. *The Pump-Parliament: A Satire.*

IX. *To his Mistress.*

X. *The Lost Mistress.*

XI. *A Description of Fortune.* This is an excellent Piece; it begins,

*Fortune, made up of Joys and Impudence,
Thou common Jade, that hast not common Sense!
But fond of Bus'ness, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, and spoil the World's Affairs.
She fluttering up and down, her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what she does,
Nor why, or whom she helps or injures knows.
Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves.*



W.

Mr. WALDREN.

A Gentleman descended from an antient Family in the *West* of *England*, and born near *Exeter* in *Devonshire*, at which Place he had his Education. From *Exeter-School* he remov'd to *Oxford*, being first admitted a Commoner of *Exon-College*, and afterwards elected Fellow of *All-Souls College* in the same University. Here he apply'd himself to the Study of *Phylick*, for some time, and afterwards went down to *Exeter*, where he practis'd with good Reputation in that Faculty. Upon the Death of the Honourable Dr. *Leopold Finch*, late Head of *All-Souls College Oxford*, his Friends sent for him up out of the *West*, in order to succeed in that Headship; but by the Journey, he contracted such an Indisposition, as occasion'd his Death in a few Days; and he lies bury'd in the outward Chappel belonging to that Society. He was a well-bred genteel Man, the most agreeable Conversation, very polite in his Compositions, and peculiarly happy in the Expression of his Thoughts. The *West Country* Gentlemen mention him with great Esteem, and his Name and Character are very much respected in the University. There are several Poetical Performances of his in the *Oxford* and *Cambridge Miscellany*; amongst which the chief are,

- I. *Essay upon Death*, an excellent Piece.
- II. *A Poem on St. Stephen's Day*.

EDMUND

EDMUND WALLER, *Esq;*

THE Life and Character of this excellent Poet I have writ in the former part of this Work ; so that I shall here make it my Business to take notice of his admirable Poems only, which are all of them highly worthy Imitation.

I. *To King Charles the First on his Navy* : Written in the Year 1626. This Poem begins :

*Where-e'er thy Navy spreads her Canvas Wings,
Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings.*

II. *Instructions to a Painter for drawing the Posture and Progress of his Majesty's Forces at Sea, and the Battel and Victory obtain'd over the Dutch, 1665.*

III. *On the War with Spain, and Fight at Sea by General Montague, in the Year 1656.* In this Poem there are these excellent Lines :

*The Squadrons soon begin the Tragick Play,
And with their smoaky Cannon banish Day :
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meet,
And in their sable Arms embrace the Fleet :
Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,
And of one Wound hundred's together die :
Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.*

IV. *The Battel of the Summer Islands* : In three Canto's. In the first Canto are these Verses to *Sachariffa*.

O! how I long my careless Limbs to lay
 Under the Plantane's Shade, and all the Day
 With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my Vein!
 There while I sing; if gentle Love be by,
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high,
 With the sweet Sound of Sachariffa's Name,
 I'll make the list'ning Savages grow tame.

V. To the Queen, a Poem; which very much shews the Author's Art of Praising.

VI. To the Queen-Mother of France, upon her landing in the Year 1638.

VII. Upon the Death of Oliver Cromwell.

VIII. To King Charles the Second, on his happy Restoration: Both these last are admirable Poems.

IX. On the Lady Mary, Princess of Orange.

X. On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's Picture. This Lady was his famous Sachariffa.

XI. To Vandike.

XII. The Story of Phæbus and Daphne apply'd. This is one of the most gallant and best-turn'd Copies of Verses in the English Tongue: And the Application is to himself and Sachariffa, especially where the Success of his Love is painted in these Lines:

Thyrsis, a Youth of the inspired Train,
 Fair Sachariffa lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
 All but the Nymph, that should redress his Wrong,
 Attend his Passion, and approve his Song:
 Like Phæbus thus, acquiring unsought Praise,
 He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

XIII. To the Countess of Carlisle in Mourning.

XIV. To my Lord Falkland.

XV. To

XV. *To my Lord Leiceſter.*

XVI. *To the Lord Northumberland, on the Death of his Lady.*

XVII. *Upon Ben. Johnson.*

XVIII. *To Sir William D'Avenant, upon his two firſt Books of his Gondibert.*

XIX. *Upon the Earl of Roſcommon's Tranſlation of Horace, De Arte Poetica.*

XX. *To Mr. Evelyn, upon the Tranſlation of Lucretius.*

XXI. *Ala Malade.*

XXII. *On my Lady Iſabella playing on the Lute.*

XXIII. *To my Lady Morton on New-Year's Day, 1650.*

XXIV. *To Amoret and Phillis.* Mr. Waller has imitated *Anacreon* very happily in theſe Pieces, where he begins :

*Phillis, why ſhould we delay
Pleasure's ſhorter than the Day?
Cou'd we (which we never can)
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span,
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies :
Or wou'd Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love has Wings, and will away.*

In another Place, ſpeaking of Love, he has theſe Lines :

*All that the Angels do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love.*

XXV. *On a Girdle.*

XXVI. *The Triple-Combat.* This Piece deſcribes the meeting of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine* with the Dutcheſſes of *Portsmouth* and *Cleveland*.

XXVII.

XXVII. *To a Friend, on the different Success of their Loves.* This Piece ends with these Verses :

*So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are :
In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they Pursue that Die.*

XXVIII. *Of Divine Love, in six Canto's.*

Mr. Waller likewise wrote some other Divine Poems, and a great many other small Pieces; and he is every where happy in fine Metaphors and beautiful Similes.

I shall finish my Account of him, with his excellent Lines on *Westminster-Abbey*, in his Poem call'd *St. James's Park*.

*From hence we may that antique Pile behold,
Where Royal Heads receive the sacred Gold ;
It gives them Crowns, and does their Ashes keep,
There made like Gods, like Mortals there they sleep :
Making the Circle of their Reign compleat,
Those Suns of Empire, where they Rise they Set.*



WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;

A Worcester-shire Gentleman, educated at the University of Oxford. He was a very learned and judicious Man, and by his particular Application to the Studies of the Muses, became a good Poet, and an excellent Critick. He was chosen Knight of the Shire for the County of Worcester, in several Parliaments, and made Gentleman of the Horse to King William and Queen Mary, under the Duke of Somerset. He writ,

I. *The*

224 *The Lives and Characters of the*

I. *The Golden Age Restor'd*, an Imitation of the fourth Eclogue of *Virgil*; a famous State-Poem, publish'd a little after King *William's* Death.

II. *Horace*, *Lib. 3. Ode 3.* imitated.

III. *Love-Poems, Pastoral Eclogues, &c.* wherein the Passion of Love is admirably describ'd.

He has likewise a Collection of Letters amorous and gallant, bound with his Poetry, which are full of Wit and Humour. His first Poem in his Miscellany is to his Book, and begins thus:

*Go, little Book, and to the World impart
The faithful Image of an am'rous Heart:
Those who Love's dear deluding Pains have known,
May in my fatal Stories read their own.*

He has this Epigram to *Chloe*:

*Chloe, new-married, looks on Man no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.*

Mr. Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, has these commendatory Lines on *Mr. Walsh*;

——— *Walsh, the Muse's Judge and Friend,
Who justly knew to blame, or to commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Desert;
He had the clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.*

Besides his Poetry and Letters, this Author wrote an ingenious Piece in Prose, call'd, *Æsculapius*, or *The Hospital of Fools*; a Dialogue after the manner of *Lucian*.



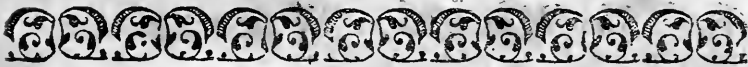
Mr. JAMES WARD.

A Gentleman, of the Roman Catholick Religion, who has given us some Pieces of Poetry, which have been very well receiv'd, and shew him to be a Person of Wit. They are,

I. *Phœnix-Park*. This Piece begins thus :

*Shall Cooper's-Hill Majestick rise in Rhyme,
Strong as its Basis, as its Brow sublime?
Shall Windsor-Forest win immortal Praise,
It self out-lasting in its Poet's Lays;
And Thou, O Phœnix-Park, remain so long
Unknown to Fame, and unadorn'd in Song.*

II. Imitation of *Horace*, &c.



Mr. EDWARD WARD.

A Very voluminous Poet, and an Imitator of the famous *Butler*. Of late Years he has kept a publick House in the City (but in a genteel way) and with his Wit, Humour, and good Liquor has afforded his Guests a pleasurable Entertainment; especially the High-Church Party, which is compos'd of Men of his Principles, and to whom he is very much oblig'd for their constant Resort. The chief of his Pieces are,

I. *Hudibras Redivivus*, a Political Poem.

Q

II. *Doth*

II. *Don Quixote*, done into *Hudibrastick Verse*.

III. *Ecclesia & Factio*; a Dialogue between *Bow-
Steeple Dragon*, and the *Exchange Grashopper*.

IV. *A Ramble thro' the Heavens*; or, the Revels
of the Gods, &c.

V. *The Cavalcade*, a Poem.

VI. *Marriage Dialogues*, or a Poetical Peep into
the State of Matrimony.

VII. *A Trip to Jamaica*, &c.

VIII. *Sot's Paradise*; or, the *Humours of a Darby
Alehouse*.

IX. *Battel without Bloodshed*; or, *Military Dis-
cipline Buffoon'd*. On the *Train'd Bands*. *Cum
multis aliis*, to the Bulk of five Volumes, *octavo*.
But the Author is best known by his *London Spy*, a
famous Piece in Prose.

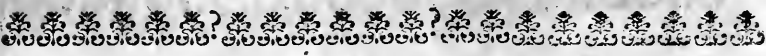


Mr. WILLIAM WARNER.

THIS Poet flourish'd in the Reign of Queen
Elizabeth, and I know nothing of him, but
that he wrote a Poem, call'd, *Albion's England*.
It is Historical, and deduc'd from the peopling of
the Earth by the Sons of *Noah*, bringing his His-
tory succinctly to the Siege of *Troy*, from thence
to the coming of *Brute* into this Island; and so
down, touching upon the most important Matters,
to the Conquest of *England* by *William Duke of
Normandy*; and from his time the publick Affairs
to the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Eliza-
beth*. It is writ in the old-fashion'd kind of seven-
footed Verse; and begins thus,

I tell

*I tell of Things done long ago, of many Things in few,
And chiefly of this Clime of ours, the Accidents pur-
(Sue;
Thou high Director of the same, assist my artless Pen,
To write the Fests of Brutons stout, and Arts of Eng-
(lishmen.*



Mr. WATTS.

A Nonconformist Minister, and ingenious Man now living, Author of a Volume of Poems very much commended; particularly his Pieces on,
Friendship, which are excellent.



Mr. WELSTED.

A Gentleman now living, descended from a good Family in *Leicestershire*, and educated at *Westminster-School*. He hath for some time apply'd himself to Poetical Studies, tho' he has oblig'd us with but few Performances. His Patron, I take it, is the Duke of *Newcastle*, who is a great Encourager of polite Literature. The *Free-Thinker* has mention'd him with a great deal of Honour, but perhaps not more than he deserves. His Poetical Writings are the following, (*viz.*)

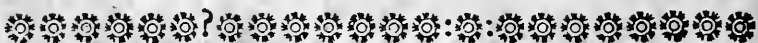
- I. *To the Earl of Clare, on his being created Duke of Newcastle.* This is a very good Poem.
- II. *The Triumvirate*; or a *Letter from Palemon to Celia, from the Bath.*

III. *A Letter to his Grace the Duke of Chandois; lately publish'd.*

IV. *To the Duke of Buckingham, on his Essay on Poetry.*

V. *Several small Love-Poems in the Free-Thinker.*

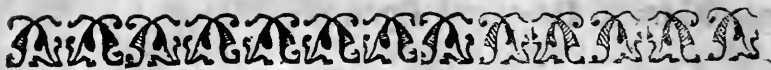
He has also translated *Longinus's Treatise De Sublimitate.*



Sir GEORGE WHARTON.

THIS Gentleman was famous for his Loyalty to King *Charles* the First. He was a good Soldier, and an excellent Poet, and exerted both his Pen and his Sword in the Cause of his Royal Master. He rais'd a Troop of Horse for the King at his own Expence, and approv'd himself, at the Head of it, a Man of true Valour: But Rebellion meeting Success, he was forc'd to give way to it, and at length was cast into Prison; and he found the greater Severity, on Account of a Satire he wrote upon the Enemies of the Royal Cause, which was so biting, that they could not forgive him. His Sufferings continu'd till the coming in of King *Charles* the Second, when the Restoration of that Prince restor'd him to his Liberty, and his former Services entitl'd him to an honourable Preferment, which he had conferr'd on him, and made him happy the remainder of his Life. His Poems were publish'd together in a Volume, *Anno* 1683, among which is the Satire above-mention'd, call'd,

Elenchichus; an excellent Piece, containing the severest Reflections on the Opposers of the pious Monarch.



Sir THOMAS WIAT.

AS *Fulk Grevile*, Lord *Brook*, thought his Friendship to Sir *Philip Sidney* such an Honour to him, that he had it inserted in his Monumental Inscription; so it is sufficient Reputation to this Gentleman to be amongst the Number of the Friends of *Henry Howard*, the Great Earl of *Surrey*. He was born at *Allington-Castle* in the County of *Kent*, the Seat of his Family; which afterwards he repair'd with magnificent Buildings, fit for the Reception of one of his noble Spirit, and refin'd Taste of Life; which were more superior to his Ancestors, than his stately Mansion, by the costly Reparations, exceeded the former ancient Structure. He was in high Favour with King *Henry* the Eighth, who was a great Admirer of his extraordinary Qualities; but in the Affair of *Anne Bullen* he was involv'd in some Difficulties, and had like to have felt the weight of the King's Displeasure; tho' from this he extricated himself, by his Innocence, Prudence, and Industry. He travell'd into *Italy* with the Earl of *Surrey*, and there tasted the stately Measure and Stile of the *Italian* Poesy, and returning, greatly polish'd our rude and homely manner of writing. At last he was sent Ambassador by *Henry VIII.* to *Charles V.* Emperor of *Germany*, then residing in *Spain*; but died of the Pestilence in the *West* Country before he could take Shipping, Anno 1541. He was call'd Sir *Thomas Wiat* the Elder, to distinguish him from Sir *Thomas Wiat*, the Raiser of the Rebellion in the time of Queen *Mary*. He translated *Da-*

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vid's Psalms into English Meeter; and Leland com-
pare him to Dante and Petrarch;

Bella suum merito jactet Florentia Dantem
Regia Petrarchæ carmina Roma probat,
His non inferior Patrio Sermone Viattus,
Eloquii secum qui decus omne tulit.

Upon the Death of Sir *Thomas Wiat*, the Earl of
Surrey wrote thus:

Thy Fame, Great Wiat, shall by all be read;
What Vertues rare were temper'd in thy Breast?
Honour that England such a Jewel bred,
And kiss the Ground whereon thy Corps did rest.



JOHN WILMOT, *Earl of Rochester.*

THIS shining Nobleman was the Son of
Henry Earl of Rochester; whose Fame, for
Loyalty and Valour, equal'd his Son's for his sur-
prizing Wit and Genius. He was born at *Dichley*,
near *Woodstock*, in *Oxfordshire*, in the Year 1648.
and educated in *Wadham-College, Oxford*, under
the Tuition of *Dr. Blandford*, afterwards successively
Bishop of *Oxford* and *Worcester*. He was a Per-
son of most excellent Parts and great Learning,
being thorowly acquainted with all Classick Au-
thors, both *Greek* and *Latin*. He early suck'd in
those Perfections of Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
which made him the Wonder of the Age wherein
he liv'd. In all his Composures there is something
peculiarly Great and New; and tho' he has lent
to many, he has borrow'd of none: Nor was he
deficient

deficient in his other personal Accomplishments, which were very much improv'd by his Travels; for in all the Qualifications of a Gentleman for the Court or the Country, he was universally known, and acknowledg'd to be a very great Master; but the natural Tendency of his Temper unhappily inclin'd him to Excesses of Pleasure and Wantonness. He had a strange Vivacity of Thought, and Vigour of Expression; his Style was clear and strong, and his Figures very lively, and few Men ever had a bolder Flight of Fancy, more steddily govern'd by Judgment than his Lordship. He laid out his Wit very freely in Libels and Satires, in which he had a peculiar Talent of mixing his Wit with his Malice, and fitting both with such apt words, that Men were tempted to be pleas'd with them. From thence his Compositions came to be easily known, few or none having such an artful way of tempering these together as he had: And his Satire he always defended, by alledging there were some Persons that could not be kept in Order, or admonish'd, but in this way. His Poetry has eminently distinguish'd it self from that of other Men, by a thousand irresistible Beauties: 'Twas all Original, like himself; the Excellencies are many and masterly, and the Faults few and inconsiderable; and those it has are of the kind, which *Horace* says, can never offend.

— *Quas aut incuria fudit;*
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

But in his Choice of Subjects, he frequently border'd on Obscenity. He would often retire into the Country, and be for some Months wholly employ'd in Study, or the Sallies of his Wit: His Studies were

divided between the comical and witty Writings of the Antients and Moderns, the *Roman* Authors, Books of History and Physick; and *Boileau* among the *French*, and *Cowley* among the *English* Wits, were those he admir'd most. Nature had fitted him for great Things, and his Knowledge and Observation qualified him to have been one of the most extraordinary Men *England* has produc'd: But Death took him off in the three and thirtieth Year of his Age. He died in the Ranger's-Lodge in *Woodstock-Park*, on the 26th of *July*, 1680. of a lingering Disease (which was attended with great Marks of Repentance for his Vices and Extravagancies) and was bury'd in a Vault under the North Isle joining to *Spellesbury Church* in *Oxfordshire*. The chief of his incomparable Poems are the following:

I. *A Satire against Man*; an inimitable Piece, and the severest Satire that ever was penn'd.

II. *Horace's tenth Satire of the first Book imitated*. This Poem lashes Mr. *Dryden* and several of the top Poets of his time.

III. *A Satire upon the Times*.

IV. *Satire on the King*, for which he was banish'd the Court, and afterwards set up in *Tower-street* for an *Italian* Mountebank; which occasion'd his famous Speech of *Alexander Bendo*.

V. *Tunbridge-Wells*, a Satire.

VI. *Bath Intrigues*.

VII. *The young Statesman*, a Satire.

VIII. *A Satire against Marriage*.

IX. *A Session of the Poets*. This is a comical Satire on the Dramatick Poets.

X. *The Rehearsal*, a Satire.

XI. *A Defence of Satire*. This Poem begins,

When

*When Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher rul'd the
 (Stage,
 They took so bold a Freedom with the Age,
 That there was scarce a Knave or Fool in Town
 Of any Note, but had his Picture shown.*

And in his Answer to the Defence of Satire, written by Sir C. S. he has these Lines :

*Satire is of Divine Authority,
 For God made one of Man, when he made Thee.*

XII. *On the Death of Mr. Greenhill, the famous Painter.*

XIII. *Upon Nothing, an excellent Piece.*

XIV. *The Perfect Enjoyment.*

XV. *The Disappointment.*

XVI. *The Virgin's Desire.*

XVII. *Et Cetera.*

XVIII. *To his Mistress.*

XIX. *On a false Mistress.*

XX. *An Extempore, upon receiving a Fall at Whitehall-Gate, by attempting to salute the Dutches of Cleaveland, as she was stepping out of her Chariot.*

There are several other Poems of this celebrated Nobleman's, and, as a certain Author has already observ'd, to trace and single out the several Graces, may be a Task as difficult, as to describe to a Lover the Lines and Features of his Mistress's Face : However, I shall insert some of his Verses from his *Satire on Man*, to shew his prodigious Spirit.

*Were I (who, to my Cost, already am
 One of those strange prodigious Creatures Man)*

A

*A Spirit free to chuse for my own Share,
 What Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear;
 I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear?
 Or any thing but that vain Animal,
 Who is so proud of being rational.
 The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A Sixth to contradict the other Five :
 And before certain Instinct will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err :
 Reason, an Ignis Fatuus in the Mind,
 Which, leaving Light of Nature, Sense, behind.
 Pathless, and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes,
 Thro' Errors fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes :
 While the mis'guided Follow'r climbs, with Pain,
 Mountains of Whimsseys heap'd in his own Brain ;
 Stumbling, from Thought to Thought, falls headlong
 (down*

*Into Doubts boundless Sea, where, like to drown,
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy ;
 In hopes still to o'ertake th' escaping Light,
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
 Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise :
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to become a Wretch :
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know what World he should enjoy :
 And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
 Of pleasing others at his own Expence :
 For Wits are treated just like Common Whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
 Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.*

*Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain,
 By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim :*

*If therefore Jowler finds and kills his Hare,
Better than Meers supplies Committee-Chair;
Tho' one's a Statesman, th' other but a Hound,
Jowler in Justice would be wiser found.*

*Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,
But savage Man alone does Man betray:
Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food;
Man undoes Man, to do himself no Good.
With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want:
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendship, Praise,
Inhumanely his Fellow's Life betrays;
With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
Not thro' Necessity, but Wantonness:
The Good he acts, the Ills he does endure,
'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure:
Merely for Safety, after Fame we thirst;
For all Men would be Cowards if they durst.
And Honesty's against all common Sense,
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence:
Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save.
The Knaves will all conspire to call you Knave;
Long shall he live insulted o'er, oppress'd,
Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.*

Take him out of Satire, he was likewise excellent,
as appears by these Lines of his Lordship's on
Love:

*Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind,
The softest Refuge Innocence can find:
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:
This Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down.*

My

My Lords Satire on Man was answer'd fatirically
by Dr. P——



Mr. GEORGE WITHERS.

A Poet, born in *Hampshire*, who flourish'd in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second. He was very much of the Temper of some of our modern Poets and Pamphleteers, who are never better pleas'd than when their Pens are employ'd in satirizing the Government. He pretended to great Zeal against the Vices of the Times, and did not stick to abuse the greatest Personages in Power; which brought upon him frequent Imprisonments, but to little purpose; for his Spirit of Contradiction remain'd to the last. His Poetical Performances were the following, *viz.*

- I. *The Songs of Moses.*
- II. *Britain's Remembrancer.*
- III. *Abuses stript and whipt.*
- IV. *Philaret.*
- V. *Campo Musa.*
- VI. *Opo-Balsamum.*
- VII. *The two Pitchers, &c.*

ROBERT



ROBERT WOOSLEY Esq;

SON of Sir *Charles Woosley* of *Staffordshire*, who stood up for the Parliament, in the time of the unhappy Troubles of King *Charles* the 1st, and for his Services was made one of *Cromwell's* Lords. He was a younger Brother, and being in favour with King *William*, about the Year 1693. was sent Envoy to *Brussels*. He was a Man very much addicted to Pleasure; and he writ some Pieces of Poetry.

I. *On the Prince of Orange's coming to England with an Army to Restore the Government.*

II. *Cato's Answer to Labianus*, when he advis'd him to consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*.

III. *Aeneas, his meeting with Dido in the Elyzian Fields.* Translated from the sixth Book of *Virgil's Aeneis*.

This was the Gentleman as wrote the extraordinary Preface to my Lord *Rochester's Valentinian*.



Y.

THOMAS YALDEN, D. D.

AN eminent Divine, now living, born in the City of *Exon*, and the youngest of six Sons of Mr. *John Yalden* of *Suffex*. He was educated in the Grammar-School belonging to *Magdalen-College* in *Oxford*. In the Year 1690. he was admitted a Commoner of *Magdalen-Hall*, under that excellent Tutor and great Master of Logic Mr. *John Pullen*; and the following Year he was Scholar of *Magdalen-College*. Here he became a Fellow-Pupil with the celebrated Mr. *Addison* and Dr. *Henry Sacheverel*, and early contracted a particular Intimacy and Friendship with those two Gentlemen. This Academical Affection, I am inform'd, the late Mr. Secretary *Addison* preserv'd, not only Abroad in his Travels, but also on his Advancement to his considerable Employments at Home, and kept the same easy and free Correspondence with him to the very last, as when their Fortunes were more on a Level. The Year 1700. he was admitted actual and perpetual Fellow of *Magdalen-College*, and qualify'd himself the next Year, by taking Orders, as the Founder's Statutes require. After his Admission, he receiv'd two publick Marks of Favour from that Society: The first was a Presentation to a Living in *Warwickshire*, consistent with his Fellowship; and the other his being elected Moral Philosophy-Reader, an Office for Life, endow'd with a handsome Stipend, and peculiar

peculiar Privileges. In 1706. he was receiv'd into the Family of his Noble and kind Patron the late Duke of *Beaufort*; with whom he was in great Favour, having in many Instances experienc'd his Bounty and Generosity. In the following Year he compleated his Academical Degrees, by proceeding Doctor in Divinity: He presented to the Society their Founder's Picture at full length, which now hangs up in the publick Hall; and afterwards he deliver'd in to the President a voluntary Resignation of his Fellowship and Moral Philosophy-Lecture. He is at present Rector of *Chalton* and *Cleanville*, two adjoining Towns and Rectories in *Hampshire*. He has Prebends, or sine Cures, the *Deans*, *Hains*, and *Pendles* in the County of *Devon*; and he was elected, by the President and Governors of *Bridewell*, Preacher of that Hospital, upon the Resignation of *Francis* present Lord Bishop of *Rocheſter*. His Residence in a noble Family recommended him to the Acquaintance of many of the best Quality and Character in the Kingdom; and by his chearful Temper, pleasing and instructive Conversation, extensive Learning, and good Manners, he has retain'd their Friendship and Esteem. His Poetical Works, in *English Verse*, are,

I. *A Pindarick Ode*, presented to King *William* on taking *Namur*.

II. *The Temple of Fame*. A Poem on the Death of the Duke of *Gloceſter*.

III. *On the late Queen's Accession to the Throne*: A Poem. These three are all excellent Pieces.

IV. *Æſop at Court*: Or, State-Fables.

V. *An Essay on the Character of Sir William Aſhton*; a Poem.

VI. *On the Mines of Sir Carbery Price*: A Poem occasion'd by the Mine-Adventure Company.

VII. *On the Death of Mr. John Partridge, Professor in Leather and Astrology.*

VIII. *To Mr. Watson, on his Ephemeris of the Celestial Motions, presented to her late Majesty.*

XI. *Against immoderate Grief.*

X. *The Force of Jealousy.*

XI. *An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, 1693. compos'd by Dr. Purcel.*

XII. *A Hymn to the Morning, in Praise of Light : An Ode. This Piece has the following admirable Lines :*

*Parent of Day ! whose beauteous Beams of Light
Spring from the darksome Womb of Night,
And 'midst their native Horrors show*

Like Gems adorning of the Negro's Brow.

Not Heaven's fair Bow can equal Thee,

In all its gaudy Drapery :

Thou first Essay of Light, and Pledge of Day !

Rival of Shade ! Eternal Spring ! Still Gay !

From thy bright unexhausted Womb

The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.

Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,

But, 'spite of Time, thou'rt ever young.

Thou art alone Heav'n's modest Virgin Light,

Whose Face a Veil of Blushes hides from humane Sight.

At thy Approach, Nature erects her Head ;

The smiling Universe is glad ;

The drowsy Earth and Seas awake,

And from thy Beams new Life and Vigour take.

When thy more chearful Rays appear,

Ev'n Guilt and Women cease to fear :

Horror, Despair, and all the Sons of Night,

Retire before thy Beams, and take their hasty Flight.

Thou risest in the fragrant East,

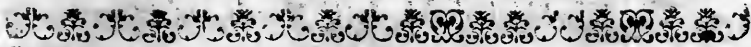
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy Nest ;

But

But yet thy fading Glories soon decay,
 Thine's but a momentary Stay;
 Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our Sight,
 Borne down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with
 (Light.

Thy Beams to thy own Ruin haste,
 They're fram'd too exquisite to last:
 Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State;
 Pity so fair a Birth should yield so soon to Fate.

Besides these Pieces, this Gentleman has translated the second Book of *Ovid's Art of Love* (the first and third Books being done by Mr. *Congreve* and Mr. *Dryden*) with several other occasional Poems, and Translations, publish'd in the third, fourth, and fifth Volumes of *Tonson's Miscellanies*. *The Medicin*, a Tale in the second Volume of *Tatlers*, and Mr. *Patridge's Appeal to the learned World, or a further Account of the manner of his Death*, in Prose.



Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

SON of the Reverend Dr. *Young*, late Dean of *Salisbury*; who being Chaplain and Clerk of the Closet to the late Queen, her Majesty honour'd him with standing Godmother to this our Poet. He was bred at *All-Souls College* in *Oxford*, of which he was some time Fellow; and he has lately had conferr'd on him the Degree of Doctor of Laws. He has writ the following Pieces of Poetry.

I. *A Poem on the Last Day*; in three Books, dedicated to Queen *Anne*. This is an excellent Poem.

R

II. *The*

II. *The Force of Religion ; or Vanquish'd Love.* Illustrated in the History of the Lady *Fane Grey.* A Poem in two Books ; and likewise an admirable Piece.

III. *A Paraphrase upon Job.* This is God's Speech to *Job* in the Extremity of his Affliction.

IV. *On Michael Angelo's painting the Crucifixion.*

V. *An Epistle to the Right Honourable the Lord Lansdown.*

VI. *On the late Queen's Death, and his Majesty's Accession.* Inscrib'd to Mr. *Addison.*

VII. *To Mr. Tickell on the Death of Mr. Addison.* His Poem on the *Last Day* begins thus :

*While others Sing the Fortune of the Great,
 Empire and Arms, and all the Pomp of State ;
 With Britain's Hero set their Souls on fire,
 And grow Immortal as his Deeds inspire ;
 I draw a deeper Scene : A Scene that yields
 A louder Trumpet, and more dreadful Fields ;
 The World alarm'd, both Earth and Heav'n o'er-
 (thrown,
 And gasping Nature's last tremendous Groan ;
 Death's ancient Scepter broke, the teeming Tomb,
 The righteous Judge, and Man's Eternal Doom.*

This Author has also writ a Tragedy, call'd *Busiris*, lately acted at the Theatre-Royal.



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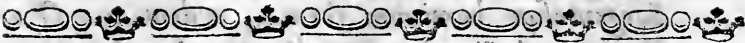
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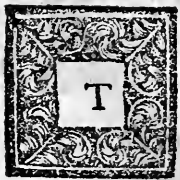
W R I T I N G S

O F

Our Dramatick Poets, out of
the Dramatick way.



A.

JOSEPH ADDISON *Esq;*

O the Account of this celebrated Per-
son, I am to add, that he has lately
resign'd to Fate, and left a very great
Example to the World of an excel-
lent Poet, and a good Man. He was
some time since marry'd to the Countess of *Warwick*

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and

and *Holland*, a beautiful and virtuous Lady, one who can well distinguish Merit, and generously prefer the Gifts of the Mind to all other Considerations; and herein she was not mistaken in her Choice of *Mr. Addison*. He made a most affectionate Husband to his Lady, and his Respect to her Quality equal'd his Love, so that every thing contributed to her Felicity. He dy'd, very much lamented, the 17th Day of *June*, 1718. in the forty eighth Year of his Age, at *Holland-House* near *Kensington*; and was interr'd in *Westminster-Abbey*. His *Latin* and *English* Poems are the following :

I. *Pax Gulielmi Auspiciis Europa reddita*: The Peace of *Reswick*. Dedicated to the late Earl of *Halifax*. This is an incomparable Piece; the Images are chosen with nice Judgment, and work'd up with great Delicacy of Imagination; and every thing strikes at the first View.

II. *Resurrectio delineata ad Altare Coll. Magd. Oxon.* This is a very masterly Performance, and the finest Sketch of the Resurrection that any Age or Language has produc'd. It begins :

*Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque Ora
Judicis, & Simulacra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, Tu Carmina Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende Furores.*

III. *Ad Insignissimum Virum D. Tho. Burnettum, Sacre Theoriae Telluris Autorem.* In this Ode the Conflagration by Fire is thus express'd, in the Translation :

*And now the kindling Orbs on high
All Nature's mournful End proclaim ;
When thy great Work (alas !) must die,
And feed the rich victorious Flame ;*

*Give Vigour to the wasting Fire,
And with the World too soon expire.*

IV. *Ad D. D. Hannes, Insignissimum Medicum & Poetam.* This Ode has the following excellent Lines to Dr. *Hannes*.

*One certain Fate by Heav'n decreed,
In spite of thee we all must try—
Thou too shalt with pale Horror see
The fabled Ghosts that glare below,
Which to the Shades, restrain'd by Thee,
In thinner Shoals descending, flow;
And Death, whose Pow'r you now defy,
Shall boast, her Conqueror can die.*

V. *Barometri Descriptio*; a fine Philosophical Poem.

VI. *Spheristerium.* The Bowling-Green. This Poem contains an admirable Description of the Diversion of Bowling, &c.

VII. *Machine Gesticulantes.* The Puppet-Show.

VIII. ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟ-ΜΑΧΙΑ, *five Prelium inter Pygmeos & Grues commissum.* This Piece and the *Puppet-Show* are of the Mock Heroick Kind of Poetry, and extremely diverting; the Humour is fine, and tho' the Subjects are mean and trivial, they are rais'd by a Pomp of Verse, Metaphors, and Similes drawn from things of a higher Class, and such as are well suited to convey Ideas of Greatness to the Mind.

IX. *Dissertatio de Insignioribus Romanorum Poetis.* These are all Mr. *Addison's* Latin Pieces, and they are lately translated by several Hands. His English Works are as follow.

X. *A Poem to his Majesty King William III. Presented to the Lord Keeper Somers in the Year 1695.*

This was Mr. Addison's first Attempt in *English Verse*, of a publick Nature, and it was very much applauded.

XI. *A Letter from Italy, to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, in the Year 1701.* This Poem has these admirable Lines on Liberty:

O Liberty! thou Goddess Heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with Delight,
 Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train!
 Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st Beauty to the Sun, and Pleasure to the Day,
 Thee, Goddess, Thee Britannia's Isle adores;
 How has she oft exhausted all her Stores,
 How oft in Fields of Death thy Presence sought;
 Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought.

XII. *The Campaign. A Poem. To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.* This is an excellent Piece, the best of Mr Addison's Performances in *English Poetry*. His Similes in this Poem are surprizingly beautiful; particularly the following, after a Description of the Duke of Marlborough's giving sedate Orders in the Heat of Battle.

— Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage,
 So when an Angel, by Divine Command,
 With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land;
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast;
 And pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
 Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.

XIII. *An Account of the Greatest English Poets.*
 To Mr. H. S. This Poem contains Characters of
Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, Milton, Waller, Dryden,
Lord Halifax, &c.

XIV. *To Mr. Dryden.* A Poem.

XV. *An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.* The words
 of this Piece are extremely fine, well adapted to
 the Day, and exactly fitted for Musick.

XVI. *Milton's Stile imitated, in a Translation of a
 Story out of the third Æneid.*

XVII. *A Translation of all Virgil's fourth Geor-
 gick, except the Story of Aristeus.*

XVIII. *Ovid's Metamorphoses, the second and
 third Books, and part of the fourth.*

XIX. *On the Lady Manchester.*

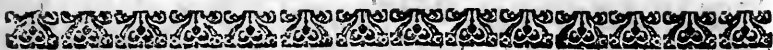
XX. *To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales,
 with the Tragedy of Cato.*

XXI. *To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Majesty's
 Picture.* This is an admirable Poem; and the Au-
 thor thus writes to *Kneller* :

*The Magick of thy Art calls forth
 His secret Soul and hidden Worth,
 His Probity and Mildness shows
 His Care of Friends, and Scorn of Foes:
 In ev'ry Stroke, in ev'ry Line,
 Does some exalted Virtue shine,
 And Albion's Happiness we trace
 Thro' all the Features of his Face.*

*Thou hast in Robes of State array'd,
 The Kings of half an Age display'd.—
 O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
 (Though Heav'n should with my Wish agree,
 And long preserve thy Art in Thee)
 The Last, the Happiest British King,
 Whom Thou shalt paint, or I shall sing.*

The last Lines of this Poem were very prophetick with relation to himself. These are all the Works of Mr. Addison, besides his *Rosamond*, and *Cato*; *Remarks upon several Parts of Italy in his Travels*; *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, &c. And two Pieces in Prose, publish'd since his Death, one a *Treatise upon Medals*, and another upon the *Christian Religion*. His Works are printed in three Volumes, 4to.



C.

WILLIAM CONGREVE Esq;

THE ingenious Mr. Congreve, besides his excellent Dramatick Works, has oblig'd the Publick with the following Poems and Translations.

I. *An Epistle to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, &c.* In this Poem the Author has these Verses to his Lordship :

*O had your Genius been to Leisure born,
And not more bound to Aid us, than Adorn!
Albion in Verse with antient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a Fame, which, there, seven States
(divide.*

II. *The Mourning-Muse of Alexis.* A Pastoral; lamenting the Death of Queen Mary. This Piece concludes with these admirable Lines :

*See where Pastora lies it spreads around,
Shewing all radiant bright the sacred Ground;
While from her Tomb, behold a Flame ascends
Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heav'n extends!*

*On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight
Cuts thro' the yielding Air, with Rays of Light.
Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,
And, fixing there, a glorious Star remains:
Fairest it shines of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were seen PASTORA'S
(Eyes.*

III. *To the King, on the taking of Namur.*

IV. *A Pindarique Ode on the Victories of the Duke of Marlborough, humbly offer'd to Queen Anne.* This is an excellent Piece, and the Author's Discourse on Pindarique Ode, shews him to be perfectly accomplish'd in this way of writing.

V. *To the Right Honourable the Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain.* Pindarique Ode.

VI. *The Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas.* A Pastoral on the Death of the Marquis of Blandford.

VII. *The Birth of the Muse.* To the Lord Halifax. This is an excellent Poem.

VIII. *Of Pleasing; an Epistle to Sir Richard Temple.*

IX. *To Sir Godfrey Kneller, occasion'd by L--y---s Picture.* He has this Couplet in compliment to Sir Godfrey:

*Thy lively Pictures, when once brought to view,
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.*

X. *To Mr. Dryden, on his Translation of Perſius.*

XI. *To Sleep.* Elegy.

XII. *Epitaph upon Robert Huntington, Esq; and Robert his Son.*

XIII. *To Cynthia, weeping.*

XIV. *To a Candle.* This is a Simile relating to Man's Life, &c.

XV.

XV. *Amoret.*

XVI. *Doris.* This Piece contains a fine Character of a Libertine Lady of Quality.

XVII. *On Mrs. Arabella Hunt, Singing.*

XVIII. *A Hymn to Harmony.*

XIX. *The Reconciliation.*

XX. *Priam's Lamentation and Petition to Achilles for the Body of his Son Hector.*

XXI. *Homer's Hymn to Venus. Translated into English Verse.* This esteem'd is a very just and excellent Translation.

XXII. *An Imitation of Horace, Ode 9, &c.*

XXIII. *The eleventh Satire of Juvenal.*

XXIV. *Ovid's third Book of the Art of Love, Translated into English Verse.* With several other small Pieces publish'd in the third Volume of his Works. *Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso)* was born at *Sulmo*, about twenty Miles distant from *Rome*, in the second Year of the 184th Olympiad, one and forty Years before Christ. He spent his Youth in the Studies of the Law, and coming to *Rome*, he was once in great Favour with *Augustus*; but for some Freedom with his Daughter *Julia*, he banish'd him to *Pontus*, at fifty Years of Age; where, after eight Years and some Months, he died. He was a Poet of excelling Wit, and great Learning, and in his Works appears great Sweetness.



Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE Life of this admirable Poet, with a short Character of his Talents in general, being inserted in my first Volume of this Work, I shall here descend to some Particulars, for the Com-

Compleature of the Account of our *English Pindar*, Dr. *Sprat*, late Bishop of *Rochester*, in his Life of Mr. *Cowley*, tells us, he understood exceeding well the Variety and Power of Poetical Numbers, and practis'd them with great Happiness. If his Verses in some Places seem not so soft and flowing as some would have them, it was his Choice, not his Fault. He knew that in diverting Mens Minds, there should be the same Variety observ'd, as in the Prospects of their Eyes; where a Rock, a Precipice, or a rising Wave, is often more delightful than a smooth even Ground, or a calm Sea. His Invention was great and powerful, and the Variety of Arguments, that he has manag'd, is so large, that there is scarce any Particular of all the Passions of Men, or Works of Nature and Providence, which he has pass'd by undescrīb'd; and in all he observes the Rules of Decency, a due Figure of Speech, and a proper Measure of Wit. He had a perfect Mastery in both the Languages in which he writ. He excell'd both in Prose and Verse; and both together have that Perfection, which is commended by some of the antient Writers, above all others, that they are very obvious to the Conception, but most difficult in the Imitation. In his *Latin Poems*, he has express'd to Admiration all the Numbers of Verses, and Figures of Poesy, that are scatter'd up and down among the Antients: This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet perform'd by any single Poet of the antient *Romans* themselves. And he imitated *Pindar* in *English*, without the Danger that *Horace* presag'd to the Man who should dare to attempt it. His Works, when they were first printed, were divided into four Parts, *viz.*

I. *His Mistres*; which describes the Passion of Love more lively, and shews the prodigious Wit
of

of the Author, beyond any Poetry ever printed in the *English Tongue*.

II. *His Miscellaneous Works*; or, *Poems on several Occasions*: which are also incomparable.

III. *Dauidis, an Heroick Poem*. This Divine Piece has a Greatness of Spirit, and Sublimity of Thought rarely to be met with; and tho' Mr. *Rimmer* would not allow the Troubles of *David* to be a Title or Matter proper for an Heroick Poem, yet he says, there is something of a more fine, more free, and more noble Air in *Cowley's Dauidis*, than in the *Hierusalem* of *Tasso*.

IV. *His Pindarique Odes*, excellent, beyond all others written of his time or since.

He likewise wrote a Volume of *Latin Poems*, and translated two Books of his *Dauidis* into *Latin Verse*. Mr. *Flatman* tells us, *Cowley*, as *Apollo's Columbus*, found out new worlds of Poetry, and has these Lines upon him,

*He, like an Eagle, soar'd aloft,
To seize his noble Prey;
Yet, as a Dove's, his Soul was soft,
Calm as the Night, but bright as Day.*

D.

Mr. SAMUEL DANIEL.

THIS Gentleman's Life you'll find in my Poetical Register; his Father was an eminent Master of Musick, and his harmonious Mind made so great an Impression on his Son's Genius, that he prov'd to be one of the Darlings of the Muses, an excellent Poet. His Poems were univ'rsally receiv'd, the chief whereof are the following :

I. *The Civil Wars between the two Houses of York and Lancaster; an Heroick Poem.*

II. *Musophilus; or a general Defence of Learning. Dedicated to Sir Fulk Grevil.*

III. *A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius.*

IV. *Complaint of Rosamond.*

V. *His Panegyrick, Delia, &c.* The first in Esteem is the first mention'd, viz. *The Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which begins thus :*

*I sing the Civil Wars, tumultuous Broils,
And bloody Factions of a mighty Land,
Whose People haughty, proud with foreign Spoils,
Upon their selves turn back their conquering Hand.
While Kin their Kin, Brother the Brother foils,
Like Ensigns, all against like Ensigns stand :*

Bows

*Bows against Bows, a Crown against a Crown,
While all pretending Right, all Right are throwing
(down.*

He flourish'd in the time of King James the First,
and dy'd about the latter end of that Reign.



Sir JOHN DENHAM.

AN incomparable Poet, whose Virtue and Memory will ever be as dear to all Lovers of Poetry, as his Person was to Majesty, viz. K. Charles the First and Second. His Elegy on Mr. Cowley render'd his Name famous to Posterity; and his *Cooper's-Hill* has gain'd him Immortal Fame. The following Lines in this Poem, on *Hunting the Stag*, are inimitable.

*At length the great and unexpected Sound
Of Dogs and Men his wakeful Ears does wound :
Rous'd with the Noise, he scarce believes his Ear,
Willing to think th' Illusion of his Fear
Had giv'n this false Alarm : But strait his View
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his Strength, the Wood beset,
All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met ;
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Sped ;
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head :
With those t'avoid, with this his Fate to meet,
But Fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing Eye
Has lost the Chacers, and his Ears the Cry :
Exulting, 'till he finds their noble Sense
Their disproportion'd Speed does recompence ;*

Then

Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose Scent
 Betray that Safety which their Swiftness lent.
 Next tries his Friends; amongst the baser Herd,
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
 His Safety seeks: The Herd, unkindly wise,
 Or chaces him from thence, or from him flies:
 Like a declining Statesman, left forlorn
 To his Friend's Pity, and Pursuer's Scorn;
 With Shame remembers, when himself was one
 Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.
 Then to the Coverts, and the conscious Groves,
 The Scenes of his past Triumphs and his Loves;
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
 Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;
 And, like a bold Knight-Errant, did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the Dame.
 And taught the Woods to Eccho to the Stream,
 His dreadful Challenge, and his clashing Beam:
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife;
 So much his Love was dearer than his Life!
 Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath,
 Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
 All Safety in Despair of Safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now too late he wishes for the Fight,
 That Strength he wasted in ignoble Flight:
 But when he sees the eager Chace renew'd,
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd;
 He strait revokes his bold Resolve, and more
 Repents his Courage than his Fear before;
 Finds that uncertain Ways unsafest are,
 And Doubt a greater Mischief than Despair.
 Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
 Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his Course;

Thinks

*Thinks not their Rage so desp'rate to essay
 An Element more merciless than they :
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood
 Quench their dire Thirst ; alas ! they thirst for
 (Blood.*

*As tow'rd's a Ship the Oar finn'd Gallies ply,
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last Fury of expreme Despair.
 So fares the Stag among th' iraged Hounds,
 Repells their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds :
 But vain's his Strife, at last resigns his Blood,
 And stains the Chrystal with a Purple Flood.*

In the same Poem, his Lines on the *Thames* vastly surpass all Descriptions of Rivers, either of the Antient or Modern Poets of our own, or any other Nation ; they are,

*Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
 By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs ;
 Hast'ning to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
 Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
 Tho' with those Streams he no Resemblance hold,
 Whose Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold ;
 His genuine and less guilty Wealth t' explore :
 Search not the Bottom, but survey his Shore :
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wing,
 And hatches Plenty for th' ensuing Spring ;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a Stay,
 Like Mothers who their Children overlay :
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous Wave,
 Like Kings profuse, resumes the Wealth he gave :
 No unexpected Inundations spoil
 The Mower's Hopes, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil ;
 But, God-like, his unwear'd Bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.*

Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,
 But free and common, as the Sea or Wind;
 When he, to boast or to dispense his Stores,
 Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
 Visits the World, and, in his flying Tow'rs,
 Brings Home to us, and makes both Indies ours.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
 My great Example, as it is my Theme!
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong, without Rage, without O'erflowing, full;
 Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost:
 Thy nobler Streams shall visit Jove's Abodes,
 To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.

The Simile of the *Thames* running to the Sea, to Man's Life meeting Eternity, is the finest that ever was, for its prodigious Strength and religious Application; and the many other Allusions and Similies have their Beauties and Excellencies difficult to be describ'd. The Life of this celebrated Poet is written in my first Volume of this Work.



Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

IF I did not allow this Gentleman to be a good Poet, and the greatest Critick of this Age, I should be wanting in Justice to his Character. In his *Grounds of Criticism*, he observes, that the ancient Poets deriv'd that Advantage which they have over the Moderns, to the constituting their Subjects after a Religious manner; and he proves from the Precepts of *Longinus*, tho' that Author did not make the Discovery, that the greatest Sub-

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limity

limity is to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas. He is of Opinion, that one of the principal Reasons that has made the modern Poetry so contemptible, is, that by divesting it self of Religion, it is fallen from its Dignity, and its original Nature and Excellence; and from the greatest Production of the Mind of Man, is dwindled to an extravagant and vain Amusement. These Reflections are very much for the Reputation of the Author; and in another Place, speaking of Subjects for Poetry, There are some Persons (says he) mov'd by Love, and are not touch'd by Ambition; others are animated by Ambition, and only laugh at Love: Some are pleas'd with a brave Revenge, others with a generous Contempt of Injuries; but the Eternal Power, and infinite Knowledge of God, the Wonders of the Creation, and the beautiful Brightness of Virtue, make a powerful Impression on all. Mr. Dennis is very fond of *Milton*, a certain Demonstration of his sound Judgment, and in his Blank Verse he has come nearest that sublime Poet of any of his Cotemporaries. His Poems are the following.

I. *Upon our Victory at Sea, and burning the French Fleet at La Hogue in 1692.* This Poem is writ in Rhyme, and, after an admirable Description of the Enemy's Fleet shatter'd and destroy'd, the Author has this Simile.

Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain
 The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain:
 With their aspiring Heads they reach the Sky,
 Their huge extended Arms the Winds defy;
 The Tempest sees their Strength, and sighs, and
 (passes by:
 When Jove, concern'd that they so high aspire,
 Amongst them sends his own Revenging Fire:

Which

Which does with dismal Havock on them fall,
 Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all:
 From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are
 (torn,
 And from their Heads their scatter'd Glories born:
 Upon the Heath they blasted stand, and bare;
 And those, whom once they shelter'd, now they scare.

II. *A Pindarick Ode on the King: Written in the Year 1691. occasion'd by the Victory of Aghrim.*

III. *To Mr. Dryden, upon his Translation of the Third Book of Virgil's Georgicks.* This is an excellent Pindarick, and begins thus:

While mounting with expanded Wings,
 The Mantuan Swan unbounded Heav'n explores;
 While with Seraphick Sounds he tow'ring sings,
 Till to Divinity he soars;
 Mankind stands wond'ring at his Flight——

IV. *Part of the Te Deum paraphras'd, in Pindarick Verse.*

V. *The Court of Death: A Pindarick Poem, dedicated to the Memory of her most sacred Majesty Queen Mary.* This is a very good Piece; it has these Lines on Death:

Thou, whose impartial Scepter injures none,
 The justest Potentate that fills a Throne,
 Supremely Just, and merciful alone:
 Who stand'st with Arms extended to embrace
 The Wretches, that in Thee their utmost Refuge place;
 And tam'st proud Monarchs with an Iron Sway,
 Whom soon or late the Imperial Slaves obey.

VI. *The Passion of Byblis; made English from the ninth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

VII. *The Monument: A Poem sacred to the Immortal Memory of King William the Third. Dedicated to William Duke of Devonshire.*

VIII. *A Poem on the Battel of Blenheim, dedicated to Queen Anne.* This is the chief of Mr. Dennis's Performances, and is indeed an admirable Poem. The following Lines in it, in my Opinion, are very near upon an Equality with *Milton*, and they are wrote after the manner of his *Hymn to the Creator*.

*Begin my Soul, and strike the living Lyre !
Join ye deliver'd Nations in the Song !
Your Voices ye deliver'd Nations join !
All your harmonious Instruments unite.
And thou, Great Queen, the Glory of thy Sex,
The Prop and Glory of the noblest Isle ;
On whom e'en William looks admiring down——*

*Germania ! raise thy tuneful Voice to Heaven ;
Let thy fierce Eagle tow'ring to the Skies,
In Thunder bear thy Maker's Praise to Heav'n,
Who has for thee perform'd amazing things,
Which but to hope had been Presumption thought——*

*And thou too with thy Maker's Praise resound,
Thou Field of Blenheim, once obscure, accurst,
But now Great Blenheim's happy glorious Field !
Thou who wert charm'd with the transporting Sight,
Who saw'st the Godlike Men, the Godlike Deed,
Who saw'st them thund'ring in the fierce Pursuit,
While Danube, rising with revenging Flood,
Swallow'd whole Legions with a hideous Roar :
Immortal Blenheim ! pre-ordain'd by Fate
To be the blifsful Spot that frees the World ;
Raise to the ravish'd Skies thy thund'ring Voice,
And for thy mighty Bliss thy Maker praise ;
For thou to all Posterity art blest :*

Blest

*Blest above all the beauteous Fields, o'er which
The winding Danube curls his amorous Arms,
No length of Days thy Glory shall deface,
Nor ever Darkness of the Night obscure.*

IX. *On the Battel of Ramellies. A Poem, in five Books, dedicated to Charles Lord Halifax. The Author in this Piece, describing the Death of Colonel Bringfield remounting the Duke of Marlborough, has these Verses :*

*Marlb'rough remounted, feels the Joys of Heav'n,
The Wisdom and the Force of Gods He feels :
And now he leads the shouting Squadrons on——*

X. *On the Accession of King George to the British Throne.*

Mr. Dennis, in all his Writings, is a zealous Defender of Liberty; and, in his Military Poems, there appears great Spirit, and Thoughts very beautiful. He has written, besides his Poetry, *An Essay on Publick Spirit*, and several other learned Tracts in Prose; and a *Collection of Letters* very much admir'd.



JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq;*

THERE remains nothing to be said of this excellent Poet, after his Life, and the incomparable Character of him and his Talents, by the ingenious Mr. Congreve, in my *Poetical Register*, but to give some Account of his many admirable Performances

mances out of the Dramatick way. The most considerable of them are,

I. *Mack-Flecknoe*. This is a severe Satire on Mr. *Shadwel* and some other Poets.

II. *Absalom and Achitophel*. This inimitable Poem was writ by Mr. *Dryden* at the Request of King *Charles* the Second: It contains Satyrical Characters of the most considerable Persons then at Court; particularly the Duke of *Monmouth*, Lord *Shaftesbury*, the late Duke of *Buckingham*, &c. It begins thus:

*In pious Times, e'er Priestcraft did begin,
Before Polygamy was made a Sin;
When Man on many multiply'd his Kind,
E'er one to one was cursedly confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiscuous Use of Concubine and Bride:
Then Israel's Monarch, after Heav'n's own Heart--*

III. *The Medal*. A Satire against Sedition.

IV. *Heroick Stanza's on Oliver Cromwel*: Written after his Funeral.

V. *Astræa Redux*: A Poem on the happy Restoration and Return of his Sacred Majesty King *Charles* the Second. This is an incomparable Piece.

VI. *To his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second on his Coronation*.

VII. *To the Lord Chancellor Hyde*, presented on New-Year's Day, 1662.

VIII. *Religio Laici*; or, a Layman's Faith, an excellent Poem. The Earl of *Roscommon* very much commends this Piece, in a Copy of Verses to the Author.

IX. *Annus Mirabilis*: *The Year of Wonders*, 1666. An Historical Poem. This Piece is written upon a very Heroick Subject; the Poet having describ'd the

the Motives, Beginning, Progress and Successes of a most just and necessary War, and in it the Care and Prudence of the King, the Conduct and Valour of his Generals, Admiral, &c. It is composed in alternate Verse, and in Stanza's of Quatrains like Sir William Davenant's *Gondibert*.

X. *Threnodia Augustalis: A Funeral Pindarick Poem sacred to the happy Memory of King Charles II.*

XI. *To Sir Godfrey Kneller.* This Piece has a very great Compliment to Sir Godfrey, and his Art.

XII. *Boileau's Art of Poetry.* Made English by Sir William Soame, *Revis'd and Alter'd.*

XIII. *The Hind and the Panther.* A Poem. In three Parts. This is the famous Piece written in the Reign of King James the Second, which made so much Noise, and was answer'd by the late Lord Halifax and Mr. Prior, in the *City-Mouse and Country-Mouse.*

XIV. *Eleonora: A Panegyric Poem.* Dedicated to the Memory of the Countess of Abingdon.

XV. *Upon the Death of the Earl of Dundee.*

XVI. *To Sir Robert Howard, on his excellent Poems.*

XVII. *Veni Creator Spiritus, translated in Paraphrase.*

XVIII. *Horat. Ode 3. lib. 1. inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscomon, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.*

XIX. *The Speech of Venus to Vulcan.*

XX. *Translations from Lucretius.*

XXI. *Daphnis.* From Theocritus, Idyll. 27.

XXII. *Perfius translated.* Translations from Juvenal, Virgil, &c. *Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro)* the Prince of the Latin Heroick Poets, was the Son of *Maro*, a Potter, born in the third Year of the 177th Olympiad, about 67 Years before Christ, at *Andes*, a Village not far from *Mantua*, whence he is fil'd, *The Mantuan Swan.* He dy'd at *Brundu-*

264 *The Lives and Characters of the*
sum, a City in Italy, the second Year of the 190th
Olympiad, in the 51st Year of his Age.

Mr. *Dryden* was the most elegant Translator of Poetry that any Age has produc'd: His Works sufficiently shew what our Language is capable of; and to give Specimens of his Beauties, would be endless, he has so many Excellencies, and was such a universal Writer; I shall therefore conclude with Mr. *Dennis's* admirable Ode to him, upon his Translation of the third Book of *Virgil's Georgicks*.

Sometimes of humble rural Things,
Thy Muse, which keeps great Maro still in Sight,
In middle Air with varied Numbers sings,
And sometimes her sonorous Flight
To Heav'n sublimely wings:
But first takes time with Majesty to rise,
Then without Pride, divinely great,
She mounts her Native Skies;
And, Goddess-like, retains her State,
When down again she flies:
Commands which Judgment give, she still obeys,
Both to depress her Flight and raise.
Thus Mercury from Heav'n descends,
And to this Under-World his Journey bends,
When Jove his dread Command has giv'n;
But, still descending, Dignity maintains,
As much a God upon our humble Plains,
As when he tow'ring reascends to Heav'n.

But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,
With such a Majesty, to such a Height,
As can alone suffice to prove,
That she descends from mighty Jove;
Gods! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar, and
(Shine!
Immortal Spirit animates each Line:

Each

Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is
(crown'd,

Each has Magnificence of Sound,
And Harmony Divine.

Thus the first Orbs, in their high Rounds,
With shining Pomp advance,
And to their own Celestial Sounds
Majestically dance :

On with eternal Symphony they roll,
Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,
And each inform'd by the prodigious Force
Of an Empyrean Soul.



E.

Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

AS the Publick are oblig'd to this ingenious Gentleman for three excellent Comedies; so are we also for several Poems publish'd in the *Miscellanies* : They are the following :

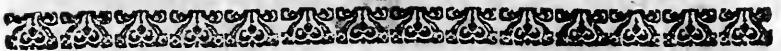
- I. *The Forsaken Mistress.* A Dialogue.
- II. *The Divided Heart.* A Love Poem.
- III. *Voiture's Urania.*
- IV. *To a young Lady.*
- V. *To Sylvia.* This Poem concludes with these Verses :

*The desp'rate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty, and Rigour, are both in Excess;
In Sylvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.*

VI. The

VI. *The Imperfect Enjoyment.* In this Poem are these amorous Lines ;

*Her Eyes the Rudeness of her Arms excuse,
 Whilst those accept what these seem to refuse :
 To ease my Passion, and to make me blest,
 Th' obliging Smock falls from her whiter Breast :
 Then with her lovely Hands she does conceal
 Those Wonders, Chance so kindly did reveal ;
 In vain, alas ! her nimble Fingers strove
 To shield her Beauties from my greedy Love ;
 Guarding her Breasts, her Lips she did expose,
 To save a Lilly, she must lose a Rose :
 Sighing, at length her Force she does recal,
 For since I must have part, she'll give me all.
 Her Arms the joyful Conqueror embrace* —



G.

The Right Honourable GEORGE GRANVILLE, Lord Lansdowne.

THE Works of this celebrated Nobleman are universally admir'd, for their superiour Merit, and uncommon Excellence ; an Elegancy of Stile, harmonious Numbers, and beautiful Similes and Metaphors. His Lordship, by his Writings, has shewn himself a Person of Wit and Gallantry, a fine Gentleman, and an admirable Poet ; and, as a Patron, he is equal to the Greatest. The chief of his Lordship's Pieces, not Dramatick, are the following, *viz.*

I. *On*

I. *On the Earl of Peterborough's Negotiation of the Marriage between his Royal Highness the Duke of York (afterwards King James) and the Princess of Modena.*

II. *Spoken by the Author, being but twelve Years of Age, to her Royal Highness the Dutchess of York, at Trinity-College in Cambridge.*

III. *To the King, in the first Year of his Majesty's Reign.*

IV. *To Mr. Waller.* In this short Copy of Verses my Lord has this Compliment on Mr. Waller, and the King and Queen he celebrates.

*Ages to come shall scorn the Pow'rs of old,
 When in thy Verse of Greater Gods they're told.
 Our beauteous Queen, and martial Monarch's Name,
 For Jove and Juno shall be plac'd by Fame :
 Thy Charles, for Neptune, shall the Seas command,
 And Sacharissa shall for Venus stand ;
 Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty Rome,
 But think from Britain all the Gods did come.*

V. *To the Immortal Memory of Mr. Waller, upon his Death.*

VI. *To Dr. Garth in his Sickness.* This Piece does the Doctor a great deal of Honour.

VII. *To Mr. Dryden, on his excellent Translations.*

VIII. *An Essay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.*

IX. *To Myra.* His Lordship has a great many Pieces in praise of Myra ; and the Passion of Love is so nicely touch'd in them all, that 'tis impossible for any Person, not impotent, to read them without Rapture. His first Piece begins thus :

*Tune, tune thy Lyre : Begin my Muse,
 What Nymph ? what Queen ? what Goddess shall
 (we chuse ?
 Whose*

*Whose Praises sing? what Charmer's Name
Transmit Immortal down to Fame?*

*Strike, Strike thy Strings; let Echo take the Sound,
And bear it far to all the Mountains round:
Pindus again shall hear, again rejoice,
And Hæmus too, as when th'enchanting Voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the Grove,
Taught Oaks to dance, and made the Cedars move.
Then sing my Muse, let Myra be our Theme——*

X. *To Myra. The Inchantment. In Imitation of
the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus.*

XI. *The Discovery. To the Countess of N——*

XII. *To my Lady Hyde.*

XIII. *Verses under the Dutches's of Bolton's Name,
upon a Drinking-Glass.*

XIV. *A Morning-Hymn to her Grace the Dutches's
of Hamilton.*

XV. *The Progress of Beauty.* This excellent Poem
traces Beauty from the most distant Climates, and
most early Times, to *Great Britain*, and the Reign
of King *James the Second*, and ends with the La-
dies of the Court.

XVI. *Love; a Poem.*

XVII. *To Phyllis drinking.* This Piece has the
following Verses:

*While Phyllis is drinking, Love and Wine in Al-
liance,
With Forces united bid resistless Defiance;
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes, by her drinking, redouble their Fire.*

*Her Cheeks grow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;*

*His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more
(enduring.*

*By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and Desiring,
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.*

*Then Phyllis begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round ;
Our Joys are Immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.*

XVIII. To Celia.

XIX. Upon a Hearing in the House of Lords, of a Cause between her Grace the Dutchess of Grafton, and the Lord Chief Justice.

XX. To an unknown Lady, who had sent his Lordship a Copy of Verses on his Retiring into the Country. The Lady begins thus,

*Why Granville, is thy Life confin'd
To Shades? Thou whom the Gods design'd
In publick, to do Credit to Mankind !
Why sleeps the noble Ardour of thy Blood,
Which from thy Ancestors so many Ages past,
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at last
In Thee, when thy victorious * Lance
Bore the disputed Prize from all the Youths of France ?
So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why should you from Courts or Camps retire ?*

My Lord's incomparable Answer to the Lady, was the following :

* At a Carousal at Paris, in the Year 1686.

Whoe'er Thou art, who tempt'st in such a Strain,
 Sweet is thy Syren Song, but sung in vain:
 When the Winds rage, and loud the Billows roar,
 What Fool will trust the Sea, and quit the Shore?
 Early and vain into the World I came,
 Big with false Hopes, and eager after Fame;
 Till looking round me, e'er the Race began,
 Madmen and giddy Fools were all that ran:
 Reclaim'd betimes, I from the List retire,
 And thank the Gods who my Retreat inspire.
 Survey the World, and, with impartial Eyes,
 Consider, and examine, all who rise;
 Weigh all their Actions, and their treacherous Ends,
 How Greatness grows, and by what Steps ascends.
 What Murders, Treasons, Perjuries, Deceit,
 How many fall, to make one Monster great.
 Wou'd you command? Have Fortune in your Pow'r?
 Hug whom you stab, and smile when you devour:
 Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lye,
 Turn Pander, Pathick, Parasite, or Spy,
 Such thriving Arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
 At least a General be——perhaps a King.
 Fortune we most unjustly partial call,
 A Mistress free, who bids alike to all;
 But on such Terms as only suit the Base,
 Honour denies, and shuns the foul Embrace:
 The honest Man, who starves, and is undone,
 Not Fortune, but his Virtue, keeps him down.
 Had Cato bent beneath the conquering Cause,
 He might have liv'd to give new Senates Laws:
 But on vile Terms disdaining to be Great,
 He perish'd by his Choice, and not his Fate:
 Honour and Life th' Usurper bids, and all
 That vain mistaken Men good Fortune call;
 Virtue forbids, and sets before his Eyes
 An honest Death, which he accepts, and dies.

O glorious Resolution! Noble Pride!
 More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd
 More prais'd, more lov'd, more envy'd in his Doom,
 Than Cæsar trampling on the Rights of Rome.
 The Virtuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
 And Death's a pleasant Road, that leads to Fame.
 On Bones and Scraps let me be always fed,
 My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head
 To bleakest Colds, a Kennel be my Bed. }
 This, and all other Martyrdom, for thee
 Seems glorious all, thrice beauteous Honesty!
 Ye great Disturbers, who in endless Noise,
 In Blood and Horror seek unnatural Joys;
 For what is all this Bustle, but to shun
 Those Thoughts, with which you dare not be alone?
 As Men in Misery, oppress'd with Care,
 Seek, in the Rage of Wine, to drown Despair.
 Let others fight, and eat their Bread in Blood,
 Not caring if the Cause be bad or good;
 Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods
 Of strutting Pigmies, who would pass for Gods:
 For me, unpractis'd in the Courtier's School,
 Who loath a Knaves, and tremble at a Fool.
 What can I hope in Courts? or how succeed? }
 Tygers and Wolves shall in the Ocean breed;
 The Whale and Dolphin in the Forest feed;
 And every Element exchange its Kind,
 When thriving Honesty in Courts we find.

Happy the Man, of Mortals happiest he,
 Whose quiet Mind from vain Desires is free;
 Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment,
 But lives, at Peace within himself, content:
 In Thought, or Act, accountable to none
 But to himself, and to his God alone.
 O Sweetness of Content! Seraphick Joy!
 Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

Where

*Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the
(Mind?)*

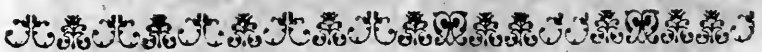
*Where but in Shades remote from human Kind;
In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet,
But never comes within the Palace-Gate.*

*Farewel then Cities, Camps, and Courts, farewel,
Welcome ye Groves, here let me ever dwell;*

*From Care, from Business, and Mankind remove,
All but the Muses, and inspiring Love.*

*How sweet the Morn! How quiet is the Night!
How calm the Evening! And the Day how bright!
From hence, as from a Hill, I view below
The croud'd World, which like some Wood does show,
Where sev'ral Wand'ers travel Day and Night
By several Ways, and none are in the right.*

This Noble Author has likewise writ several other Pieces, very much applauded; and, upon the whole, I may say, he is at least a second *Waller*.



J.

BEN JOHNSON.

IT is generally allow'd, that this Great Man was the most Learned, Judicious, and Correct of all the *English* Dramatick Poets; and he was the more to be admir'd for being so, for that neither the Height of natural Parts, nor the Cost of extraordinary Education, but his own Industry, and Application to Books, advanc'd him to this Perfection. Besides his numerous Productions for the Stage,

Stage, some † whereof equal the chief of the ancient *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, he has writ a Volume of Epigrams, Poems, &c. dedicated to the Earl of *Pembroke*, which he calls in his Dedication his *Riper Studies*: And *Mr. Winstanley* tells us, in his Poetry not Dramatick, he is sometimes very bold and strenuous, sometimes magisterial, and oftentimes full of Fancy. He begins to the Reader thus:

*Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my Book in Hand,
To read it well; that is, to understand.*

The next Epigram he writes on his Book, and then proceeds to his Bookseller:

*Thou, that mak'st Gain thy End, and wisely well
Call'st a Book good, or bad, as it does sell,
Use mine not so——*

Then he has an Epigram to King *James*, which begins:

*How, best of Kings, dost thou a Scepter bear?
How, best of Poets, dost thou Laurel wear!*

A Lord having endeavour'd to reproach *Ben* with the Name of Poet, he wrote to him by the Name of my Lord *Ignorant*.

*Thou call'st me Poet, as a Term of Shame,
But I have my Revenge made in thy Name.*

The Issue of his Brain was more lasting than that of his Body, he having several Children, yet

† *The Fox, Alchymist, and Silent Woman.*

none living, to survive him; and this he made as part of an Epitaph on his eldest Son :

*Rest in soft Peace, and ask'd, say, Here doth lie
Ben. Johnson his best Piece of Poetry.*

To Madam *Would-be*, a barren Lady, Ben. writes thus :

*What should the Cause be? Oh! you live at Court;
And there's both Loss of Time, and Loss of Sport
In a great Belly. Write then on thy Womb;
Of the not born, yet buried, here's the Tomb.*

His Epigrams are numerous, and to these are subjoin'd.

I. A Poem, call'd, *The Voyage.*

II. *The Forest*, a Poem divided into many Parts, on various Subjects.

III. *A Panegyre on the Entrance of King James the First, to his first Session of Parliament in this Kingdom, in the Year 1603.*

IV. *To Heaven.*

V. *Rules for the Tavern-Academy, &c.* And over the Door of the *Apollo*, he writ these Lines :

*Welcome all that lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo——
Ale and Beer no good can mean us,
Wine it is the Milk of Venus,
And the Poet's Horse accounted;
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Plæbeian Liquor,
Cheers the Brains, makes Wit the quicker.
Pays all Debts, cures all Diseases,
And at once three Senses pleases.*

Welcome

Welcome all that lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo——

Ben likewise wrote a very diverting Song on the *Devil's Arse* in *Peak*.

Mr. *Cartwright* and the Lord *Falkland* writ excellent Copies of Verses on *Ben Johnson's* Death.



O.

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

THE Life of this admirable Poet, you'll find in my *Poetical Register*, with an Account of his Plays; and besides these, he has oblig'd the World with the following Poems, viz.

I. *The Incantment.*

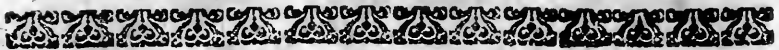
II. *On Enjoyment*; an excellent Piece.

III. *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse.* An Ode. This Piece is a severe Satire on himself for indulging his Poetical Genius, and was very famous at the time it was wrote.

IV. *Windsor-Castle, in a Monument to King Charles the Second.* This Poem is dedicated to the Immortal Fame of King *Charles* the Second, of Ever-Blessed Memory: And to the Sacred Majesty of the most August and Mighty Prince *James* the Second, now, by the Grace of God, King of *England*, &c.

V. *The 16th Ode of the second Book of Horace, translated.* Mr. *Otway* has these Lines on the first State of Nature:

*Why should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
 That Law, by which her self is now betray'd ?
 E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most noble, who was born most free :
 Each of himself was Lord ; and unconfin'd
 Obey'd the Dictates of his Godlike Mind.
 Law was an Innovation brought in since,
 When Fools began to love Obedience,
 And call their Slavery Safety and Defence.
 Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood*



R.

NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

TO this Gentleman's Life, I may further
 add, * that when he had just got to be easy
 in his Fortune, and was in a fair way to make it
 better, Death swept him away, and in him de-
 priv'd the World of one of the best of Men, as
 well as one of the best Genius's of the Age. He
 dy'd like a *Christian* and a *Philosopher*, in Charity
 with all Mankind, and with an absolute Resigna-
 tion to the Will of God. He kept up his good
 Humour to the last, and took leave of his Wife
 and Friends, immediately before his last Agony,
 with the same Tranquillity of Mind, and the same
 Indifference for Life, as tho' he had been taking
 but a short Journey. So that his last Moments

* See *Dr. Wellwood's Preface to Lucan.*

confirm'd the Justness of his Thoughts, in these excellent Lines in his *Tamerlane*, speaking of Death's dark Shades,

*Seem, as we journey on, to lose their Horror ;
At near Approach the Monsters, form'd by Fear,
Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.*

He dy'd the 6th Day of December, 1713. in the 45th Year of his Age, and was bury'd the 19th of the same Month in *Westminster-Abbey*, in the Isle where many of our *English Poets* are interr'd, over against *Chaucer* ; his Corps being attended by a select Number of his Friends, and the Dean and Choir officiating at the Funeral. Besides his Dramatick Works, he has written,

I. *A Poem on the Duke of Marlborough's Victories.* This is an excellent Piece.

II. *An Ode for the New Year 1717.*

III. *Pythagoras's Golden Verses.* Done from the Greek. Inserted in the Translation of *Dacier's Life of that Philosopher.*

IV. *Poems on several Occasions.*

V. *His Translation of Callipœdia.*

VI. *Lucan's Pharsalia.* Translated into English Verse, with Notes. Publish'd by Dr. Wellwood (according to Mr. Rowe's Request in his Sickness) shortly after his Decease. Dedicated to the King by his Widow, at his Desire, Folio. This Poet was a great Lover of Liberty, which inclin'd him to the Translation of *Lucan* ; and to give you a Taste of his handling that Subject, I shall here insert some of his Verses from this Performance. In one place *Cato* animates his Forces, with this short Speech, for Liberty and Virtue.

*Fellows in Arms! whose Bliss, whose chiefest Good
Is Rome's Defence, and Freedom bought with
(Blood;*

*You, who to die with Liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato in this fatal War,
Be now for Virtue's noblest Task prepar'd*——

*Virtue, that scorns on Cowards Terms to please,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Ease;
But then she Joys, then smiles upon her State,
Then fairest to her self, then most compleat,
When glorious Danger makes her truly Great.
So Libya's Plains alone shall wipe away
The foul Dishonours of Pharfalia's Day;
So shall your Courage now, transcend that Fear:
You fled with Glory there, to conquer here.*

Pompey's parting with his Wife *Cornelia*, in the fifth Book, is extremely moving; and his last Speech, at the Head of his Soldiers, before his engaging with and Defeat by *Cæsar*, in the seventh Book, is excellent; where he thus begins:

*The Time to ease your groaning Country's Pain,
Which long your eager Valour sought in vain;
The great deciding Hour at length is come,
To end the Strivings of distracted Rome:
For this one last Effort exert your Pow'r,
Strike Home to Day, and all your Toils are o'er.
Let none the fav'ring Gods Assistance fear,
They always make the juster Cause their Care.
The flying Dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
And point the Sword at his devoted Side:
Our injur'd Laws shall be on him made good,
And Liberty establish'd in his Blood.*

Cou'd

Cou'd Heav'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain
 The World to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign;
 It had not spar'd your Pompey's Head so long,
 Nor lengthen'd out my Age to see the Wrong.
 All we can wish for, to secure Success,
 With large Advantage, here, our Arms possess:
 See, in the Ranks of ev'ry common Band,
 Where Rome's illustrious Names for Soldiers stand.
 Cou'd the great Dead revisit Life again,
 For us, once more, the Decii wou'd be slain;
 The Curii, and Camilli, might we boast,
 Proud to be mingled in this noblest Host——
 Think, from the Summit of the Roman Wall,
 You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons call;
 Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they sue,
 And place their last their only Hopes in you.
 Imagine kneeling Age before you spread,
 Each hoary Reverend Majestick Head;
 Imagine Rome herself your Aid implor'd,
 To save her from a proud imperious Lord.
 Think how the present Age, how that to come,
 What Multitudes from you expect their Doom:
 On your Success dependant all rely,
 These to be born in Freedom, those to die.
 Think you behold (were such a Posture meet)
 E'en me, your Pompey, prostrate at your Feet.
 My self, my Wife, my Sons, a suppliant Band,
 From you our Lives and Liberties demand;
 Or conquer you, or I to Exile born,
 My last dishonourable Tears shall mourn
 Your long Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn. }
 From Bonds, from Infamy, your Gen'ral save,
 Nor let this hoary Head descend to Earth a Slave.

Thus, while he spoke, the faithful Legions round,
 Strait at the fatal Signal——

Mr. *May* likewise translated *Lucan*, and publish'd it in eight Books, in the Year 1635. but his Performance does not reach the Spirit or Sense of *Lucan*. The Language and Versification are yet worse, and fall infinitely short of the lofty Numbers and Propriety of Expression, in which Mr. *Rome* excels.

Mr. *Rome* wrote the Life of *Shakespear*, prefix'd to his Works; some Account of Monsieur *Boileau* and his Writings, annex'd to the Translation of the *Lutrin*; and an *Essay concerning the manner of Living with Great Men*; written in imitation of Monsieur *Bruyere*, and inserted in the Translation of his Works; all done in Prose.



S.

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

IN this Place it will be expected for me to give some Account of the Poems writ by the Immortal *Shakespear*; which, tho' inferior to his Dramatick Performances, yet have they numerous Beauties. They are,

I. *Venus and Adonis*, dedicated to his Great Patron the Earl of Southampton. This Poem has been very much admir'd; and there are a great many very good and incomparable Lines in it.

II. *Tarquin and Lucrece*. This Piece is not esteem'd so well done as the former; but it has some admirable Verses, such as the following, describing the

the particular Beauties of *Lucrece*, view'd by the Ravisher *Tarquin* :

*Her lilly Hand her rosy Cheeks lies under,
Cozening the Pillow of a lawful Kiss ;
Which therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either Side to want his Blifs.*

III. *Mars and Venus*. In this Poem is describ'd *Vulcan's* Net, and his securing *Mars* and *Venus* in an amorous Posture, and thus exposing them to the Gods.

*He calls the Gods, the Lovers naked sprall,
And cannot rise ; the Queen of Love shows all.*

IV. *The amorous Epistle of Paris to Helen.*

V. *Helen to Paris.*

VI. *The Tale of Cephalus and Procris.*

VII. *Achilles's Concealment of his Sex in the Court of Lycomedes.*

VIII. *A Lover's Complaint.*

IX. *The Passionate Shepherd.*

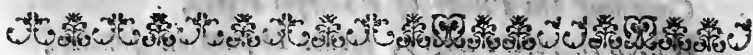
X. *Cupid's Treachery* : And several other small Miscellaneous Poems, particularly on the Subject of Love ; which, with its Effects, are often happily touch'd. In one Place he has these Verses :

*Take, O ! take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those Eyes, the Break of Day,
Lights which do mislead the Morn.*

*Hide, O ! hide those Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Bosom bears,
On whose Tops the Pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.*

Amongst

Amongst his Love-Poems, are many Epigrams, perfect in their kind; and which have a peculiar Excellence natural to this Great Man.



T.

NAHUM TATE, Esq;

THIS Poet liv'd to write the first Birth-Day Song after the Accession of his present Majesty King *George*; which, tho' he was in a dejected Condition (occasion'd by the worst Circumstances) he perform'd with a great deal of Spirit; and his Poem on the Death of Queen *Anne*, was not only one of the last, but the best he ever writ. His Pieces are,

I. *The second Part of Absalom and Achitophel.* Mr. *Dryden* assisted in this Piece, he being himself press'd to write it; but declin'd the Task, and encourag'd Mr. *Tate* in the Performance.

II. *The Rise and Progress of Priestcraft.*

III. *Syphilis: or a Poetical History of the French Disease.*

IV. *Jeptha's Vow.*

V. *Mausoleum: A Poem on the Death of Queen Mary.*

VI. *In Memory of his Grace the Illustrious Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Ossory.* A Pastoral.

VII. *An Elegy on the Death of the Countess of Dorset.*

VIII. *On the Death of the late Queen, and Accession of his Majesty to the Throne.*

IX. *Mis-*

IX. *Miscellanea Sacra, Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects.*

Mr. Tate likewise writ several other Elegiacal Poems; amongst which that on the Death of Sir George Treby was very much applauded. He also gave the Publick a great many Translations from Ovid, Horace, Juvenal, Virgil, &c.

His Song on his Majesty's Birth-Day has the following Stanza's.

*When Kings, that make the Publick Good their Care,
Advance in Dignity and State,
Their Rise no Envy can create;
Their Subjects in the Princely Grandure share:
For, like the Sun, the higher they ascend,
The farther their indulgent Beams extend.*

*Yet long before our Royal Sun
His destin'd Course has run,
We're blest to see a Glorious Heir,
That shall the mighty Loss repair;
When he that Blazes now, shall this low Sphere resign,
In a sublimer Orb eternally to shine.*

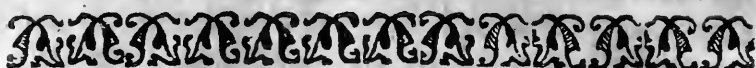
*A Cynthia too, adorn'd with every Grace,
Of Person and of Mind;
And happy in a Starry Race
Of that Auspicious kind,
As joyfully presage
No want of Royal Heirs in any future Age.*

C H O R U S.

*Honour'd with the Best of Kings,
And a Set of Lovely Springs,
From the Royal Fountain flowing,
Lovely Streams, and ever growing,*

Happy

Happy *Britain*, past expressing,
Only learn to prize the Blessing.



W.

WILLIAM WHYCHERLEY *Esq;*

THIS ingenious Gentleman publish'd a Volume of Poems in *Folio*; but he thereby rather lessen'd his Fame, than increas'd it; tho' he tells you, in the Postscript to his Preface, that they were written at a time, when 'twas not so much his Head's Occasion to write, as his Pockets; when he design'd his Works should have made him live, and not he to have made them live; and that he wrote not to give Pains to his Mind, but to ease it from Pains; to play the Fool with ridiculous Thoughts, rather than run mad with anxious ones. He has a Satirical Preface to his Criticks, who were such before they were his Readers: He begins; " To you, I say, you Anti-Wits, I direct
" my Discourse; who, like Gamesters *ante manum*,
" venture your little Stocks of Wit or Credit in
" *Parnassus*, but to deprive others of theirs, tho'
" you have no other sort of Wit, but what you
" first borrow, or purloin, from the bold Pushers
" for Fame, the Scribblers, your adventurous Benefactors; whom you, like Rooks at Play (when
" you have got all you can by them) attack and
" push with their own Coin and Stores of Sense;
" so, like the other Rooks, live on the Destruction of your best Friends and Maintainers; and
" upon gutting a Book, as the Midnight Judica-
" ture

“ ture do upon gutting a House.” His Preface is long, and full of Wit and pointed Satire against the Criticks; and he has a Dedication to the greatest Friend of the Muses, *Vanity*: which ends with a Satire on himself, and his large Work.

*And outward Greatness does confess,
Most often, inward Emptiness,
And great Books, as great Heads (we know)
Contain less, as they make more Show.*

To his Bookfeller, who desir'd his Picture before his Book, he has these Lines:

*To show this Book, my Writing Act and Deed,
You'd have me to it put my Mark or Head.*

Of Love he writes thus:

*If Love's a Blessing (as it is) you say,
We for it ought not then to pay, but pray;
Since Blessings, as they go for more Divine,
Shou'd more be gain'd by Pray'r, or Praise, than Coin.*

This Description of Love I take to be very good:

*Know, Love is not by Precept taught,
Nor what it is, can Reason prove,
Above Expression, above Thought,
Instinct, by which our Senses move;
Which, by Denying, is confess'd,
And oft express'd by Dumbness best.*

He has these Lines on a Lady's Posteriors, which he discover'd on her falling over a Stile:

My

My Heart held out against your Face and Eyes,
 But cou'd no more, against your Breech and Thighs,
 Which they both took, and wounded, by Surprize;
 Who did (as 'twere) till then, in Ambush lie
 For my poor Life, at least my Liberty;
 So secret Enemies more Mischief do,
 The less still they, their Pow'r to do it, show.
 By that Assassinate my Life's betray'd.

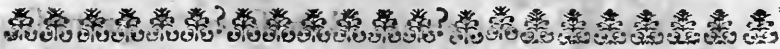
Mr. Wycherley, in his Poems, is very satirical on Courtiers, especially in his *Praise of Ignorance*, dedicated to the Court; and his *Heroick Epistle*, to the Honour of Pimps and Pimping, dedicated to the Court, and written at a time when such were most considerable there. And speaking of Wit recommending a Person, he has these Verses:

To Court, to gain Mens, Womens Favour, go,
 Be sure no more Wit than they have to show;
 Since each Sex fears Men most, of the most Wit,
 Will such into their Secrets least admit,
 For fear of their discovering their Shame,
 Avoid their Courtship, but to 'scape their Blame,
 And still their Pleasure lose, to keep their Fame.

This Gentleman, at the end of his humourous Preface and Contents, has a very particular *Errata*; and, in general, *Errata the whole Book*.



MODERN
ENGLISH POETS;
 AND
 A U T H O R S
 O F
SINGLE PIECES.



A.

Mr. NICHOLAS AMHURST.



YOUNG Gentleman of St. John's College, Oxford. He has a great deal of sprightly Wit, and Poetical Fire; and by the Poems he has publish'd, promises to be a considerable Writer.

The Pieces under his Name are,

I. *An Epistle from the Princess Sobieski to the Chevalier de St. George.* This Poem has the following Lines, describing the Passion of Love.

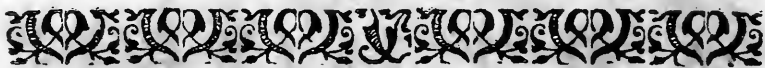
Relent-

*Relentless Walls and Bolts obstruct my Way,
And Guards as senseless and as deaf as they;
Or to my James thro' Whirlwinds I would go,
Thro' burning Desarts, and o'er Alps of Snow,
Pass spacious roaring Oceans undismay'd,
And think the mighty Dangers well repaid.*

II. *The Protestant Session.* A State Poem, inscrib'd to Earl Stanhope.

III. *To the Memory of Mr. Rowe:* A Poem.

This Gentleman translated *The Resurrection*, and some other of Mr. Addison's Latin Pieces.



B.

Mr. CHARLES BECKINGHAM.

A Young Gentleman likewise of a promising Genius, who besides his Tragedies of *Scipio Africanus*, and *Henry the Fourth of France*, has given us two Pieces:

I. *Christ's Sufferings*, a Translation from the Latin of Rapin. Dedicated to the Archbishop of York.

II. *A Poem on the Death of N. Rowe Esq;* This is a very good Piece, it concludes with these Lines:

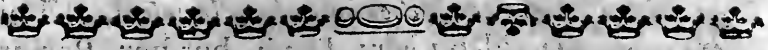
*Still, sacred Shade, thy Writings shall be read,
Till even Arts are with their Founders dead:
Whilst Friendship burns within a faithful Breast,
Thy Name be cherish'd, and thy Worth confess'd;
Oblivion is the common mortal Doom,
But thou shalt Live, when Dead, and Flourish in the
(Tomb.
Mr.*



Mr. BOWDEN.

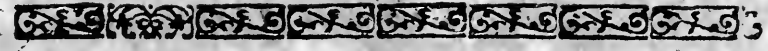
THIS Gentleman has given the Publick a Poem on a very sublime Subject.

A Hymn to the Redeemer of the World, &c.



EUSTACE BUDGELL Esq;

A Relation of the late Mr. *Addison*, who has had conferr'd on him several considerable publick Employments in the Kingdom of *Ireland*. He is a very ingenious Gentleman, and has writ some excellent Epilogues to Plays, and also one small Piece on *Love*, which is very pretty.



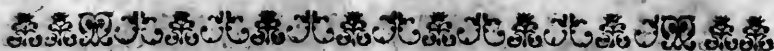
C.

Mr. PETER CAUSTON.

THIS Gentleman was by Profession a Mercer, and being a Person addicted to Pleasure, he often frequented Places of publick Resort; particularly *Tunbridge, Epsom, &c.* And this gave Birth to a Poem of his, call'd, *Tunbridgalia; or, the Humours of Tunbridge.*

U

Mrs.

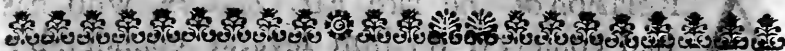


Mrs. CENTLIURE.

THIS ingenious Gentlewoman, besides her many Entertaining Plays, has given us the following Pieces of Poetry.

I. *An Epistle from a Lady of Great Britain to the King of Sweden, on the intended Invasion.* This Piece was answer'd by Mrs. Davis, but her Performance was very inferiour to Mrs. Centliure's.

II. *A Pastoral, on the Death of Mr. Rowe.*



The Lady CHUDLEIGH.

A Lady who has oblig'd the World with a small Volume of Poems lately publish'd, and *The Song of the three Children paraphras'd.*



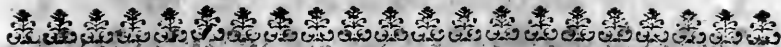
Mr. CHUTE.

A Young Gentleman, descended of a good Family, bred to the Law, and at this time of the *Middle Temple.* He is Author of the following Poem.

Beauty and Virtue, a Poem on the Death of the Countess of Sunderland. This is an excellent Performance for a young Poet, it has these admirable Lines :

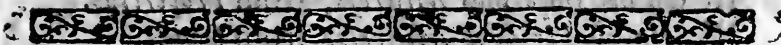
Thus

*Thus Virtue, tho' from Death it cannot save,
Prepares and fits us to embrace the Grave,
Protracts our Views, and opens to the Sight
A distant Prospect full of new Delight:
Eager to grasp the tempting Prize, the Soul
Smiles at the Gulph between, and rushes to the Goal.*



Mr. CHARLES CLEEVE.

A Poet of the last Age, who writ a Volume of Poems, dedicated to the Lord Churchill, now Duke of Marlborough.



Colonel CODRINGTON.

THIS Gentleman was of the first Rank for Wit and Gallantry. He was educated at *All-Souls College* in the University of *Oxford*, to which he left large Donations by his Will, especially for the building of a new Library. He was many Years Governor of the *Leeward-Islands*, where he dy'd; but was bury'd at *Oxford*. He is mention'd here on Account of some small Pieces of Poetry; among which is an Epilogue to Mr. *Southern's* Tragedy, call'd, *The Fate of Capua*, which has these Verses:

*Wives still are Wives, and he that will be billing,
Must not think Cuckoldom deserves a Killing.
What if the gentle Creature had been kissing,
Nothing the good Man marry'd for was missing.*

*Had he the Secret of his Birth-Right known.
 'Tis odds the faithful Annals wou'd have shown,
 The Wives of half his Race more lucky than his
 own.*

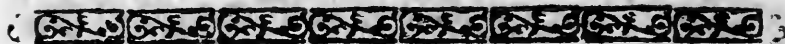
The Honourable *Charles Boyle* Esq; wrote a Prologue to this Play.



Mr. HENRY CRISP.

THIS Author was Fellow of *King's-College,* Cambridge. He wrote several Pieces of Poetry.

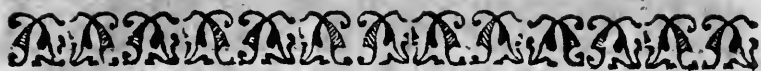
- I. *Lesbia's Sparrow,* out of *Catullus.*
- II. *On his Imperious Mistress,* from *Propertius.*
- III. *On his Perjur'd Mistress,* from *Ovid.*
- IV. *Duelling,* a Poem.



The Lord CUTTS.

A Hero, and Poet, who oblig'd us with an excellent Poem on the Death of *Queen Mary.* It begins thus :

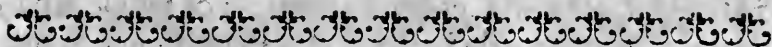
*She's gone ! the Beauty of our Isle is fled,
 Our Joy cut off, the Great Maria dead :
 We faint beneath the Stroke : But weep no more,
 Wast not our Sorrow to a foreign Shore ;
 Lest Albion's Enemies, with impious Breath,
 Profane our Sighs, and triumph in her Death.*



D.

The Reverend Mr. DANIEL.

AUTHOR of a Divine Poem, call'd *God the Creator.*

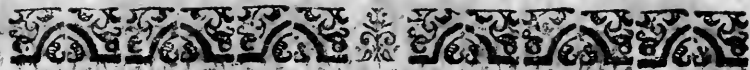


Mr. DANIEL DE FOE.

THIS Author was formerly a Hosier, but since he has been one of the most enterprising Pamphleteers this Age has produc'd; some Parts of his Life his Inclinations have led him to Poetry, which has thrown into the World two Pieces very much admir'd by some Persons, *viz.*

I. *The True-Born Englishman.* This is a biting Satire, and sold many Impressions; but his Descriptions are generally very low.

II. *Jure Divino,* a Poem of considerable Bulk in Folio.



F.

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

THE late Mr. Farquhar, in a small Piece written in Prose, entitled, *The Picture*, gives the following Description of himself: “ My Outside (*says he*) is neither better nor worse than my Creator made it, and the Piece being drawn by so great an Artist, ’twould be Presumption to say there were many Strokes amiss. I have a Body qualify’d to answer all the Ends of its Creation, and that’s sufficient. I have very little Estate, but what lies under the Circumference of my Hat; and should I by any Mischance come to lose my Head, I should not be worth a Groat.” This is a Specimen of his Humour out of the Dramatick way, and besides his Comedies, he has writ several small Poems, *viz.*

I. *On the Death of General Schomberg, kill’d at the Battel of the Boyne*; a Pindarick.

II. *The Lover’s Night*; a Poem.

III. *Epilogue spoke by Mr. Wilks, at his first Appearance upon the English Stage*. This Piece, towards the Conclusion, has these Verses;

*Void of Offence, tho’ not from Censure free,
I left a distant Isle too kind to me.
Loaded with Favours I was forc’d away,
Because I’d not accept what I cou’d never pay.
There I could please, but there my Fame must end---*

These

These Pieces are printed with his Letters and Essays, which are as full of Humour, and Entertaining, as his Performances for the Stage.



G.

The Reverend Mr. JAMES GARDINER.

THIS learned and ingenious Clergyman is the eldest Son of the Reverend Dr. *James Gardiner*, late Bishop of *Lincoln*. He was born in *Westminster* in the Year 1678. and after he had gone thro' his School-Learning, he was remov'd to *Emanuel-College* in *Cambridge*, into which Society he was admitted in 1694. Here he continu'd till he took his Degree of Batchellor of Arts: Soon after which, removing to *Jesus-College* in the same University, he had conferr'd on him a Fellowship, and was made Master of Arts: During his Residence at *Cambridge*, he was very assiduous in his Studies, and by a frequent Perusal of the Classicks, the Beauty of those Originals gave his Inclinations a Turn to Poetry. He has writ several Copies of Verses, both *Latin* and *English*, publish'd in the Miscellanies, some with, and some without a Name; and before his leaving the University, he oblig'd the World with a Translation of *Rapin of Gardens*, the first Edition whereof very much suffer'd by a hasty Publication; but the second Impression (printed in 1717.) is so excellently well done, that the Author has shewn himself to be a Person of great Learning and Judgment, and an admirable Poet. This Piece he first wrote, and permitted to appear

296 *The Lives and Characters of the*
 unfinish'd, as a Farewel to the Muses, upon his entering into Holy Orders, and accepting of the Subdeanery of *Lincoln*, in the Year 1705. Amongst his other Performances, the most celebrated little Piece, for the Justness of the Composure, is a Character of his Father (in three Stanza's) in the middle of a *Latin* Epitaph, never printed, but engraven upon a white Marble Tombstone; where, after a Præfatory Stanza to the Reader, he adds;

*Vera si Cordi est Pietas Fidesq;
 Si Pudor prisca, placidusque Mentis
 Candor, antiquos imitare Mores*

*Gardinerumq;
 Qui diu Patrum amulus optimorum
 Legibus vitæ, Studiisq; Sanctis,
 Duxit Exemplar, specimenq; primi
 Retulit ævi.*

*Prospera Pectus bene preparatum
 Res nec adversa poterunt movere;
 Se parem semper sibi cæterisq;
 Gessit Amicum.*



The Reverend Mr. LEWIS GRIFFIN.

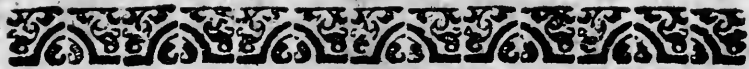
A Gentleman born in *Rutlandshire*, and educated in the University of *Cambridge*. He made an excellent Preacher, and after some time he was preferr'd to the Rectory of *St. George's Church* in *Southmark*; from whence he was remov'd to *Colchester* in *Essex*, where he liv'd during the whole time that a great Pestilence rag'd in that Town; and he dy'd there about the Year 1670. He wrote two Poems, well esteem'd in the last Age.

I. *The*

I. *The Presbyterian Bramble*; a Poem in Defence of the King and the Church.

II. *The Doctrine of the Ass.* This Piece has the two following Lines:

*Devil's Pretences always were Divine ;
A Knave may have an Angel for his Sign.*



H.

JOHN HAMPDEN *Esq;*

THIS Gentleman, who was descended from a Family of Patriots for Liberty, has oblig'd the World with one Poetical Performance, call'd, *The Rising-Sun. A Poem upon Queen Mary's Birth-Day.*



The Honourable SIMON HARCOURT *Esq;*

SON to that excellent Lawyer, and great Orator, the late Lord Chancellor *Harcourt*. When he was at *Oxford*, he wrote a Poem

To the Queen, on her coming to *Christ-church College*.

Mr.

 Mr. ARON HILL.

A Poet and Projector, Son of an Attorney at Law, who, has given us several Poems.

I. *The Northern Star*. This Piece was writ in compliment to the Czar of *Muscovy*.

II. *Gideon*: An Heroick Poem; and some other Pieces.

Mr. EDWARD HOLDSWORTH.

SON of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Holdsworth, Rector of the Parish of North Stoneham, near to Southampton. He was educated at Magdalen-College in Oxford, and has acquir'd immortal Fame by one Piece of Latin Poetry, viz.

Miscipula, or the Mouse-Trap. A severe Satire on the Welshmen.

JOHN HOW Esq;

THIS is the famous Gentleman which made such a Figure in the House of Commons in the Reign of King *William*. He was descended from a very antient Family in *Glocestershire*, and chosen Knight of the Shire for that County in several Parliaments. He was Paymaster of the Guards and Garisons, and he wrote,

I. *An Ode, in imitation of Quid Bellicosus Cantaber, &c.* Hor. Od. 11. Lib. 2.

II. *A Panegyrick on King William.* This Piece ends with these Lines :

*Rebels (like Witches) having sign'd the Rolls,
Must serve their Master, tho' they damn their Souls.*



J.

Mr. G. JACOB.

AN Author bred to the Law, who, between his more laborious Studies has Diverted himself with Poetry. He is a great Admirer of Poets and their Works, which has occasion'd him sometimes to try his Genius that way : And the chief of his Performances are,

I. *A Journey to Bath and Bristol, &c.* with a Poem call'd, *The Fair Innocent*, and several *Love-Poems.* The second Edition.

II. *A Miscellany of Poems, beginning with the Court-Beauties ; Cupid's Festival, or the Battel of the Gods ; the Country-Revel ; a Pastoral, and ending with some Translations from Horace ; Rectius vives Licini, &c.*

III. *A second Miscellany, call'd, The Lover's Miscellany ; consisting of Poems on several Occasions, Amorous and Gallant : With a Poem, Rural and Political, &c.*

IV. *A Poem on the Reconciliation between his Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

This

This Gentleman has writ in Prose (besides these two Volumes of *The Lives of the Poets*) a small Volume of *Essays relating to the Conduct of Life*; an *Essay on the Usefulness of writing, Criticism, and the Qualification of Authors*; on *Justice and Equity*; and a great many Law-Books, as the *Accomplish'd Conveyancer*, three Volumes; *Modern Justice, Lex Constitutionis, &c.* some of which have sold several Impressions.

A short Account of the Life of this Author you'll find in the *Poetical Register*, pag. 318. He has by him a Poem of his writing, in Manuscript, entitled *Human Happiness*, which begins with these Lines :

*Awake, my Muse, in Strains melodious show
The various Tracks to Happiness below;
The doubtful Paths which all Mankind must tread-*

~~~~~

Mr. JACKSON.

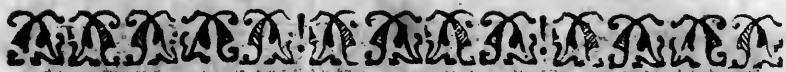
THIS Gentleman is Master of Arts, and, if I mistake not, had his Education at *Oxford*. In the *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*, these two Poems are ascrib'd to him.

I. *Love's Conquest*. In this Piece the Author thus bewails the Absence of his Mistress:

*With Grief her Absence kills me too!  
I droop, I pine when she's away;  
As tender Plants in Winter do,  
That want the Sun's reviving Ray.*

II. *A Poetical Essay on Cartesius's Principle of Philosophy*; I think, therefore I am.

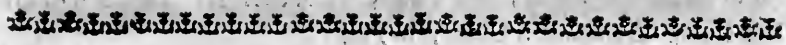
K.



K.

Doctor K.

**A** Gentleman, Author of a Piece, which shews  
a great Nicety of Subject,  
*A Poem upon Marriage.*



*Dr. KENN, Bishop of Bath and Wells,  
Deprived.*

**A** Very pious and learned Divine, who refus'd  
the Oaths to King *William*. He was a Man  
very much respected by all that knew him, parti-  
cularly those of his own Principles. He retir'd  
from the World with great Contentment, and  
spent a good part of his Life with the late Lord  
*Weymouth*, at *Long-Leat*, near *Frome* in *Somerset-*  
*shire*; where he liv'd in great Esteem, and dy'd in  
that Family. He wrote some Volumes of  
*Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects, Hymns, &c.*

M.



M.

Mr. MANNING.

ALL as I know of this Gentleman is, that in the *State-Poems* one Piece is attributed to him, call'd,

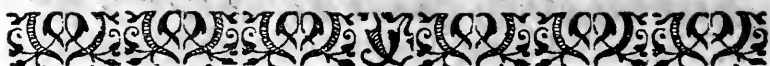
*Greenwich-Hill*; a Poem, written in imitation of Sir John Denham's *Cooper's-Hill*.



N.

Mr. NEVIL.

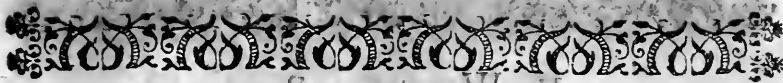
AUTOR of a Piece, entitled, *Holland*; a Poem containing a great deal of low Humour, and describing the various Customs, &c. of the Dutch Nation.



*The Reverend Mr. JOHN NORRIS.*

RECTOR of Bemerton, near Salisbury, in Wilts, and Author of the following Poems.

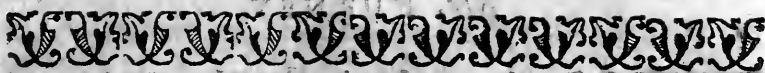
- I. *A Pindarick Ode on the Passion of our Saviour.*
- II. *The Consummation.* A Divine Poem.
- III. *The 139 Psalm Paraphras'd.*



**O.** Division of the Author of a Piece.

**Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON.**

**T**HIS Gentleman, besides his Dramatick Works, has writ a Volume of Poetry, consisting of *Heroical Epistles, &c.* some whereof are very well done.



**P.** is Author of the following Pieces.

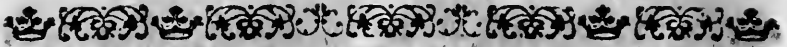
**Mr. WILLIAM PAUL.**

**T**HIS Gentleman was educated at *Wadham* College in *Oxford*; where he took the Degree of Batchellor of Arts. He wrote the following Piece:

*A Pindarick Ode, sacred to the Memory of her late most excellent Majesty Queen Anne.*

Dr. HYNOLD

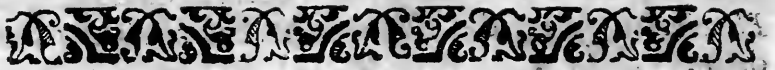
Dr. HYNOLD



Dr. WALTER POPE.

A Physician of *Salisbury*, Author of a Piece, call'd,

*The Salisbury Ballad*: A Poem which has a great deal of Humour, particularly on building the Steeple, &c. with learned and critical Notes.



Mr. PURNEY.

THIS Gentleman has lately taken Orders; he is Author of the following Pieces.

I. *Pastorals*, after the simple manner of *Theocritus*. The first entitled, *Love and Innocence*; and the other, *The Tender Shepherdess*.

II. *The Chevalier de St. George*. This Piece is writ in an extraordinary Stile.

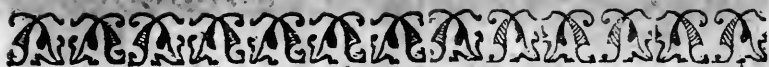


R.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

A Gentleman, who has writ a Poem, entitled, *Death's Vision*. The Author desires some Spirit to inform him what 'tis to die. &c.

Mr.



Mr. RIDOUT.

THIS Author is by Profession a Surgeon, and has a good Character in his Business. He is a Man of Wit and Learning, and has lately publish'd,

A small Volume of Poems and Translations, dedicated to the Princess of Wales. In this Collection he has a Poem to Sir Richard Blackmore, on his Creation.

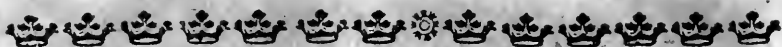


Mr. DAVID RUSSEL.

A Nonjuror, now living, educated at University College in Oxford, Author of the two following Poems.

I. *The Loves of Hero and Leander. Translated from the Greek of Musæus.*

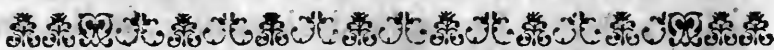
II. *The Impeachment, a State-Poem; writ on Dr. Sacheverel's Trial.*



S.

HENRY ST. JOHN, *late Lord Bollingbroke.*

A Statesman and Poet, Author of  
*A Pindarique Ode, in Honour of Almahide  
 and the Muses.*



HENRY SAVILL *Esq;*

THIS Gentleman, has written a Piece, call'd,  
*The Duel: A Poem.* This Poem is chiefly on  
 Tilting with a beautiful Lady.



WILLIAM SHIPPEN *Esq;*

THIS Gentleman is Member of Parliament  
 for *Saltash in Cornwall.* He is a famous Spea-  
 ker in the House of Commons, and not only an  
 excellent Orator, but a good Poet. He has pub-  
 lish'd two Pieces.

I. *Faction Display'd: A Satire on the Whigs.*

II. *Moderation Display'd: A State Poem.*

The first Poem, taking notice of the Death of the  
 Duke of Gloucester, concludes with this Simile.

*So by the Course of the revolving Spheres,  
 Whene'er a new-discover'd Star appears;*

*Astro-*



*Astronomers, with Pleasure and Amaze,  
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.  
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from  
(thence,  
Some blest, some more than common Influence ;  
But suddenly, alas ! the fleeting Light  
Retiring, leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless  
(Night*

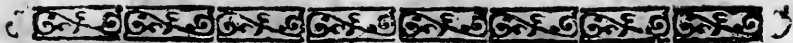
Dr. SPEED.

**A** Doctor of Physick of Southampton, who writ a very Humerous Diverting Poem, entitled, *Batt upon Batt. To the Laud and Praise of Bartholomew Kempster, Clerk, Poet, and Cutler, of Holy-Roods in Southampton.* This Piece begins thus :

*Had I ! O had I ! Batt, thy Face and Throat,  
Could I betune the Flock with such sweet Note,  
Could I with equal Metre Hopkins fit,  
Our famous Sternhold in his Verse outwit ;  
Then would I venture to set forth thy Praise,  
And rob Church-Pews to crown thy Head with Bays.*

Lower the Poet speaking of *Apollo* and *Vulcan* :

*Now Batt does all that both these Gods could do,  
Hammers out Verses, and hard Iron too.  
To sheath strong Sense in metaphorick Words,  
Is but the making Scabbards for his Swords.*



Mr. STONESTREET.

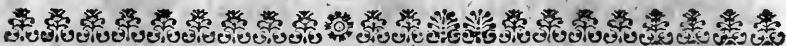
**A**UTHOR of two Poems,  
 I. *Against the Fear of Death: An Ode.*  
 II. *The Story of Ants chang'd to Men: From the 7th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.*



**T.**

Mr. TOLAND.

**T**HIS eminent Pamphleteer, and Dealer in Controversy, sometime since wrote a Poem, call'd,  
*Clito: on the Force of Eloquence.*



Mr. CHARLES TOOKE.

**A** Gentleman, I think, now living, who has writ several entertaining Poems interspers'd in the Miscellanies; the chief of them are the following:

I. *To the Right Honourable Sir George Rook, Vice-Admiral of England, at his Return from his Glorious Enterprize near Vigo, 1702.* This is a very good Poem, and speaking of Sir George's Fame in general, he supplies Particulars with this Couplet:

*Virtue,*

*Virtue, like solid Gold, securely shines,  
Nor needs the gaudy Varnish of our Lines.*

II. *A Poem, in Imitation of the 23d Ode of Anacreon, on Gold to a Miser.*

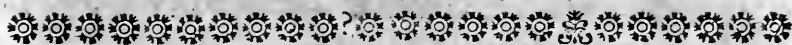
III. *Part of the fourteenth Book of Homer. In this is describ'd the Contrivance of Juno to lull Jupiter to Sleep, that Neptune the mean time might assist the Grecians.*

IV. *To Lesbia.*

V. *The Stolen Kiss.*

VI. *The Wedding-Night.*

VII. *The State of Nature.* A Poem.



JOHN TUTCHIN Esq;

**A** Gentleman severely us'd by the Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, for writing a Political Piece at the time of *Monmouth's* Rebellion: His Sentence was so very uncommon, and so rigorously executed, that he petition'd King *James* to be hang'd. After the abdicating of that Prince, he wrote the *Observer*, in Defence of the Revolution, which enrag'd his Enemies to a great Degree. At last he was assaulted in the Night, and his Tragedy compleated in a barbarous Assassination. He wrote the following Pieces of Poetry:

I. *The British Muse.* A Satire, exposing Tyranny, on all the Poems and Elegies written upon the Death of King *James*.

II. *The Earthquake of Jamaica:* A Poem.

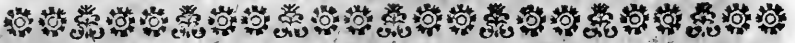
III. *The Forcigners:* A Poem. *The True-Born Englishman* was occasion'd by this Piece.



# W.

*Mr. THOMAS WARD.*

**A** Romish Priest, Author of a Poem, call'd,  
*England's Reformation, from the time of King  
 Henry VIII. to the end of Oates's Plot. In four  
 Canto's.*



*Mrs. WHARTON.*

**A** Lady of excelling Wit and Sense, who be-  
 sides several small Poems, has written,  
*The Lamentation of Jeremiah.*



*Sir HENRY WOTTON.*

**T**HIS celebrated Gentleman, so well known  
 in the last Age, has given us one small Piece  
 of Poetry very much commended, entitled,  
*A Character of a Happy Life.*

POEMS




# P O E M S

Written by

Anonymous Authors.



## A.

I.  DAM *Pos'd*. This Piece was written by the Author of the Poems on the Spleen. *Lady W.*

II. *The Address*, 1704. A State-Poem.

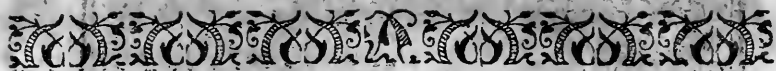
III. *Advice to a Painter, upon the Defeat of the Rebels in the West, and the Execution of the Duke of Monmouth.*

IV. *Æsop at Tunbridge; or select Fables in Verse. Some whereof on State-Affairs.*

V. *Amor omnibus idem; or the Force of Love in all Creatures; from Virgil's Georgicks.*

VI. *The Anniversary (first) of the Government under Oliver Cromwell.*

VII. *The Audience.* A State-Poem.



B.

- I. **B** *Acchanalia: or, a Description of a Drunken Club.*  
 This Poem has a great deal of Humour.
- II. *Bajazet to Gloriana, Anno 1683.*
- III. *The Battel-Royal; a Dream.*
- IV. *The Beau.*
- V. *Beauty and Musick.* Both of these have powerful Charms.
- VI. *On a Blush.*
- VII. *Satire against Brandy.*
- VIII. *The Brawny Bishop's Complaint.* This is a Ballad made on Dr. B——t.
- IX. *The Brazen Head.*
- X. *Brutus.*



C.

- I. **C** *Æsar's Ghost.* A State Poem.
- II. *The Caprice.* By Mr. R——
- III. *The Celebrated Beauties.* An excellent Poem, occasion'd upon the Author's being suspected of writing the *British Court.*
- IV. *Charge to the Grand Inquest of England, Anno 1674.* This Piece very much exposes the Parliament: It has these Lines,

*This*

Thus when your Prayer, tho' not your Pride abates,  
 Your Purses grown as empty as your Pates,  
 'Tis time to send you home to your Estates.

V. *The Church-Scuffle*; An Heroick Poem, in four Cantos. Shewing the Folly, Foppery, Luxury, Laziness, Pride, Ambition, and Contention of the Romish Clergy. Taken Chiefly from *Boileau's Lutrin*. Dedicated to the Earl of *Mulgrave* by Mr. *Crowne*.

VI. *Clarendon's House-Warming*. A State-Poem.

VII. *The Combat*.

VIII. *The Convert*.

IX. *The Convocation*: A Poem, in five Cantos. This Piece is a Satire upon the High-Church Clergy, and all the Writers who employ'd their Pens against the Bishop of *Bangor*.

X. *To a Coquet Beauty*. This Piece is ascrib'd to the Duke of *B*—

XI. *The Court of Love*. A Tale from *Chaucer*.

XII. *Cupid's Review*. The Poet, in this Piece, brings most of the Ladies of the Court on the Stage.

XIII. *Cure for the Green-Sickness*.

She cry'd, in th' height of Joy, O! I'm undone I fear,  
 O kill me, stick me, stick me; kill me quite, my Dear.

XIV. *The Curse*. A State Poem.



# D.

I. **D** Angerfield's Ghost, to Jefferies.  
 II. *Delia*. A Pastoral Eclogue, lamenting the Death of the beautiful Mrs. Tempest. It begins:

Ye gentle Swains! who pass your Days and Nights  
 In Love's sincere and innocent Delights!  
 Ye, tender Virgins, who with Pride display  
 Your Beauty's Splendor, and extend your Smay!  
 Lament with me! with me your Sorrows join!  
 And mingle your united Tears with mine!

*Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore,  
 Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more.*

III. *The Deponents*. A State Poem, on the Pretender's Birth.

IV. *Description of Hell*.

V. *A Description of the Tombs in Westminster-Abbey*. This Piece is full of diverting Humour.

VI. *Desire*. A Pindarick.

VII. *A Dialogue between Father Petre and the Devil*.

VIII. *The Dissolution*. A State Poem.

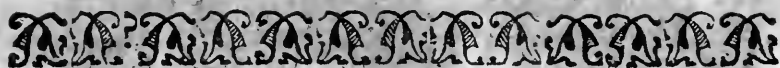
IX. *Dr. Wild's Ghost*. On King James's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience.

X. *The Dog in the Wheel*. A Satire, 1705.

XI. *The Dream of the Cabal*. A Prophetick Satire, 1672.

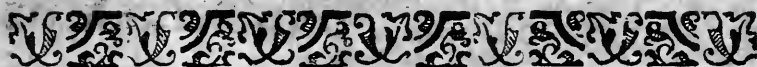
XII. *On the Duke of Ormond's Success at Vigo*.





E.

- I. **S**IR Edmunbury Godfrey's Ghost.
- II. *The Elevation.* A Divine Poem.
- III. *Epistle from Rosamond to Henry.* An excellent Piece, written by a Lady.
- IV. *Epistle to Climene.* By Mr. R——
- V. *An Epistle to the Chevalier de St. George.* By Mr. A.] This Piece is writ with a great deal of Spirit.
- VI. *An Epistle from his Holiness the Pope to the Reverend Dr. Snape.*
- VII. *Epithalamium on the Marriage of Palladius and Celerina.* From Claudian.
- VIII. *Eucharisticon.* A Poem on the Fast-Day of St. Simon and Jude.
- IX. *An Evening Thought.* A Philosophical Poem. Written by W. S. Esq; Barrister at Law.



F.

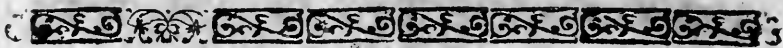
- I. **A** Fable on K. W. by the L——d J——s. This is one of *Æsop's* Tales severely apply'd.
- II. *Fable of the Pot and the Kettle.* Adapted to the two Parties of Whig and Tory.
- III. *The Fart : A Poem.* Mr. Durfey has writ a humorous Song on this Subject.
- IV. *The Fancy : Or, the Duke of York's last Farewel.*

V. *Farewel*

V. *Farewel to the Church of England.*

VI. *Upon the French King.* A Satire.

VII. *The Friend.* A Poem. By J. D. Esq;



## G.

I. **T**HE *Gelding of the Devil.* A merry Tale.

II. *The Giants Wars,* out of a Greek Fragment. By Dr. B.

III. *Ghost of King Charles the Second.*

IV. *Ghost of Rochester,* address'd to Julian, Secretary of the Muses.

V. *The Golden Age,* From the fourth Eclogue of Virgil.

VI. *The Golden Age Revers'd.* Both State-Poems. The first in favour of the Tories; and the last of the Whigs.

VII. *Upon the Gout.*



## H.

I. **H**arry Care's last Will and Testament.

II. *The Hieroglyphick.*

III. *The Hobgoblin.*

IV. *The Husband.* Written by a Lady.

V. *The Hoop-Petticoat.* An Heroi-comical Poem, in two Books. By Mr. Joseph Gay.

VI. *Hownslow-Heath.* A Satire upon King James's Army, 1686.

VII. *Hymn to Venus,* from the Greek of Sapho.

VIII. A

VIII. *A Hymn to the three Eastern Magi, adoring our Saviour at his Nativity, guided by the Star.*

IX. *Hymn on Heaven.*



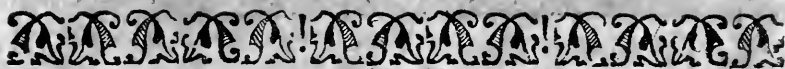
## J.

I. **T**HE *Jovial Tinker.*

II. *The Jubilee Necklace.* A Satire.

III. *St. Julian's Prayer.* A Tale in La Fontain imitated.

IV. *Justice in Masquerade.*



## K.

I. **K**ING *James's Declaration.*

II. *To the King, from the Duke of Monmouth.*

III. *Kisses.* A Poem.



## L.

I. **T**HE *Lady of Pleasure.*

II. *The Laureat.* This is a very severe Satire on Mr. Dryden; particularly upon account of his changing his Religion.

III. *The Leather-Bottle.*

IV. *A new Litany.* This is a State-Poem, it begins with these Lines:

*From all the Women we have Whor'd ;  
From being bound to keep our Word,  
From Civil Broils, and Foreign Sword,  
Libera nos Domine.*

V. *Love and Folly.* These seem to be agreeably coupled.

VI. *Love's Martyr.*

VII. *Love's Relief.*

VIII. *The Lover's Prayer.*

IX. *The Lover's Session.* Its Imitation of Sir John Suckling's *Session of the Poets.*



## M.

I. **M**ARS *stript of his Armour.*

II. *To one who twice ventur'd to marry.* This Piece is a little severe on the Female Sex. It begins :

*The Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,  
He always in Danger, she always in Motion ;  
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcass,  
Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a  
(hard Case.*

III. *To Mecænas.* Horace, lib. 2. Ode 12.

IV. *The Metamorphoses.* A State Poem.

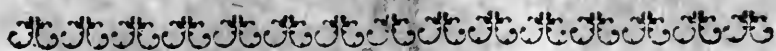
V. *Midsummer-Moon ; or, the Liveryman's Complaint.* A State Poem.

VI. *The Miracle.* This is a merry Piece on the Birth of the pretended Prince of Wales.

VII. *The*

VII. *The Mock-Mourners.* A Satire, by way of Elegy, on King William.

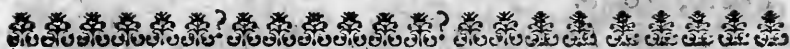
VIII. *On Musick.* A Poem.



## N.

I. **T**o the Nightingal in Spring.

II. *Nature of Women.* See Letter W.



## O.

I. **T**HE *Obscure Prince.*

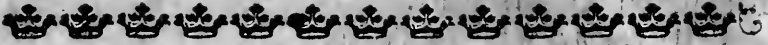
II. *Occasional Conformity.* A State Poem.

III. *October, a Poem.* This Piece is well done, and the Author seems to have taken his Hint from Mr. Philip's Cyder.

IV. *On Oliver's Porter in Bedlam.*

V. *Ovid in Masquerade*; being a Burlesque Poem upon the 13th Book of his *Metamorphoses*; containing the celebrated Speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulysses*. Design'd for the Entertainment of those who had rather Laugh and be Merry, than be Merry and Wise.

VI. *The Oxfordshire Nine.* This Poem is a Satire on the Parliament Tackers.



P.

- I. **P**ackington's Pound.
- II. Pandora's Box. A Poem on Snuff.
- III. The Paradox. A State-Poem.
- IV. The Parallel, 1682.
- V. The Parliament-House to be Let. A State-Poem, 1678.
- VI. The Parson's Daughter. A Tale, written by Mr. C.W.
- VII. The Patriots, A Poem.
- VIII. The Pensioners.
- IX. The Picture. This Piece contains Instructions for drawing a Venus.
- X. Poetry, its Cure. This Poem ends with this Couplet :

*Seven wealthy Towns contend for Homer dead,  
Thro' which the living Homer beg'd his Bread.*

- XI. The Prodigal.
- XII. On Purgatory. A Poem.



R.

- I. **T**HE Rape of the Smock, an Heroic-Comical Poem, in two Books. By Mr. G. F.
- II. Reformation of Manners. A Satire.
- III. The Relapse. A Poem.

IV. The

IV. *The Resignation.*

IV. *The River Nile, from the tenth Book of Lucan's Pharsalia.* By Mr. H——

V. *The Rival Muses, 1701.* This Piece contains Characters of most of the Poets, at the time it was written.

VI. *The Roundheads.* A Poem.

VII. *The Royal Bus.* This is on King Charles and his Mistresses.

VIII. *The Royal Game.* A State Poem.

IX. *The Royal Gamesters.* The Game play'd between most of the Princes in Europe.

X. *The Royal Ramble, 1697.*



## S.

I. **T**HE Salisbury Ghost.

II. *Seraphick Love.* A Divine Poem.

III. *The Session of the Poets.* This is an Imitation of Sir John Suckling, writ since his time.

IV. *The Sigh.* A Poem.

V. *The Smock-Race.*

VI. *Spring.* A Poem.

VII. *Stafford's Ghost.* A State-Poem.

VIII. *The Statesman's Almanack.* A very merry Piece.

IX. *The Story of Erminia, translated from Tasso's Jerusalem.* Inscrib'd to the Lady Weymouth.

X. *Strephon's Revenge.* A Satire.



# T.

- I. **T**Arquin and Tullia. A State Poem.  
 II. *Thought*: A Poem. This Piece has the following Stanza on Thought:

*The Hermit's Solace in his Cell,  
 The Fire that warms the Poet's Brain;  
 The Lover's Heaven or his Hell,  
 The Madman's Sport, the Wiseman's Pain.*

III. *The Toasters*. These were of the Kit-Kat Club, on all the celebrated Ladies at Court, &c.

IV. *On a Tobacco-Box*.

V. *The Toilet*, A Poem on the Court-Ladies.

VI. *The Town-Assemblies*. A Satire. By Mr. G. J.

VII. *The Town-Life*.

VIII. *The Tribe of Levi*. This is a bitter Satire on the Priests.

IX. *The Trimmer*.

X. *The Triumph of Love*.

XI. *The Tunbridge Prodigy*.

XII. *The Twin-Shams*. A famous State-Poem on Monarchy and the Church, ridiculing the popular Cry and prostituted Use of those Words.

XIII. *On Tyburn*. A Poem.





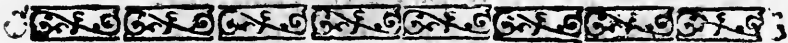
V.

I. **V**enus Lacrymans.

II. *The Vision*. A State Poem.

III. *Vox & Lachrymæ Anglorum: or, the Englishman's Complaint*, Anno 1667.

IV. *Voyage to the East-Indies*.



W.

I. **T**HE *Wandering Beauty*.

II. *Way to Heaven in a String*. This Piece was writ to explode Mr. *Asgill's Argument*.

III. *The Wish*. A Poem.

IV. *Woman All in All*. This is an excellent Poem; and after a Description of the Creation, and *Adam's Desire of a Partner*, which at last is granted, are these Verses:

*Woman, the choice Reserve of God above,  
The largest Instance of his Pow'r and Love;  
Woman, that can each Soul with Love inspire,  
The welcome Mover of that pleasing Fire;  
Woman's the happy Centre of Desire.* }

And lower, when *Adam* awakes, and sees *Eve*:

*He's now surpriz'd at what he thinks Divine—  
Such Charms he saw, that whatsoe'er she prov'd,  
He had been more than Man, had he not Lov'd.*

V. *Woman's Nature*, from the fourth Eclogue of Mantuan. This is a very severe Satire on the Fair Sex, and I presume the original Author had very much suffer'd by some Woman he had Marry'd ; by these extraordinary Lines, with which the Poem begins :

*Woman, that Slave to her own Appetite,  
That does in nothing Just or Good delight :  
In vain would Man prescribe Laws to the Fool,  
Whose Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule ;  
Who ne'er considers what is Wrong or Right,  
But all she does is pure Design and Spite.  
When she should Run, she's aptest to sit still,  
Ready to fly to contradict your Will :  
Her Temper so extravagant we find,  
She hates, or is most troublesomely kind,  
Wou'd she be grave, she then looks like a Devil,  
And like a Fool, or Whore, when she'd be Civil ;  
Can smile, or weep, be foolish, or seem wise,  
Or any thing, so she may Tyrannize.  
What she will now, anon she will not do ;  
Had rather cross herself, than not cross you.*

This Piece is more biting as it proceeds ; and it is as heavy upon Woman, as Rochester's Satire upon Man, tho' not Writ with the same Spirit.

N. B. These anonymous Poems, are chiefly to be found in *Dryden's Miscellanies* ; *the State-Poems* : *Sir R. Steel's Poetical Miscellanies* ; *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*. &c.

*Addenda*



# Addenda & Corrigenda.

Mr. NICHOLAS AMHURST.



SINCE the Printing off my Account of this Gentleman, he has Published a Collection of Poems on several Occasions, beginning with.

*The Mosaic Creation; Destruction of Pharaoh in the Red-Sea; on the Death of Mr. Addison, Imitations of Catullus, &c.*



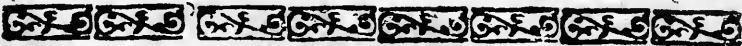
JOHN BULKLEY Esq;

AUTHOR of the Letters to the Reverend Dr. Clarke. on *Liberty and Necessity*; and late of *Clare-Hall* in Cambridge. He was a very ingenious Gentleman, and has written a Poem, call'd, *The Last Day*. In Blank Verse, contain'd in twelve Books.



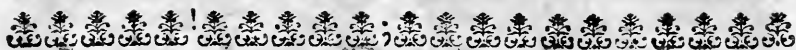
Mr. CONGREVE.

THIS Gentleman has lately oblig'd us with two Tales from *Fontaine*, entitled,  
I. *The Impossible Thing*.  
II. *The Man that lost his Heifer*.



Mr. DART.

A Gentleman, who has given us a Translation of the Works of *TIBULLUS*.



Mrs. MARTHA FOWKE.

**A**N accomplish'd Young Lady now living. Her Poetical Works, have been generally publish'd under the Name of *Clio*; and the most of them that have appear'd together, are contain'd in a small Volume Entitled the *Epistles of Clio and Strephon*. A few excellent Copies are to be met with in the Ingenious Mr. *Hammond's* Miscellany, the chief whereof, address'd to Him, she calls *Clio's Picture*.

By the Pieces this Lady has written, she seems to be possess'd of such a Genius, as would well Enable her to shew her self no less an Ornament to the *British*, than Madam *Dacier* is to the *French* Nation.



ANTHONY HAMMOND Esq;

**A**Gentleman descended from a good Family, of *Somersham-Place*, in the County of *Hutington*. He has long since, by his great Eloquence, distinguish'd himself in the House of Commons; and his Merit has recommended him to very considerable publick Employments; particularly that of being one of the Commissioners of the Royal Navy, &c. His Character is justly describ'd by the ingenious Mr. *Southern*, \* "If Generosity, (says he) with Friendship, Learning with sound Sense, True Wit and Humour with good Nature, be Accomplishments to qualify a Gentleman for a Patron, I am sure I have hit right in Mr. *Hammond*."

---

\* See *The Innocent Adultery*, Dedicated to Mr. Hammond.

He has just now oblig'd the Publick with a *Miscellany of Original Poems* by the most Eminent Hands, in which Himself has no small Share. As to his own Pieces, he acknowledges, in his Preface, that they were written at very different Times, and are now Own'd by him, lest hereafter they should be ascrib'd to other Persons to their Prejudice; As the *ODE ON SOLITUDE* has lately been in wrong to the Earl of *Roscommon*, and as some of the rest have been to others.

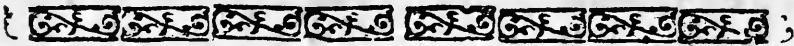


JOHN HUGHES Esq;

MR. *John Hughes* dy'd the 17th Day of *February* last, of a lingering Disease, very much lamented; and 'twas remarkable, that he expir'd the very Night his Play, call'd, *The Siege of Damascus*, which has incomparable Lines in it on Death, was first acted with great Approbation. He left behind him the best Character; that of an ingenious, modest, inoffensive Man. He was bury'd in *St. Andrew's Church, Holbourn*, with great Privacy, at his own Request. There have been publish'd of his, since his Death, the following Pieces.

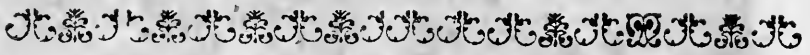
I. *The Ecstasy*. An Ode. This is an excellent Performance.

II. *A Monumental Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes*.



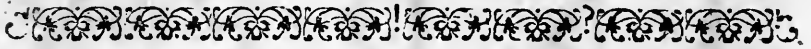
Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

THIS Lady dy'd the Wife of *George Monk Esq;*



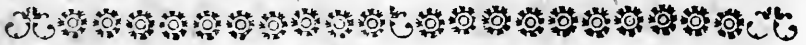
## Dr. PATRICK.

A Learned Divine, late Lord Bishop of *Ely*.  
There has been publish'd, since his Death,  
of his Lordship's Writing, a Volume of Poems,  
*On Divine and Moral Subjects.*



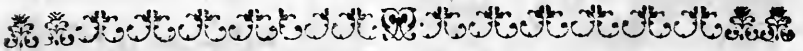
## Mr. POMFRET.

Omitted in this Gentleman's Account, a Poem,  
entitled,  
*Reason. A Satire.* Written and Printed in the  
Year 1700. occasion'd by the *Trinitarian* Contro-  
versy then on foot.



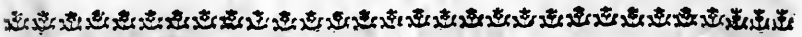
## Mr. PRIOR.

THIS celebrated Poet has lately publish'd a  
small Piece, call'd,  
*The Conversation. A Tale.*



## Mr. SEWELL.

Omitted in the Account of this Gentleman, a  
Miscellany of Poems, viz. *On Conscience ;*  
*Beauty ; The Force of Musick ; Song of Troilus, &c.*  
Dedicated to the Duke of *Newcastle.*



## Dr. SMALRIDGE, late Bishop of Bristol.

THIS eminent Divine and Poet, dy'd at *Christ-  
Church* College in *Oxford*, on the 27th day of  
*September*, 1719. and was interr'd in *Westminster-  
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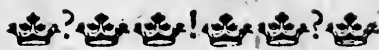
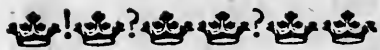
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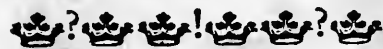
King

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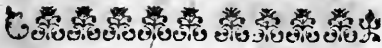


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